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Is the Mob Invading Atlantic City?

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JANUARY 30, 1978

NEW YORK

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Notes on Con Games, by Ron Rosenbaum

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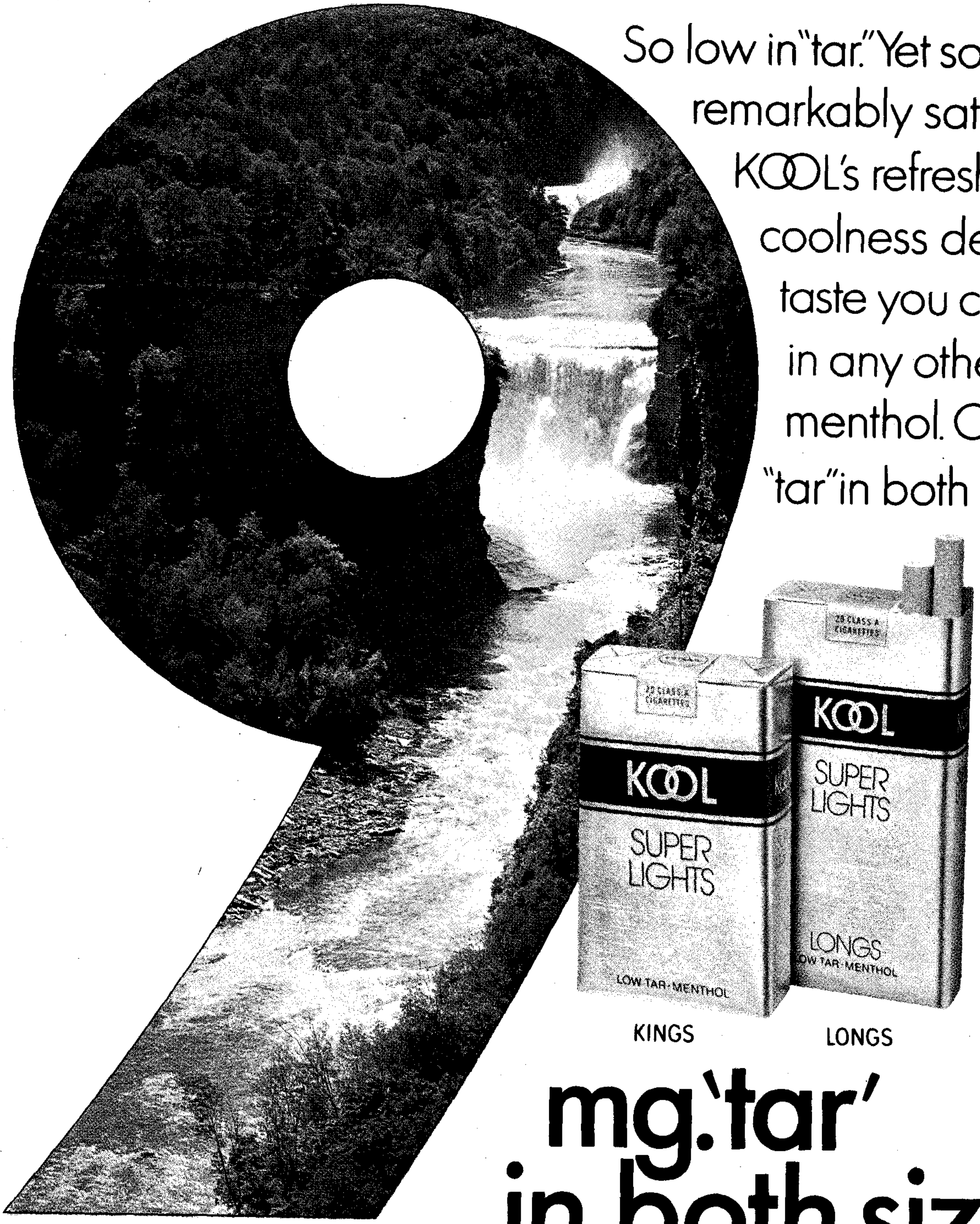
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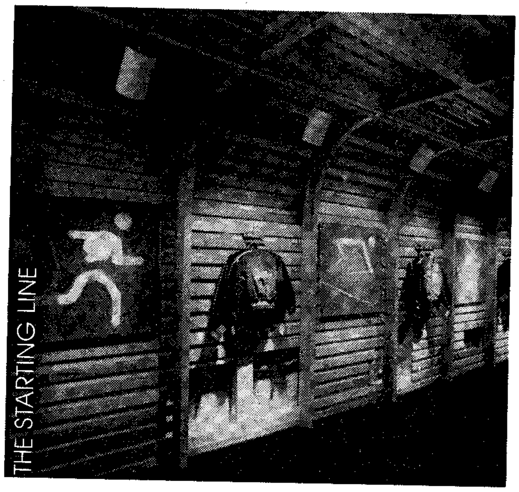
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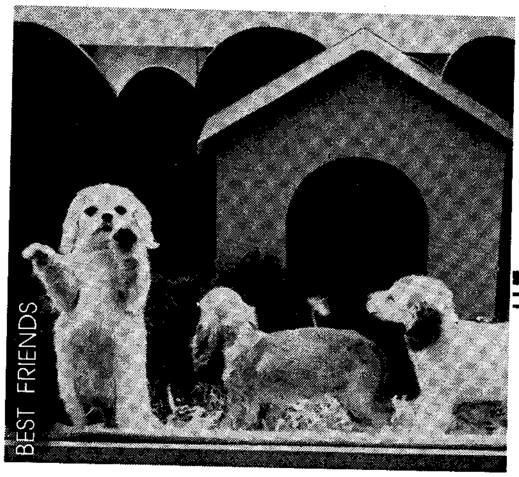
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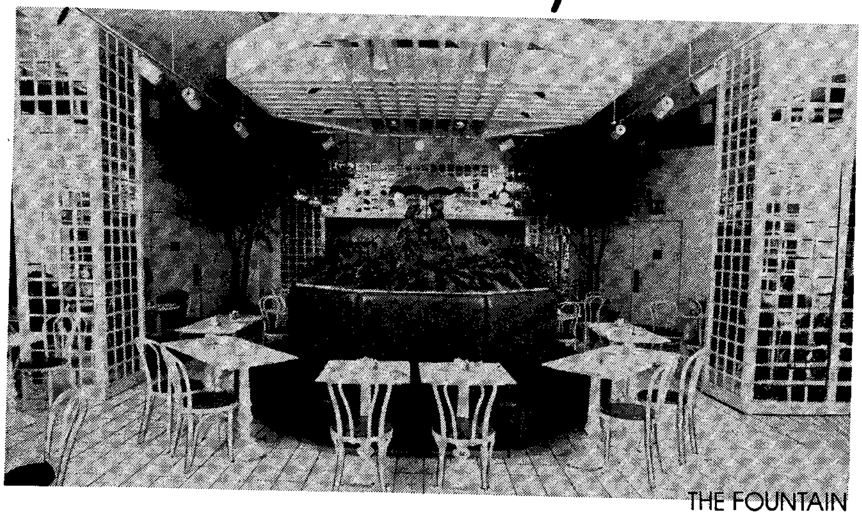

THE FOUNTAIN

VOL. 11 NO. 5

CONTENTS

JANUARY 30, 1978

Page 30
Notes on Con Games
By Ron Rosenbaum
New Yorkers are sweet, gullible pussycats, and the con artists who prey on them are all evildoers from out of town. So, at least, runs the familiar myth, valuable because it helps a New Yorker cherish some delusions of innocence. As Ron Rosenbaum scans the present state of scam, it becomes apparent that there are some new wrinkles being used by these out-of-town con-game experts. To his observations, we append three illustrations of the best con games in town these days. Words to the wise? Don't be too sure.

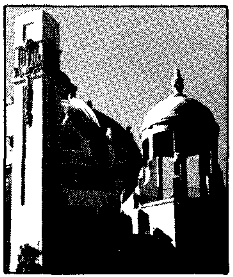
Page 36
A World From My Window
Photographs by Ruth Orkin
From her Central Park West window, photographer Orkin can watch one of the most beautiful New York views as it goes through the changing seasons. Here is a portfolio of this vista, culled from the photographs Ms. Orkin has taken over the past twenty years.

Page 40
The Mob Wades Ashore in Atlantic City
By Michael Dorman
When voters approved casino gambling in Atlantic City, Governor Byrne promised to keep these activities out of the hands of organized crime. Now it appears that Byrne was whistling in the dark. Atlantic City, reporter Dorman finds, has been in the hands of crime leaders for years. And now that the bill has passed, shady characters are moving into Atlantic City in even greater numbers.

Page 46
Murder in the Kitchen
By Gael Greene
There's a movie being made in which some of the great chefs of Europe are murdered by methods ghastly but apposite. And, according to the plot, a renowned food expert is also on the hit list. With some trepidation, our Insatiable Critic dropped in on the filming. Shivering, she reports on what she found out.

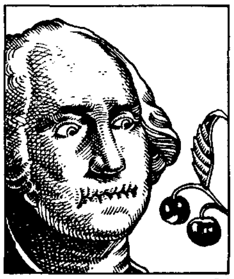
Page 50
Robert Stigwood Has the Stomach
By Anthony Haden-Guest
Ever since he left his ad agency in Australia and moved into the British and American entertainment industries, Robert Stigwood has been a formidable figure: record producer, star maker, movie mogul, and all-around show-biz supergambler. His career has had its zigs as well as its zags; now, however, with *Saturday Night Fever* a blockbuster and several more on the way, Stigwood's star shines even brighter. His success, especially his move from music into moviemaking, suggests some important trends in entertainment that Stigwood's colleagues might well take to heart.

page 30


page 40

page 46

page 50


page 84

DEPARTMENTS

Page 8
Politics: The Liquid-Protein Controversy—Twisted Evidence?
By Philip Nobile
Though hundreds of doctors swear by the liquid-protein diet, the Food and Drug Administration has indicted the gooey stuff as a killer. Reporter Nobile shows that FDA evidence is very slim and possibly twisted.

Page 12
The Bottom Line: Want to Be President? Try NBC or the "Daily News"
By Dan Dorfman
If you're unhappy with your lot, a couple of $200,000 jobs are up for grabs. Apply now.

Page 56
Music: Tenth Annual Mozart Birthday Article
By Alan Rich
The daring of *Don Giovanni* remains astounding; the very first scene is, already, a forward leap.

Page 58
Movies: Duel Impersonality
By Molly Haskell
The Duellists contains the bones of a splendid movie, but they haven't been fleshed out properly.

Page 60
Theater: Dirty Pool
By John Simon
David Mamet's *The Water Engine* might work as a radio play, but it's rather soggy onstage.

Page 62
The Urban Strategist: The ABC's of Learning Disabilities
By Evelyn Cappell Rubin and Ron Rubin
Learning disabilities may be the main reason why Johnny can't read or write. Early treatment, however, can bring results.

Page 84
Page of Lists: It Happened Here First
By Joseph Nathan Kane
Trends started and inventions invented in New York.

MISCELLANY

Page 6: **New York Intelligencer**
Page 15: **In and Around Town**
Page 54: **Best Bets,** *by Ellen Stern*
Page 70: **Sales & Bargains,** *by Leonore Fleischer*
Page 71: **London Sunday Times Crossword**
Page 72: **Art & Antiques**
Page 73: **New York Classified**
Page 79: **Town & Country Properties**
Page 82: **Competition,** *by Mary Ann Madden*

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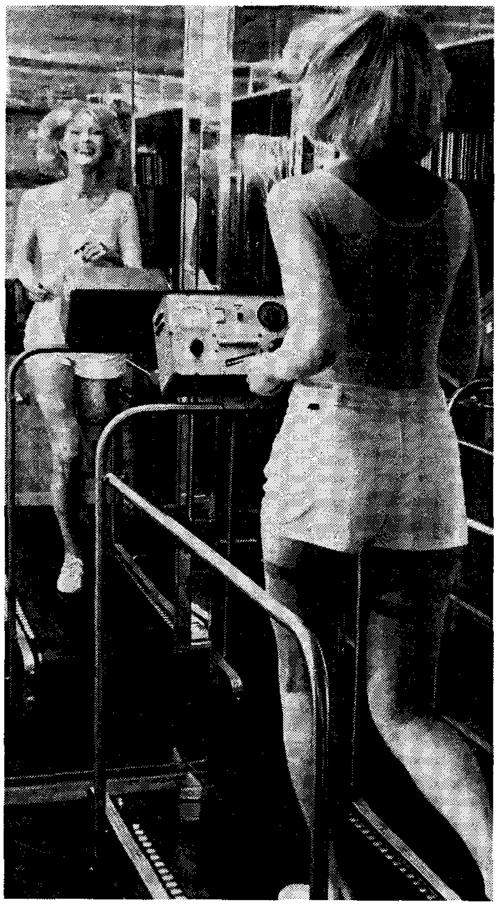

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NEW YORK INTELLIGENCER

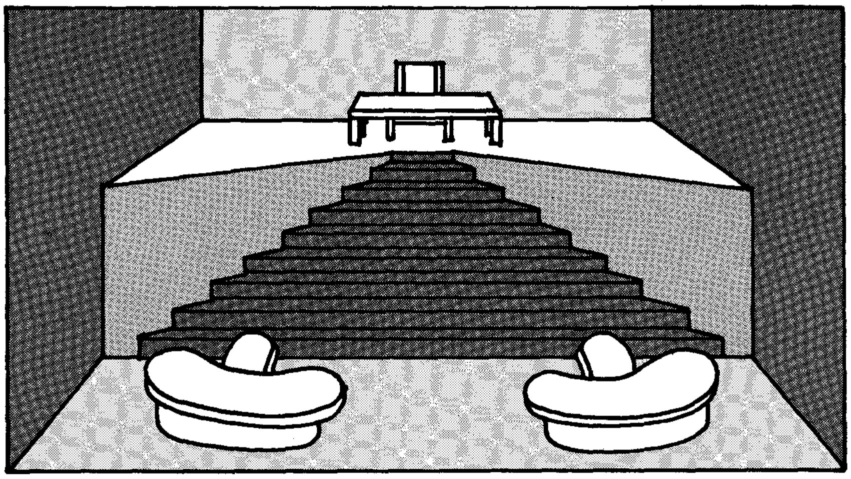
Mayor's Aide In Porno Film

Guess what some New York lawyers are doing in their off hours? Appearing in porn films, it turns out. It seems that several years ago, a group of lawyers—some from well-known firms, some friends of producer Lloyd Kaufman—gathered in an apartment to be filmed for a scene in a movie—which ended up as *The Divine Obsession,* an X-rated film. One extra in the film was Herb Rickman, who is now a special assistant to Mayor Ed Koch. Rickman and others were used as background in a "New York cocktail party" scene. We're told that porno action was later superimposed over this backdrop. Rickman acknowledges he was in the film, but Maureen Connelly, the mayor's press secretary, initially denied that it was a porno flick. We quote from the 1975 *Variety* review: *"The Divine Obsession* is . . . quality porn which looks far more expensive than its bargain budget would indicate and one that delivers with enough frenzied and varied action to please the most jaded pornophiles." The plot involved a young girl, who comes from the sticks to make her fame and fortune here. She finds nasty men with casting couches and drugs. Anyway, Ms. Connelly said the mayor doesn't remember if he knew about the film, and thinks "it's not important."

FRED W. MC DARRAH

Rickman: In the movies.

Shades of 'Network' at WABC's 'Eyewitness News'?



WABC set: Right out of a Busby Berkeley movie.

In about six weeks, the look of WABC's *Eyewitness News* will change dramatically. At that time the local station will introduce an extravagant new set reminiscent of those in the movie *Network.* We've learned that WABC has spent over $250,000 designing the set, which, one insider says is "out of a Busby Berkeley movie."

In fact, the immense brown-and-blue-toned set (60 by 20 feet) is divided into sections: a signature wall on the left, a center portion to be known as a "conference level," and then a weather wall which will feature a huge globe and sliding maps weighing several hundred pounds. In the center area an anchorman will be enthroned at the top of ten or so steps that go up about six feet in a pyramid shape. Other reporters will circle him below. Premiere of the set has been delayed because the station is having problems deciding how to light and film it. WABC will not discuss the matter.

Hoexter's? Huh? Hot New Eatery

There are usually signs when a new restaurant becomes the Hot Spot on the Block. Perhaps, the pixiedust first settled on Hoexter's—which is on Third at 82nd—the night we saw Princess Grace there, capering without noticeable serenity around an impromptu dance floor. Perhaps it was when they stole Peter Lanahan, a star waiter from Former Hot Spot Mortimer's. Or, perhaps, it was not long ago, when they told Tony Forstmann (the former Mr. Charlotte Ford) to shut up or get out.

What confirmed it was that we saw Ms. Rozanne Gold up there, busily acquiring some recipes from the chef. Ms. Gold, who formerly cooked for Mayor Wagner, has just been appointed official cook to Ed Koch.

British Club Says No to Women

LYNN KARLIN

Terner: Wants to join.

Financially pressed university clubs all over town are accepting women as members, but not the British Schools & Universities Club of New York.

For two years, Dr. Anne Terner, 46, an English psychiatrist, has been denied membership in the private men's club of expatriate Britons. Recently, Dr. Terner's application was returned to the sponsoring member—another British physician.

Club president John Brebner concedes that Dr. Terner meets all the membership requirements—she's a graduate of Sheffield University Medical School, and she lives here—but one. "It's quite simple really," Brebner says. "We have a constitution which restricts the club to men only. She had two sponsoring doctors who should have known the laws. I think they just knew this would cause a fuss. I mean, on Tuesday nights we just sit around, drink English beer, throw darts, and have quite a time. Many members don't think a lady would fit in."

However, Dr. Terner is pressing her case and has just presented a petition to the club and one to the British consul general here.

How Vilho Vatanen, the Finn, created the world's first sauna when he locked his wife in the smokehouse, set it on fire, beat her soundly with birch leaves, and discovered she loved it.

Let us tell you about the most hedonistic experience in all Europe: the Finnish sauna. There you are, making friends in this hot pine room, wrapped in a thick, fluffy, thirsty towel.

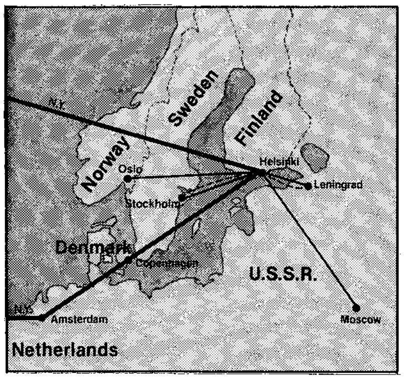
There is a distinct aura of amiability in the room; after all, you're all in this together. At times a cup of water is splashed on red-hot rocks. The sudden hissing and steaming arouses a delicious sense of drama and a gratifying sweat.

Tingling all over you are led from the sauna, scrubbed down, and tucked between crisp sheets for a snug post-sauna nap.

To understand how the sauna originated in Finland, and all the other tactile, fun pursuits the Finns pursue, one must consider her climate.

The Finnish summer is a glory to behold and to play through. The benign Gulf Stream warms her coastal towns, villages, and islands, leaving the country as balmy as Big Sur in August.

The mid-summer sun shines nineteen hours a day to give you more time to sail, to hike, to camp, to explore: to dance in the sunlight at 3am, or golf, or slip away with your sweetheart and pick lingonberries or cloudberries.



You can cruise to Stockholm. Even cruise to Leningrad without a visa. These capitals, and many more, are almost within hailing distance of Helsinki.

Jet Finnair, the only airline with direct flights to Finland.

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Politics / Philip Nobile

THE LIQUID-PROTEIN CONTROVERSY: TWISTED EVIDENCE?

The FDA v. the Last-Chance Diet

The government that brought you the swine-flu vaccine is now threatening to take away liquid protein. Since last November the Food and Drug Administration has been spreading bad news about this gooey elixir made from ground-up animal hides, tendons, and bones. Although hundreds of doctors swear by the low-calorie protein diet as effective medical therapy for people who must lose 40 pounds or more, the FDA calls it a killer.

So far they can't prove it. While scare headlines of diet-related deaths have slenderized the liquid-protein industry, the FDA continues its hunt for a *single case* of direct cause and effect.

On the other hand, convincing evidence of poor investigation and sloppy science already exists in the administration's own files. This government-sponsored controversy seems headed toward travesty after an initial period of farce. "It's the same kind of hysteria that surrounded legionnaires' disease," says Harvard Medical School's Dr. George Blackburn, the pioneer of the protein-sparing fast.

Dr. Robert Linn is the St. Paul of the disputed substance. Inspired by the basic research of Dr. Blackburn and his colleagues at Harvard, Dr. Linn, once an obscure Philadelphia osteopath specializing in obesity, converted the masses with *The Last Chance Diet,* first published in 1976 by Lyle Stuart, who gave the book a sensational promotion featuring his own weight loss of 83 pounds. Over 2 million people bought the book, which extolled the rapid weight loss guaranteed by a fast supplemented with liquid protein, and an estimated 4 million of America's 40-million fatties have actually tried it out. Dr. Linn's practice expanded swiftly to new clinics in Washington and New York. But his kingdom may not be without end if the FDA bans the product he made famous.

Dr. Linn, a slightly husky man with a semi-Zapata mustache, appears tired and bruised by recent events. Jack Anderson's column suggestion that he may be the Typhoid Mary of liquid-protein deaths has not raised his spirits.

"I'm awfully frustrated," he said last week in the starkly elegant apartment he maintains above his East 68th Street offices. "How the hell can I fight the FDA on this? Not one of my 3,000 patients has died. And I don't know of any fatalities under doctors with experience in the metabolism of fasting. Can we all be that lucky if liquid protein really causes deaths?"

BLACK STAR/ DENNIS BRACK

PHIL H. WEBBER/ SEATTLE POST-INTELLIGENCER

Kill or cure? *Commissioner Donald Kennedy (left) represents the FDA hard line, opposing the liquid-protein diet promoted by Dr. Robert Linn in* The Last Chance Diet.

Piles of documents clutter a large white coffee table: case histories the FDA scratched together last fall to support its anti-diet campaign. Numbers were added and subtracted almost weekly. By December the FDA's mortality count climbed to 40, only to sink to 15 a few weeks later as death after death was finally attributed to other causes.

"Take a look at the cases the FDA threw out," said Dr. Linn, shuffling through the papers. "Here's a memo from the FDA's Denver field office on a 196-pound twenty-year-old female who died from cardiac arrhythmia [irregular heartbeat] in September. 'Mr. and Mrs. X. stated emphatically that their daughter had never used any type of liquid-protein diet.' So what's this case doing in the FDA files? Why was it included as evidence? I can show you more faulty histories." And he does: A 203-pound Cleveland woman was on amphetamines, not liquid protein; a 59-year-old Florida man with a long history of heart problems took liquid protein plus one meal a day but died from "arteriosclerotic heart disease of natural origin"; the father of a 275-pound California man said his deceased son was on liquid protein for only three days; a 71-year-old man 70 pounds overweight died in San Jose from a stroke (the last of several) after one week on liquid protein.

"Even the fifteen allegedly solid cases involving some ten younger women don't convict the protein. It's clear from the histories I've seen that the dieters either weren't following the regimen correctly or weren't under proper medical supervision. For Christ's sake, one California woman who dropped 68 pounds on liquid protein visited her physician only once in five months! That's suicide. Should the government ban cars because some people drive off cliffs?"

Chemically, liquid protein is about as toxic as Pepto-Bismol. Though debate persists on its nutritional value, nobody blames it for *poisoning* the obese. The weight-reducing advantage of this foul concoction, which fruit flavoring makes barely palatable, is also beyond contention.

Total fasting, of course, is the quickest means to trim off excess pounds. But total fasting not only burns away fat, it also eventually attacks lean tissue—muscles, liver, kidneys, heart. The consequences can be dangerous, drastic, even lethal. However, four to eight ounces (300 calories) of pure protein daily spares lean tissue, itself mainly protein, from being cannibalized. Thus the technical name: the protein-sparing modified fast. This protein does not have to be liquid. Dr. Blackburn happens to dispense his patients protein in the form of plain meat, fish, and fowl, but the difference in the source has *no* physiological effect.

Last-chance dieters cannot live by liquid protein alone, and on this point revolves most of the misunderstanding. Fasting deprives the body of potassium, a mineral vital to the cells' transmission of nerve impulses. Severe deficiency can lead to irregular contractions of the heart muscles, which in turn can result in sudden death. So the protein-sparing fast specifies two to four grams a day of this mineral, plus other vitamin supplements. Could potassium be the clue to the mystery? Since liquid protein itself can't kill, perhaps potassium starvation does. The profiles of the unexplained deaths owing to cardiac arrests seem to fit the missing-potassium hypothesis.

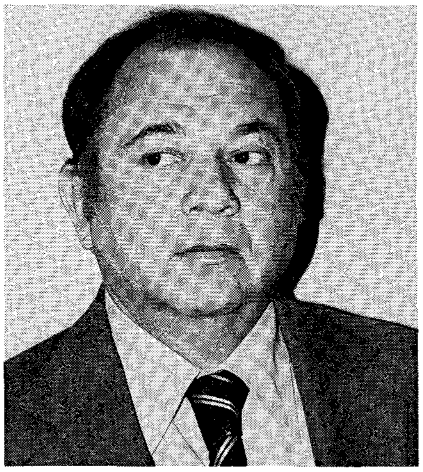
Apparently, FDA Commissioner Donald Kennedy was too rushed to consider this possibility fully when he condemned liquid protein at his sensation-making press conference on November 9. "On the basis of the information we have to date," Commissioner Kennedy said then, "we have every reason to believe that the liquid-protein diet was at least a contributing factor or a cause of the deaths, though further study will be needed to establish a firm cause-and-effect relationship." His press release of the same day referred to the key mineral only in passing—"Too much potassium, as well as too little, can be extremely harmful." Although Commissioner Kennedy presented Dr. Blackburn to the reporters as an expert on the problem, he seems to have ignored the Harvard professor's emphatic statement that the "omission of the intake of adequate potassium has most probably led to the unexplained deaths."

Meanwhile, Senator Charles Percy (R., Ill.), ranking minority member on the Senate Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations, complicated the muddle with a perfervid seven-page letter (November 22) to Commissioner Kennedy. Citing the mounting death toll and every unflattering medical opinion his staff could dig up, Senator Percy demanded that the FDA ban liquid protein immediately, pending its approval as a prescription drug.

Kennedy cooled Percy off in his reply (November 25) by reminding him that the FDA has no regulatory power to ban "dietary foods," the rubric under which liquid protein is legally classified, and that the senator himself had voted for legislation in 1976 that obscured the FDA's author-

The Koch Watch

DAVID V. GOLIATH


ALLAN TANNENBAUM

Garth: *The power broker.*

Media mastermind Dave Garth lives for politics. Power is his obsession, winning his priority.

These days, Garth is irrepressible. After all, he has just pulled off one of the most amazing stunts in New York political history—the election of Mayor Ed Koch, who, according to polls, began his campaign with the backing of only 6 percent of the voters. In the process, Garth was masterful at trashing a former client, John Lindsay, as his new horse, Ed Koch, moved to the Right with his pro-capital-punishment and anti-union stands, although he remained opposed to Westway.

This would all be fine if Garth felt one way or the other about this. But publicly at least, he apparently doesn't. And now Garth is just about ready to launch Hugh Carey's campaign for re-election as governor. Carey is anti–capital punishment and pro-Westway. Among Garth's other candidates is Republican Richard Thornburgh, who's running for governor of Pennsylvania. Thornburgh was a hard-nosed, law-and-order type as an assistant U.S. attorney general under Jerry Ford. Thornburgh, to no one's surprise, favors the death penalty.

So here we have two Dave Garth gubernatorial candidates with opposing views on capital punishment, one of the more emotional issues of our time.

Garth, by the way, didn't even seem to know Thornburgh's position on capital punishment. He had his aides check the position papers while we talked on the phone.

Not that Garth sees any conflict in pushing candidates with opposing views. "I think," he says, "if you'll look at all the issues, you'll see that Ed Koch and Carey agree on more than they disagree on. They agree on abortion and civil rights. And the death penalty is a matter of conscience. I know this might be hard to believe, but I never ask a man to change his position. I think Carey is in trouble because of his positions on abortion and the death penalty. My job is to present his argument as well as it can be presented."

This could all be dismissed as immoral defecation of free-enterprise capitalism if Garth didn't take such a direct role at the levers of power his customers are elected to pull.

So far, Garth has been instrumental in having Ed Costikyan dumped from the Koch administration, even before the Koch administration took office. And almost all major Koch appointments are cleared through him as well. "I see Koch at least once a week," says Garth, "and I talk to him from time to time on the phone."

Garth has also reportedly let it be known that he won't puppeteer Carey's campaign unless there are some personnel changes in the state capital—namely counsel Judah Gribetz, Thruway Authority Chairman Jerry Cummins, and unofficial adviser Peter Maas. Garth also disapproved of some other Carey people who are no longer Carey people, like Jim Vlasto, the governor's most recently deposed press secretary.

Garth denies he has such a direct role in the administration of the people he has helped elect.

"After the last Carey campaign I suggested five names to him and he hired them," Garth says in unusually hushed tones. "Then I didn't see him for two years."

Still, it will be interesting to see how Garth can juggle two sets of issues in the upcoming Carey campaign. Westway is a major issue for Koch, bigger than it is for Carey. Carey desperately needs Koch in this election, and Koch has four years to breathe. It looks like Dave Garth, a man with no official governmental title, will be the most effective liaison between the city and state.

And Garth loves it. It means more power than ever. **—Denis Hamill**

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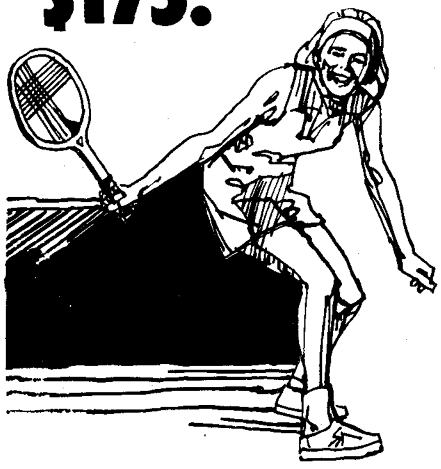

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ity in this area. Kennedy concluded with an odd admission, one which appeared to contradict the FDA's previous hard line: *"The problem presented by the diet is a problem of process more than product"* (emphasis added).

Yet, in its earlier push to crucify the product, the FDA had unequivocally *endorsed* the process. As late as December 28, in testimony before the House Subcommittee on Health and the Environment, Dr. William Foege, director of HEW's Center for Disease Control, the FDA's investigatory right arm, vouched for the careful oversight of the diet in the ten unexplained demises under investigation:

> Adherence to the diet was very strict in each case, the individuals subsisting exclusively on the liquid-protein products and noncaloric fluids. Weight loss averaged nearly 90 pounds. Each woman had been under a physician's care, generally being seen once every one or two weeks. Serum electrolytes, specifically potassium, had been monitored. All the women took vitamin/mineral supplements and nine of ten took supplemental potassium.

Eight of the ten who died succumbed to cardiac arrhythmia, an extremely rare event in healthy young women.

So which is at fault? The FDA can't have it both ways. If the liquid-protein *product* isn't guilty and the diet *process* was followed religiously, what killed these women? The FDA, rendered mute by its own contradictions, has no answer. Senator Percy's scientific homework is dubious. And Dr. Blackburn doesn't believe the testimony: "Dr. Foege's statement isn't true. I've seen some of the reports. The adherence wasn't strict. There's not a single bit of evidence that sufficient potassium was written for the patients or that they took it. It doesn't appear that anyone who died actually carried out the program as described in the scientific literature."

If Dr. Blackburn is correct, how could a physician of Foege's station get away with such misleading testimony? "I don't know," Blackburn replies. "Someone's going to have to stand up and be counted at future hearings. Normal, healthy, young obese women are dying. But this is a new field and it's not clear that FDA investigators have asked the right questions."

Dr. Willard Krehl, chairman of the Department of Community Health and Preventive Medicine at Philadelphia's Jefferson Medical College and a liquid-protein advocate, protests in stronger terms. "The news media is not the place for the FDA to air opinions on critical matters of life and death. It doesn't do the country any good for the FDA to go about releasing ridiculous statements and then covering up its information."

So now the FDA is considering mandatory labeling for liquid protein. But what should the label say? An ad hoc committee of five obesity specialists, including Dr. Blackburn, suggested the following calm warning consistent with their position on the harmless nature of liquid protein: "Do not use for weight reduction or maintenance without medical supervision. Do not use without medical advice if you are taking prescription medications. Not for use by infants, children, or pregnant or nursing women."

But this did not satisfy Kennedy. In the *Federal Register* on December 2, he proposed a new, drastic first sentence: "Very low calorie protein diets may cause serious illness or death."

And if labeling doesn't work, Kennedy has threatened that "the FDA will act to remove the products from the market."

How? The FDA could attempt to reclassify protein supplements as a "drug" on the ground that their weight-reduction claims are "therapeutic." It could then change the classification to "new drug" and ban the product until it is approved by the FDA's prolonged testing procedures.

"That would be a miscarriage of justice," says Dr. Blackburn. Although his particular *solid*-protein program would be unaffected, he points out that many of his colleagues who match his success depend on the liquid in their regimen. Given the actuarial doom of untreated obesity, a ban would condemn obese people, who, for the sake of argument, could be reached only by liquid protein, to premature death. "Fewer than 5 percent of the patients who try to lose 40 pounds or more on traditional diets do so—and probably with no long-term results," Blackburn says. "But 80 percent of those on the protein-sparing modified fast lose 40-plus pounds and a *third* of those keep it off for two or more years. The benefits absolutely outweigh the risks."

But the FDA isn't listening. And Senator Percy will have none of it. "We have no apologies to make," declares an aide of the senator. "In matters of life and death, it's better to err on the conservative side."

But that is precisely the side of liquid protein, according to the latest scientific accounting. If the FDA and Percy prevail, the last-chance dieters will have no chance at all. ■

The Best Audience Profile Of Any Consumer Weekly Magazine

Audience Profile Rankings

	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th
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% Household Income $25,000+	New York	*New York Times Magazine*	*New Yorker*	*Time*	*U.S. News*
% Individual Employment Income $20,000+	New York	*New York Times Magazine*	*U.S. News*	*New Yorker*	*Time*
% Professional/Managerial	*New Yorker*	New York	*New York Times Magazine*	*U.S. News*	*Time*
% Graduated College	New York	*New Yorker*	*New York Times Magazine*	*U.S. News*	*Time*
% Age 25-49 & HHI $25,000+	New York	*New York Times Magazine*	*New Yorker*	*Time*	*U.S. News*
% Professional/Managerial & HHI $25,000+	New York	*New York Times Magazine*	*New Yorker*	*U.S. News*	*Time*

Source: 1977/1978 Simmons

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The Bottom Line / Dan Dorfman

WANT TO BE PRESIDENT? TRY NBC OR THE DAILY NEWS

Gloom at the Top

For many months now, the most persistent rumor in the rumor-prone broadcasting industry has been that NBC boss Herb Schlosser will be booted out of his job before summer. Fueling such speculation—which includes reports that headhunters have already been called in—is the dogged refusal of NBC's parent, RCA Corporation, to give the 51-year-old Schlosser any public vote of confidence in the face of NBC's slumping TV ratings. "It's Griffiths's style to operate on the basis of performance; he doesn't issue statements about executives," a clearly unhappy Schlosser has repeatedly told friends (he told me the same thing last week), in explaining the actions of RCA's bottom-line-oriented chief, Edgar H. Griffiths.

Schlosser may be right, of course. But then again, Griffiths's silence may well reflect something else—namely, that a hunt is on to find out who's available to replace Schlosser. That too is an old but unsubstantiated rumor. Now, though, there's solid evidence to suggest that RCA may have already made the decision to scrap Schlosser. I've learned that within the past six to eight weeks, a top official of RCA—presumably acting with Griffiths's blessings—quietly tried to set up a meeting between the RCA boss and Tom Murphy, the well-regarded head of Capital Cities Communications. The purpose: to feel Murphy out about taking over the NBC reins. The meeting, though, never took place because Murphy wasn't interested. It would hardly seem likely, though, that RCA is about to stop there.

At lunch last week, a somber, subdued Schlosser (nervously fidgeting with various items on the table) told me: "If there's a clock ticking, I don't know about it. I have a loyal bunch of guys who are busting their behinds. They're under the gun, and I'm under the gun too. All we can do is the best we can. Sure I'd like the [hot] seat to be cooler, but I think performance will cool it off."

What about Griffiths's refusal to give him a public vote of confidence? "I would prefer it," said Schlosser, responding with an almost pained expression (and it wasn't his spicy meat dish that caused it). "But Ed is giving me support for the major moves I'm taking, so I feel I am supported." (Those major moves he's talking about include Schlosser's top-level shake-up at NBC in recent months, the firing of nearly 300 employees to make NBC more efficient, the signing of Jerry Ford and Henry Kissinger to NBC contracts, and an $85-million outlay for the 1980 Olympics coverage.)

STEPHEN SHAMES

Schlosser: *The wrong man to run NBC?*

If Schlosser were running a manufacturing company, he might well win praise for his performance: In 1977, NBC racked up its third consecutive year of record profits—an impressive pretax gain of 27 percent. But unfortunately, NBC is plodding along in third place in the highly visible and well-publicized national TV ratings. And there's little to suggest, industry professionals tell me, that any meaningful ratings improvement is likely to occur soon. At present, NBC is in third place in the two most profitable TV areas—prime time and daytime. It's also third in the Saturday-morning children's shows. Of course, NBC is number one in late-night time with Johnny Carson's *Tonight Show*, but ABC has been making inroads just when Carson's reported new $2.5-million contract calls for fewer appearances than ever.

With its TV arm representing about two thirds of NBC's profits and NBC, in turn, accounting for just under a third of RCA's overall earnings, one can readily understand RCA's concern and Schlosser's frustrations. And since Schlosser, a 21-year NBC veteran, has been NBC's president and chief operating officer since 1974 and its chief executive since January of 1977, he clearly has to shoulder a major part of the blame for NBC's current showing.

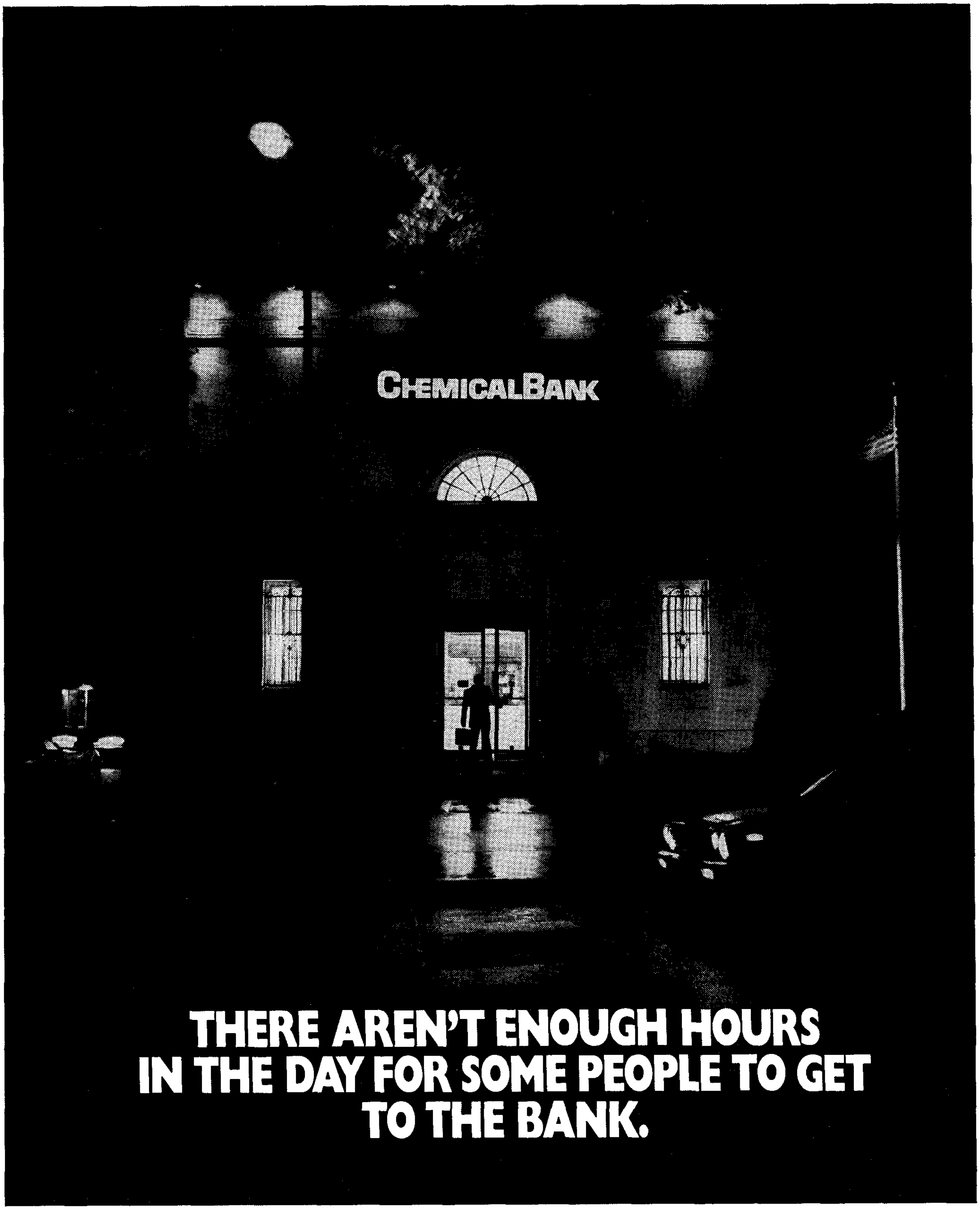
Schlosser, whose yearly paycheck reportedly exceeds $200,000, is hopeful that the next few months will see some improvement in the ratings, but his words make it clear that he doesn't expect to perform magic overnight: "We have a good deal to go up—it won't happen with the flick of a light switch—and everyone has to have patience."

Wall Street feels the same way. In fact, several close followers of the broadcasting industry think the NBC situation can only get worse. Howard Turetsky, a leading broadcasting analyst at Arnhold and S. Bleichroeder, Inc., tells me: "NBC seems to be collapsing in almost all areas." Turetsky's bleak outlook for NBC's ratings, plus rising industry costs and a widely anticipated slower growth rate in industry revenues, leads him to predict declining profits for NBC in both 1978 and 1979. "NBC," he says, "just doesn't have the horses [a reference to any hot new series] . . . and it will take them several years to get back on the track. And if they don't meaningfully improve by the spring—and I don't expect them to—there'll be greatly increased pressure to get rid of Schlosser."

In assessing Schlosser's avowed determination to turn NBC around, one should examine his leadership qualifications. For some thoughts on the subject, I spoke to nine people with intimate knowledge of NBC's operations—six former employees (four of whom had recently been fired) and three currently at the network. All but one—a present NBCer who said much of the criticism of Schlosser is sour grapes—thought that Schlosser is the wrong man to run NBC.

Among the chief criticisms: insensitivity to other people's feelings, lack of encouragement of new ideas, and a frequent failure to answer a question with a decisive yes or no. There were other complaints of excessive meddling in programming. One biting comment seems to sum up the majority opinion: "A great second-guesser whose aspirations exceed his capabilities."

Will Schlosser ride out the storm? The overwhelming consensus is clearly no, but who knows? I tried reaching Griffiths—no luck. He just doesn't want to talk about his network. Considering NBC's sorry ratings, I can't say that I blame him. Perhaps the best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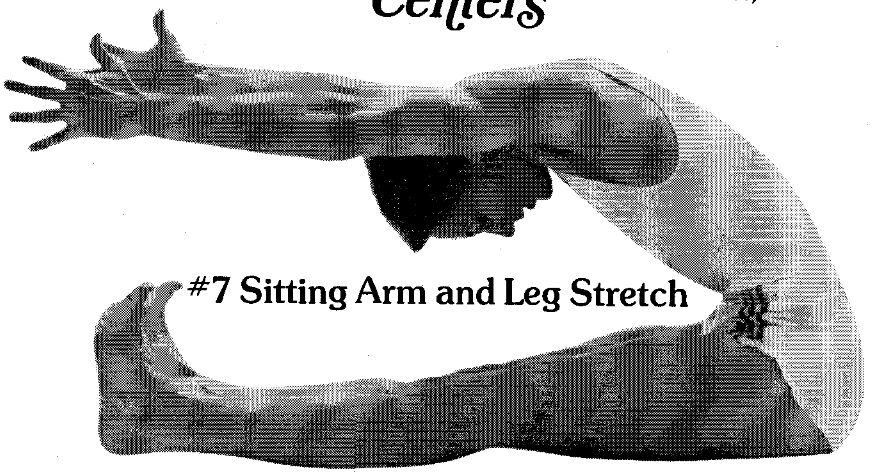
#7 Sitting Arm and Leg Stretch

insight I can offer on Schlosser's future—but by no means the final word—comes from a top RCA source who has personally discussed the NBC situation with Griffiths.

"If Schlosser's still with us in the summer," my source tells me, "it'll be the biggest miracle since Moses parted the Red Sea."

First, the Good "News"

Looking for a career in journalism? Well, why begin as a copyboy or reporter when you can start at the top? The job I have in mind—it could pay up to $200,000 a year, depending on your experience—is the presidency of the New York *Daily News*, the country's largest-circulation paper (about 2 million each weekday and close to 3 million on Sunday). There are reports of dissatisfaction with the New York *News*'s current president (and publisher), 59-year-old Winfield H. "Tex" James. And, in fact, a headhunter has been hired to seek an outside replacement to work with James temporarily before taking over. The reason for the search, according to one source: "James isn't innovative enough. He's allowing the *News* to sit on its number-one position without responding aggressively enough to the way Rupert Murdoch has been shaking up the *Post* or to the new vigor of the *Times*" (such as the addition of four weekly supplements). Several other publishing sources agree. They think the *News* has been lackadaisical in meeting the challenges of a more competitive environment.

At first, James told me there was no such search under way. Later, though, a more candid Joseph Barletta, the *News*'s vice-president and general manager, called to say there was indeed a search under way to beef up top management. But he insisted it was James himself, and not the *News*'s parent corporation (the Chicago-based Tribune Company), who had initiated it. "If we bring in a president or some other top executive," insists Barletta, "he'll report to James, who will still run things as chief executive." Heidrick & Struggles, the headhunter in question, tells me the executive it's seeking will focus on the operating side of the business . . . "and provide direction [for the *News*] in New York's heightened competitive newspaper market." Several prominent names in the publishing and nonpublishing fields have already been interviewed.

The decision to go outside apparently means that both *News* editor Mike O'Neill and Barletta—also considered potential candidates for the *News* presidency—are being bypassed. ■

MOVIES AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

OPENINGS AND CURRENT ATTRACTIONS ON THE NEW YORK SCREEN

January 24 through 31

(Listings subject to last-minute change)

Wednesday, January 25

Renaldo and Clara–Bob Dylan has written, directed, co-edited and supervised the musical sound-track of this film, and stars in it with Joan Baez, Bob Neuwirth, Ronee Blakley, and Sara Dylan. There are 47 musical interludes, and the film runs three hours and 52 minutes. Waverly, Festival, and New Yorker.

Friday, January 27

The Serpent's Egg–David Carradine and Liv Ullmann star in Ingmar Bergman's new film as itinerant circus performers caught up in the maelstrom of pre-Hitler Germany. Coronet.

Sunday, January 29

The End of the World in Our Usual Bed in a Night Full of Rain–Lina Wertmuller's first English-language picture, which she both wrote and directed, stars Giancarlo Giannini and Candice Bergen. Loews Tower East.

Wednesday, February 1

Boys in Company C–Sidney J. Furie, the director, has made life at such mythic hellholes as Parris Island and Camp Pendleton completely believable. The first part of the film showing time spent in boot camp by young marine recruits is the funniest and most authentic rendering of military hide-toughening imaginable. However, the stint in Vietnam which follows gives us an emotional roller-coaster ride in which downer is followed by upper with dizzying effect. Bay Cinema; Loews State II; Loews Cine.

THE MOVIES

The Best Way–The homosexual theme in Claude Miller's film involves a touch of transvestism at a boys summer camp, in which two counselors play power games. Miller uses the camp as a microcosm of society which, in the interest of advancing some admirable ideas of human tolerance, divides human nature into intolerable opposites. Cinema Studio.

The Children of Theatre Street–Behind-the-scenes action in Russia's Kirov ballet school, in the form of a documentary about three youngsters. Directed by Robert Dornhelm and Earle Mack. Columbia I.

The Choirboys–Humor is what is missing from Robert Aldrich's film about the L.A. rookie vice squad. Aldrich is not a satirist, and without the subtle jibes of author Joseph Wambaugh's best-seller, the police activities are more tacky than brutal—and the reverse-racism is ugly. RKO Cinerama II; 86th St E.

Close Encounters of the Third Kind–If there is a theme here, it is that it is harder for a grown-up to pass through the eye of a needle than to gain access to the sanctuary of UFO believers. The most damning argument against the existence of UFOs—they always appear to country people who have a lot of time on their hands, and never to busy urban dwellers. And in the final sighting, director Stephen Spielberg and a special effects team has given us nothing less than an electronic Second Coming. The film has no story, characters, sense of danger, or conflict between good and evil. Ziegfeld.

Death Wish–Charles Bronson as a one-man posse, avenging the slaying of his wife and rape of his daughter by a bunch of punks. Bronson, cast in the unlikely role of an architect and city planner, becomes much likelier as the indiscriminative killer of New York muggers, in a Michael Winner film calculated to arouse the righteous indignation and blood lust of all but the most dyed-in-the-wool liberals. Obnoxious junk, but made with a certain panache. From 1/25, St Marks Cinema.

Dersu Uzala–Akira Kurosawa's film, based on the book by Soviet explorer-writer Vladimir Arsenyev, filmed in the U.S.S.R., telling of the friendship between the writer and his aging East Siberian guide, the title character. Baronet.

The Duellists–A little known Joseph Conrad story is the basis for British director Dudley Scott's film of two officers locked in an unending series of duels. Keith Carradine, with his indolent "I'm easy" charm, and Harvey Keitel, all ragged urban nerves, are the contenders, but placed in a highly ritualized European milieu, they are like somnambulists who have wandered into somebody else's dream. Fine Arts.

Equus–Peter Shaffer's play about a weary psychiatrist and the young psychopath whose violent passion for horses reveals the sterility of his own life has been brought to the screen, with a bit of rewriting, by Sidney Lumet. Richard Burton stars in what has become the *Hello Dolly* role for aging actors, with a twist—each actor playing the lead has striven to show us how desiccated and prune-like they have become. Contemptuously staged, embarrassingly written. Quad; Embassy IV.

The Gauntlet–Clint Eastwood stars in and directed this new film, and it is as riddled with holes as the various shelters and vehicles in which he and Sondra Locke find themselves under mass attack. It's just another story of a man and a woman squeezed between two super powers, in this case the mob and the Phoenix-Las Vegas police forces. National; 1/25-2/1, Playboy; 1/25-2/1, St Marks Cinema.

The Goodbye Girl–Neil Simon's movie is about an ex-dancer who is a little the worse for wear. It is a love story constructed on the Jack-Spratt-and-Wife principle of odd coupledom, but where its heart should be there's the monstrous laugh machine, mowing down anything that stands in its way. Thus its most promising features, Quinn Cummings, Marsha Mason, and Richard Dreyfuss, are all sacrificed to comic routines directed at the tourist trade. Loews State II; Quad; Loews Triplex; RKO 86th St II; Tranx-Lux East.

High Anxiety–The news about Mel Brooks's latest film, good or bad depending on your degree of Melomania, is that it's 100 percent pure (i.e. impure) Brooks, meaning that it is wildly uneven, vulgar, intermittently hilarious, and at its very best when it is not being terribly funny at all. This collage/*hommage* to Hitchcock is to the Master of Suspense what *Blazing Saddles* was to the Western, and *Young Frankenstein* to the horror film, and *Silent Movie* to silent comedy. Sutton; Cinema III.

Hiroshima, Mon Amour–Alain Resnais at his early best, in a film that, despite flaws, was often moving and always innovative, and, in fact, made cinematic history. The excitement of the initial sequences wears off toward the end, but this is a landmark film, finely acted by Emanuelle Riva and Eiji Okada, sensitively shot in black and white, and very intelligently directed. Thru 1/24, Thalia.

I Never Promised You a Rose Garden–A sincere and, at times, affecting film version of the popular novel about a 16-year-old girl, suicidal and schizoid, who spends three anguished years in a psychiatric hospital and is finally apparently cured through the ministrations of a wise and humane woman psychiatrist. There is the flawless performance of Kathleen Quinlan as the girl, and a very solid one from Bibi Andersson. Directed by Anthony Page. 1/31, Cinema Village.

Iphigenia–In Michael Cacoyannis's film, Euripides' drama comes into focus, transcending its modern cinematic treatment. Irene Papas's Clytemnestra is predictably monumental, and Tatiana Papamoskou's Ipheginia is ephemeral, her scampering movements suggesting the sacrificial lamb all too literally. Her complex martyrdom is one of the most extraordinary epiphanies in all drama, and whatever the inadequacies of Cacoyannis's conception, we should be grateful to have it on the screen at all. Thru 1/31, Plaza.

Julia–Adapted from Lillian Hellman's fine story in *Pentimento,* Fred Zinneman has used two of the most electrifying women in movies in a casting coup that is not only iconographically but politically inspired; Vanessa Redgrave as the total activist and martyr to Fascism; Jane Fonda as the acolyte, the rebellious but self-doubting playwright. Cinema I.

Lolita–Stanley Kubrick brings considerate technical expertise to this film, which, nevertheless, is a total betrayal of a book that not even today's Hollywood would dare to make as written. Under the circumstances, one can admire the acting of James Mason and Peter Sellers, the cinematography of Oswald Morris, and a few effective scenes. But the screenplay, credited to Nabokov, jettisons all the satirical and maniacal intensity and unconventionality of the novel. 1/25, 26, Cinema Village.

Looking for Mr. Goodbar–This is Richard Brooks's best film. It is harrowing, powerful, and appalling. The tension between his bluntness and Diane Keaton's instinctual delicacy has produced the ideal chemistry in this version of Judith Rossner's grisly socio-sexual thriller. Thru 1/24, 72nd St E; from 1/27, Gramercy; thru 1/24, Playboy & St Marks Cinema.

Mado–Ottavia Piccolo and Michel Piccoli star in a film set in a cut-throat business world of survival and reprisal. Directed by Claude Sautet, film also stars Jacques Dutronc and Romy Schneider. D. W. Griffith.

The Man Who Loved Women–Francois Truffaut's funniest and most charmingly personal film in years, the anatomy of a womanizer (Charles Denner), relating the outrageous predicaments of the hero who wriggles out of them with a strategic genius, and yearns to locate an island inhabited only by women. Paris.

Missouri Breaks–The dialogue here, By Thomas McGuane, is all studied quirkiness, self-congratualtory cuteness, and insipid pseudo-pregnancy. Film starts out as a mere revisionist western, and the role played by Marlon Brando, as preposterous and odious a character ever encountered in movies or fiction, brings the moral sleaziness of the film into ghastly focus. His performance is utterly lamentable, and even more slatternly and self-indulgent than his bloated physique. The director seems to be obsessed with trying to heighten a genre film into art. 1/29, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

Mr. Klein–A masklike Alain Delon stars as an art dealer who buys paintings from Jews who are fleeing Paris for their lives in 1942, only to become an object of suspicion himself. What might have been in other hands a nightmare journey becomes an uninvolving quest through portals and doorways, and more portals and doorways. It is a perverse choice of material for even so resolutely perverse a director as Joseph Losey. Thru 2/4, 68th St Playhouse.

1900–Bertolucci's film is a chronicle of the peasant-landowner struggle from 1900 to 1945 as it transpires on the estate of the aristocratic Berlinghiere family. Robert De Niro and Gerard Depardieu are fine, but as attractive as they are, to sit four and a half hours for their dorsal view (preferable to the frontal view displayed in an embarrassing sex scene) is too high a price to pay. Thru 1/24, Festival.

Operation Thunderbolt–Produced and directed by Menaham Golan, film chronicles the story of the legendary rescue mission at Entebbe. Guild.

Outrageous!–A winning little Canadian film written and directed by Richard Benner. It is the story of a homosexual hairdresser and a young girl escapee from a mental institution and of their life together. The dialogue is fresh and spirited, witty and lifelike, the film is moving and amusing. Thru 1/26, Art and Gramercy; thru 1/24, New Yorker.

Padre Padrone–Saverio Marconi and Omero Antonutti play father and son in the 1977 Cannes Film Festival award-winning picture, directed by Paolo and Vittorio Taviana, telling of a Sardinian peasant boy forced by his tyrannical father to live in isolation as a shepherd until his twentieth year. Cinema II.

Pete's Dragon–A musical fantasy combining live action and animation, telling the story of a 9-year-old orphan whose dragon friend playfully outrages a New England town just after the turn of the century. Radio City Music Hall.

Saturday Night Fever–As the disco champ of Nik Cohn's *New York* Magazine piece, John Travolta is a good enough reason for seeing the movie. Even the character inconsistencies provide a built-in audition for this enormously gifted actor. The scenes where the tribal rites occur at a Brooklyn disco are electrifying, and when Travolta glides onto the dance floor, he is grace personified. Loews Orpheum; thru 2/2, Loews State I and 34th St E.

Semi-Tough–Now that the jinx against sports films has been dispelled, and audiences for them have grown wider and more knowledgeable, Michael Ritchie's treatment of football seems cavalier at best. He has a good eye for the yearning for attention, the humiliating games people will play and rationalize, but he is so busy keeping score of immediate winners and losers that we never get under their skin, never know how they will perform over the long haul. Burt Reynolds is pitch-perfect as the cock of the walk captain. Criterion; Loews Triplex; Trans-Lux 85th; thru 1/31, Murray Hill.

Short Eyes–Written by Miguel Pinero, film is far from being a grim tract on prison conditions or the institutional dehumanization of the poor. With its Curtis Mayfield score and exuberant ethnic acting, the film combines authentic funk with what can only be called entertainment values. Yet the sense of theater is indigenous to Pinero's characters, men who begin at zero and lay claim to their square of turf through stylized gesture and idiom of "personality." Thru 1/26, Quad; thru 2/2, RKO Cinerama I.

A Special Day–Writer-director Ettore Scola arranges a day-long confrontation between a down-trodden mother of six and a homosexual, played by Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni. As in earlier films, Scola yokes together disparate social types and forces more cultural baggage on them than they can carry. If the presence of the two stars is what gives the movies its measure of interest, they are also its undoing—they are just too dazzling to play neorealist church mice. Quad.

Star Wars–George Lucas's impeccable technical achievement: a quantum—or maybe quasar—leap beyond *2001.* But strip the film of its often striking images and its highfalutin scientific jargon, and you get a story, characters, and dialogue of overwhelming banality without even a "future" cast to them. Still, *Star Wars* will do very nicely for those lucky enough to be children or unlucky enough never to have grown up. Loews Astor Plaza.

The Story of Adele H.–Truffaut's film is about the daughter of Victor Hugo who, growing up in the Channel island of Guernsey, whither her father was banished, had the misfortune to fall in love with a British lieutenant, who eventually tired of her, both on Guernsey and in London, where she had followed him. Unfortunately, Truffaut has opted for swift, short episodes, trying to make out of lean, restless vignettes a sweeping canvas of love, madness, personal tragedy. The gifted, adorable, rising young star, Isabelle Adjani, under twenty when she made this film, plays Adele, and Bruce Robinson the lieutenant. 1/31, Cinema Village.

Telefon–The premise of Don Siegel's new movie is outrageous enough to be fun. Briefly, a bunch of Soviets have been substituted for dead Americans, but are Cold War plants—they have been hypnotized to sabotage American explosives factories when someone with the right formula pulls their mental trigger. Charles Bronson, in Russian uniform, plays the brightest and best mind in Soviet intelligence, believe it or not. Thru 2/2, Loews Cine.

That Obscure Object of Desire–Fernando Rey stars in Luis Bunuel's film as an aging man hopelessly infatuated with a young woman (Carol Bouquet). Based on Pierre Louys's *Le Femme et le Pantin.* Columbia II.

The Turning Point–Anne Bancroft and Shirley MacLaine portray two ballet company friends reunited after almost twenty years, when each is at a crossroad. What makes this film so important is that the old soap-opera philosophy (that career, fame, and money are nothing compared to the Love of a Man) is scuttled by the more complex view that no one choice will ever put an end to doubts about the road not taken. The ballet scenes are terrific. Little Carnegie; thru 1/26, Coronet; from 1/27, Beekman & Quad & RKO 86th St I.

Which Way Is Up?–Director Michael Schultz has fashioned a pop Third World version of Lina Wertmuller's *The Seduction of Mimi,* with Richard Pryor playing three roles. The plot—a union struggle translated to the California farmworkers, serves as little more than a pretext for Pryor to create a Peter Sellers-like rogues gallery. He is glorious as he pants after the three women in his life, but when he is required to become violent in accordance with the Sicilian code of honor, he and the movie are dreadful. 1/27-2/2, Olympia.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

Schedules change constantly; phone ahead and avoid rage and disappointment.

Art, 36 E 8th (GR 3-7014). Thru 1/26, *Outrageous!* From 1/27, *The Lacemaker.*

Baronet, 3rd Ave at 59th (355-1663). *Dersu Uzala.*

Bay Cinema, Second Ave nr 32nd (679-0161). From 2/1, *Boys in Company C.*

Beekman, 2nd Ave nr 65th (RE 7-2622). Thru 1/26, *The World's Greatest Lover.* From 1/27, *The Turning Point.*

Bleecker St Cinema, 144 Bleecker at LaGuardia Pl (674-2560). 1/24, *Death by Hanging; Punishment Island.* Bleecker 1/25, *Au Hasard, Balthazar; Murmur of the Heart.* 1/26, *Ziegfeld Follies; The Pirate.* 1/27, *Brother Sun, Sister Moon; Romeo and Juliet.* 1/29, 30, *Anna Christie; Anna Karenina.* 1/31, *Violence at Noon; Odd Affinity.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave betw 56th & 57th (757-2131). 1/24, *Yolanda and the Thief; Ziegfeld Follies.* 1/25, *Undercurrent; The Pirate.* 1/26, *La Fille De L'Eau; La Petite Marchande D'Allumettes; La Chienne.* 1/27, *Obsessione; The Miracle.* 1/28, *My Man Godfrey; We're Not Dressing.* 1/29, *Missouri Breaks; One-Eyed Jacks.* 1/30, *Legacy; Not a Pretty Picture.* 1/31, *Madame Bovary; Father of the Bride.*

Cinema I, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *Julia.*

Cinema II, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *Padre Padrone.*

Cinema III, 59th at the Plaza (752-5959). *High Anxiety.*

Cinema Studio, Bdway & 66th (877-4040). *The Best Way.*

Cinema Village, 22 E 12th (924-3363). 1/24, *The Sunshine Boys; The Odd Couple.* 1/25, 26, *Lolita; Candy.* 1/27, 28, *200 Motels; Ned Kelly.* 1/29, 30, *The Christian Licorice Store; The Last American Hero.* 1/31, *I Never Promised You a Rose Garden; The Story of Adele H.*

Columbia I, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). *The Children of Theatre Street.*

Columbia II, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). *That Obscure Object of Desire.*

Coronet, 3rd Ave nr 59th (EL 5-1663). Thru 1/26, *The Turning Point.* From 1/27, *The Serpent's Egg.*

Criterion, Bdway at 45th (JU2-1796). *Semi-Tough.*

D.W. Griffith, 59th St E of 2nd Ave (759-4630). *Mado.*

Eastside, 3rd Ave at 55th (755-3020). *Annie Hall.*

86th St E, 3rd Ave at 86th (249-1144). *The Choirboys.*

Embassy II, III, IV, 7th Ave nr 47th (575-7788). II, *The Great Dictator; Modern Times.* III, *A Piece of the Action.* IV, *Equus.*

E 59th St, betw 2nd & 3rd (688-1717). *The Savage Is Loose.*

Festival, 57th nr. 6th (757-2715). Thru 1/24, *1900.* From 1/25, *Renaldo and Clara.*

Fine Arts, 58th nr Lexington (PL 5-6030). *The Duellists.*

Forum, Bdway & 47th (757-8320). *A Piece of the Action.*

Gramercy, 23rd St nr Lexington (GR 5-1660). Thru 1/26, *Outrageous!* From 1/27, *Looking for Mr. Goodbar.*

Greenwich, 12th at Greenwich (WA 9-3350). *Semi-Tough.*

Guild, 33 W 50th (PL7-2406). *Operation Thunderbolt.*

Little Carnegie, 57th St nr 7th (246-5123). *The Turning Point.*

Loews Astor Plaza, Bdway at 44th (869-8340). *Star Wars.*

Loews Ciné, 3rd nr 86th (427-1332). Thru 1/31, *Telefon.* From 2/1, *The Boys in Company C.*

Loews Orpheum, 86th at 3rd (AT 9-4607). *Saturday Night Fever.*

Loews State I & II, Broadway at 45th (582-5070). I. Thru 2/2, *Saturday Night Fever.* From 2/3, *The One and Only.* II. Thru 1/31, *The Goodbye Girl.* From 2/1, *The Boys in Company C.*

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave nr 71st (TR 9-1313). Thru 1/28, *Oh, God.* From 1/29, *The End of the World in Our Usual Bed in a Night Full of Rain.*

Loews Triplex, Bdway at 83rd (877-3190). I. *Semi-Tough.* II. *The Goodbye Girl.* III. Thru 1/26, *Modern Times; The Great Dictator.* From 1/27, *Roseland.*

Murray Hill, 34th St nr 3rd Ave (685-7652). Thru 1/31, *Semi-Tough.* From 2/1, *Coma.*

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd (956-7070). 1/24, noon, *Part of the Family;* 2:30, *Stella Maris.* 1/26, 2:30, Films of Paulin Vieyra; 6 p.m. 1963 short films; 8:30, *Ceddo.* 1/27, 2:30, 1963 short films; 6 p.m. *Stella Maris.* 1/28, noon, *Keep 'em Flying;* 2:30, Films of Paulin Vieyra; 5 p.m. *Cedda.* 1/29, noon, *Hold That Ghost;* 2:30, *Niaye;* 5 p.m. *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine.* 1/30, noon, John Heartfield—Photomontagist; 2:30, *Niaye* and *La Noire de;* 6 p.m. *Tauw* and *The Money Order.* 1/31, noon, John Heartfield—Photomontagist; 2:30; *Dawn;* 6 p.m. What's Happening?

National, 919 3rd Ave (486-0333). *The Gauntlet.*

New Yorker, Bdway nr 88th (TR 4-9189). Thru 1/24, *Outrageous!* From 1/25, *Renaldo and Clara.*

Olympia, Bdway at 107th (865-8128). Thru 1/26, *Sasquatch.* 1/27-2/2, *Which Way Is Up?; Bingo Long and the Traveling All-Stars.*

Paramount, 2 Gulf & Western Plaza (247-5070). *The World's Greatest Lover.* Theater closed 1/24.

Paris, 4 W 58th (MU 8-2013). *The Man Who Loved Women.*

Playboy, 57th W of 6th Ave (JU 6-4448). Thru 1/24, *Looking for Mr. Goodbar.* 1/25-2/1, *The Gauntlet.*

Plaza, 58th St, E of Madison (EL 5-3320). Thru 1/31, *Iphigenia.* (Closed on 1/25.) From 2/1, *Coma.*

Quad, four cinemas at 34 W 13th (255-8800). (Last minute changes frequent here; phone ahead). I. *Equus.* II. Thru 1/26, *Short Eyes.* From 1/27, *The Turning Point.* III. *A Special Day.* IV. *The Goodbye Girl.*

Radio City Music Hall, 6th Ave betw 50th & 51st (246-4600). *Pete's Dragon.*

Regency, Bdway at 67th (724-3700). 1/24, 25, *Viridiana; The Exterminating Angel.* 1/26-28, *Rules of the Game; The Invitation.* 1/29, 30, *Smiles of a Summer Night; Illicit Interlude.* 1/31, 2/1, *Umberto D; Miracle in Milan.*

RKO Cinerama I & II, Broadway at 47th (975-8366). I. Thru 2/2, *Short Eyes.* From 2/3, *Starship Invasion.* II. *The Choirboys.*

RKO 86th I & II.–at Lexington (AT 9-8900). I. Thru 1/26, *The Song Remains the Same.* From 1/27, *The Turning Point.* II. *Goodbye Girl.*

72nd St East, nr 1st Ave (BU 8-9304). Thru 1/24, *Looking for Mr. Goodbar.* From 1/25, to be announced.

68th St Playhouse, at 3rd Avenue (RE 4-0302). Thru 2/4, *Mr. Klein.* From 2/5, *Blue Country.*

St Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave at 8th (533-9292). Thru 1/24, *Looking for Mr. Goodbar; Images.* 1/25-2/1, *The Gauntlet; Death Wish.*

Sutton, 57th nr 3rd Ave (PL 9-1411). *High Anxiety.*

Thalia, 250 W 95th (222-3370). Thru 1/24, *Woman in the Dunes; Hiroshima, Mon Amour.* 1/25, 26, *Marius; Fanny.* 1/27, 28, *Wages of Fear; Diabolique.* 1/29-31, *Touch of Evil; Phantom Lady.*

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St Marks Pl (254-7400). *Trouble in Paradise; Bluebeard's Eighth Wife.* 1/25, *Once in a Blue Moon; Crime Without Passion.* 1/26, *Monte Carlo; The Love Parade.* 1/27, *Sherlock Holmes, Terror By Night; Sherlock Holmes, Woman in Green.* 1/28, 29, *Copacabana; Love Happy.* 1/30, *Nice Girl; Because of Him.* 1/31, *Transatlantic Tunnel; Things To Come.*

34th St East, nr 2nd Ave (683-0255). Thru 2/2, *Saturday Night Fever.* From 2/3, *The One and Only.*

Trans-Lux East, 3rd at 58th (PL 9-2262). *The Goodbye Girl.*

Trans-Lux 85th, at Madison (BU 8-3180). *Semi-Tough.*

UA East, 1st Ave at 85th (249-5100). To be announced.

Victoria, Bdway at 46th (354-5636). *Which Way Is Up?*

Waverly, 6th Ave at 3rd (WA 9-8037). Thru 1/24, *The Sensual Man.* From 1/25, *Renaldo and Clara.*

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison at 75th (794-0600). 1/24-29, Early Abstractions. 1/31-2/5, Christa Maiwald: Video.

Ziegfeld, 141 W 54th (765-7600). *Close Encounters of the Third Kind.*

IN AND AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

A CRITICAL GUIDE TO ENTERTAINMENT IN THE NEW YORK AREA

Theater

ON BROADWAY

CURRENT

The Act–Imagine the incestuous marriage of TV and Las Vegas and, next, their idiotic progeny; you now have a perfect picture of this work. If ever a supposed Broadway musical looked like a cross between a less than spectacular TV spectacular and a dry-as-dust show at the Sands or the Desert Inn, this vulgar concoction is it. Its main—almost its only—selling point: Liza Minnelli, and she has only brashness, pathos, and desperate energy. Majestic, 247 W 44th (246-0730).

Annie–*Oliver Twist* in drag, but with so much going for it (a chorus line of moppets, a Christmas tree, Andrea McArdle's gleam in the title role, and a seven-year-old bundle of radiance named Danielle Brisebois) that only a Fagin reborn would note the drab book (Thomas Meehan) and lyrics (Martin Charnin) or Charles Strouse's recycled score. Alvin, 250 W 52nd (PL 7-8646).

Chapter Two–Neil Simon attempts, in part at least, to be serious about the real-life romance, marriage, and problems of Marsha Mason and Neil Simon and to pierce through to the troubling core of things. But he handles drama as if it could be constructed out of one-liners, only sticking laments where the laughs would normally go. There are some genuinely funny one-liners afloat, but the playwright's ultimate failure stems from his belief that you can build anything out of one-liners, from coffee tables to cathedrals. Imperial, 249 E 45th (CO 5-2412).

Cheaters–A new domestic comedy by Michael Jacob about adultery. Doris Roberts, Lou Jacobi, Rosemary Murphy, and Jack Weston have the leads, and Robert Drivas directs. Biltmore, 261 W 47th (JU 2-5340).

A Chorus Line–Every generation needs its own backstage legend, and this one is a worthy descendant of *42nd St* (et al). Out of the real words of chorus-line aspirants, James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante have fashioned a shiny romance, and it bounces agreeably off Marvin Hamlisch's paper-thin score. Michael Bennett's direction covers a multitude of inadequacies. Mon thru Sat at 8; mat. Wed & Sat at 2. Shubert, 225 W 44 (246-5990).

Cold Storage–Tale of two men in the cancer ward of a Manhattan hospital. When Ronald Ribman, the author, is at his best, as in the first act, he can keep you laughing and thinking at the same time. As the two main characters, Martin Balsam gives a stunning performance, and Len Cariou is compelling as long as he acts tense and superior; when he is agonized he is a bit too mechanical. But the evening is lit with the playful intelligence of the writing, and the articulate energy of the performers. Directed by Frank Corsaro. Tues thru Sat at 8; Mats Wed, Sat & Sun at 2; Sun at 3. Lyceum, 149 W 45th (JU 2-3897).

Dracula–Among Edward Gorey's impressive but inappropriate sets, this camped-up version of a trashy old play offers mostly cutenesses instead of thrills, and can at best impress if you sit far enough back so that the stage is reduced to the appropriate comic-strip (or Gorey drawing) dimensions. Frank Langella may be the ideal Dracula for this kind of production. The other actors, except for the splendid Alan Coates, are unsafe even in comic-strip size. Dennis Rosa misdirected. Martin Beck Theater, 302 W 45th (246-6363).

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide/When the Rainbow is Enuf–Seven spellbinding young women intone the words of Ntozake Shange, lines about being women, black, and sorrowful, and their performances are welded by Oz Scott into an enthralling experience that makes the theater glow in all colors. Tues thru Sat at 8; mat Wed & Sat at 2, Sun at 3. Booth, 45th St (246-5969).

Gemini–Albert Innaurato's saga of life in a Philadelphia backyard is, at once, a stupendous verbal circus and a touching story of people desperately needing to be noticed. Innaurato writes extremely well, and his control over simultaneously ongoing lines of action is somewhat akin to Bach's mastery over fugues. Peter Mark Schifter's direction is splendid. Mon-Sat at 8; Mat Wed & Sat at 2. Little Theater, 240 W 44th (221-6425).

The Gin Game–A first effort by D.L. Coburn concerns two inmates of an old folks' home. The man lives for gin rummy now; the woman is willing to learn the game. They play, and miraculously—or contrivedly—she keeps winning. It is staged with almost indecent expertise by Mike Nichols, and acted to individual and joint near-perfection by Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy. John Golden, 252 W 45th (246-6740).

Golda–William Gibson has written a cheap, and oversimplified version of the life of Golda Meir. Shoddy direction, sets, and lighting, with, for the most part, indifferent-to-bad actors. The exception is Anne Bancroft, who, through sheer talent, never lets a two-note part grate on us. Gibson has tried to combine the unstageable business of warfare with scenes from the very discreet Mrs. Meir's life—and because the public events dwarf the private, *Golda* remains shadowy and stereotypical. Morosco, 217 W 45 (246-6230).

Grease–Broadway's senior musical, about highschool shenanigans in the fifties, now seems as much a period piece as any Romberg operetta, but the energy of the original has been remarkably well preserved. Without a single memorable song or solo turn, the show holds onto an amusing, attractive ridiculousness, mostly due to Patricia Birch's lively choreography and Tom Moore's no-nonsense direction. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Wed. & Sat at 2 p.m., Sun at 3 p.m. Royale, 242 W 45th (245-5760).

I Love My Wife–Wife-swapping in Trenton, done as a series of sleazy skits, with a Cy Coleman score and direction by Gene Saks that even brings the orchestra onstage to mess around in the action. Mon thru Sat at 8. Mats Sat & Wed at 2. Ethel Barrymore, 243 W 47th (246-0390).

Jesus Christ Superstar–A revival of the Andrew Lloyd Weber/Tim Rice rock opera, directed by William Gray. Thru 2/12. Longacre, 220 W 48th (246-5639).

The King and I–The Rodgers-Hammerstein classic of 1951, in a fuzzy, slovenly revival with Yul Brynner repeating his stint as the King, Constance Towers as the "I" and a gaggle of oriental-looking moppets. Tues thru Sat at 8; Mats Sat & Wed at 2; Sun at 3. Uris, 51st betw 7th & 8th (586-6510).

The Magic Show–A musical with book by Bob Randall; music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz, directed and choreographed by Grover Dale. Joseph Abaldo is starred as a Magician. Wed thru Sat at 7:30; mat Sat & Wed at 2 p.m. On Sun 2 & 5 p.m. Cort, 138 W 48th (489-6392).

Oh! Calcutta!–Revival of the musical devised by Kenneth Tynan. Sketches by Jules Feiffer, Leonard Melfi, John Lennon, David Newman, Robert Benton, Dan Greenburg, Sam Shepard. Mon, Tues, Wed & Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 9:30; Sun at 3 & 7 p.m. & Wed at 2 p.m. Edison, 240 W 47th (757-7164).

Paul Robeson–James Earl Jones stars in a new play by Phillip Hayes Dean about one of the most extraordinary and controversial Americans of this century; directed by Lloyd Richards. Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W 46th (JU 6-5555).

Saint Joan–The wonderful thing about any Shavian play is the play of intellect in it. Here there are actually flashes of lyricism, and what's more important, the sheer luminescence of Shaw's restlessly revolving intellect. However, Lynn Redgrave, splendid actress—and even Shavian actress—that she is, simply is not Saint Joan. Instead of a substratum of full-brooded country lass, she has a fundamentally urban quality: nervous, exacerbated, clever, neurotic, shrill. Thru 2/19. Circle in the Square, 1633 Broadway (581-0720).

Same Time, Next Year–Bernard Slade's comedy, of a genre that used to be called "saucy," neatly mingles two sure-fire elements, fornication and nostalgia. Over the years, however, the play has become ritualized, about as titillating as, say, an exhibition of bloomers at the Smithsonian. With Betsy Palmer and Monte Markham. Tues thru Sat at 8; Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Brooks Atkinson, 256 W 47th (245-3430).

Side by Side with Sondheim–Hermione Gingold, Nancy Dussault, Larry Kert, and Georgia Brown offer a generous sampling of songs for which Stephen Sondheim wrote words, music, or both. Mon thru Sat at 8 p.m. Mat Wed and Sat at 2 p.m. Music Box, 239 W 45th (246-4636).

Sly Fox–Ben Jonson's *Volpone* updated to 19th-century San Francisco, with new gags stuck onto the original Jacobean plot-structure. Vincent Gardenia now has the title role. Tues thru Sat at 8; mat, Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Broadhurst, 235 W 44th (CI 6-6699).

A Touch of the Poet–At his second-best, Eugene O'Neill is still better than most of what is around today. This story of how an immigrant Irish innkeeper in Boston 1828 comes to terms with the truth about himself is slow to get started but then carries considerable wallop. Jason Robards may be a bit too charming for the protagonist, but there is good supporting work from Geraldine Fitzgerald and Milo O'Shea, and Kathryn Walker, as the daughter who precipitates the dramatic events, is marvelous. Helen Hayes, 210 W 46th (246-6380).

The Wiz–Oz in blackface, Munchkins, Cowardly Lion, and all, with jivey dances choreographed by George Faison. Tues thru Sat at 7:30; Wed and Sat at 2 p.m.; Sun at 3 p.m. Broadway, 1681 Broadway (CI7-7992).

OFF and OFF-OFF BROADWAY

CURRENT

Allegro–The 1947 musical with music by Richard Rodgers and book and lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II, directed and choreographed by Bill Koch, with music directed by Mark Goodman. Thru 1/29, Tues thru Sun at 8; Sat and Sun mat at 2:30. Equity Library Theater, 103rd St & Riverside Drive (663-2028).

Another Way To Love–A comedy of unusual fantasies; and a post-play discussion follows (with wine). Thurs thru Fri at 8 p.m. thru 1/27. The Project, 127 Grand St (966-0322).

The Bandit Princess–Kikue Tashiro's play, directed by Linda Mussman. Wed thru Sat, at 8 p.m. $3. Time & Space, 139-41 W 22nd (741-1032).

The Beasts–A play by H.N. Levitt, directed by Allen R. Belkna, based on the life of Rudolf Hess. Wed thru Sun at 8 p.m. 1/27-3/5. Courtyard Playhouse, 39 Grove St (362-0470).

The Best of St. Bart's–Potpourri of moments from hit musicals since 1927, directed by Jo Sutherin. Thurs thru Sat at 8; Sat mat at 2:30, 1/26 at 7:30, 1/26-2/4. $3.50 to $5. St Bart's, Park Ave & 50th (PL 1-1616, ex49).

Black Body Blues–Gus Edwards's play, directed by Douglas Turner Ward, presented by the Negro Ensemble Company. Thru 2/5. St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Avenue (OR 4-3530).

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Bremen Coffee–A play by the German film-maker Rainer Werner Fassbinder, directed by Manfred Bormann. 1/27-29, 2/3-5, 10-12. Loretto Playhouse, $3. 20 Bleecker St (242-3900).

The Club–It is Eve Merriam's conceit—and a rather good one, as it works out—that male villainy toward women is best definable in its own words. To that end, she has peopled her little revue with a gaggle of sexist males singing sexist songs and telling sexist jokes in a club at around 1910; the material is all authentic of the period. As a final kicker, all the roles are played by women, and a perfectly splendid septet of transvestites they are. You probably have to see this for yourselves to understand why this show is as delightful as it is. Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St (AL 4-6330).

CSC Repertory–Ibsen's *Rosmerholm;* Jean Genet's *The Maids;* Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* and John Arden's *Sjt. Musgrave's Dance.* CSC Repertory, 136 E 13th St (677-4210).

Comedy Faces of '78–Cabaret starring The First Amendment Comedy Troupe; Zalkind and Burke Dancin', and Seborn Westbrook. 1/26-2/11; 2/16-25. Hotel Ansonia, 73rd & Bdway (840-0243).

Double Bill–Agatha Christie's *The Rats,* and Mrs. Henry Wood's *East Lynne.* Fri thru Sun, Thru 2/12. 9:30 Fri & Sat, 4 p.m. on Sun. $3. Academy Arts, 330 E 56th (486-1431).

Double Bill–A.R. Gurney Jr.'s *The Problem,* and Brian Richard Mori's *Dreams of Flight.* Thurs thru Sun, Thru 1/30, at 8 p.m. $2.50. IRT, 120 W 28th (243-7494).

Drama Committee Repertory–Wilde's *An Ideal Husband,* thru 2/26. Conrad's *Heart of Darkness,* thru 2/27. $3. 17 W 20th St (929-8377).

The Dybbuk–Joseph Chaikin has cut out quite a bit of the text of this classic folk tale and padded out the rest with typical Open Theater wordless busyness, at the same time obfuscating basic properties of the story. The performers are a heterogeneous bunch of unlikely professionals and disastrous amateurs. Above all, the simple story line has been smudged and submerged in sterile, "experimental" fussiness, and deprived of that essential ingredient: ensemble acting. Public/Newman Theater, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

The Enchanted Journey–Adapted and directed by Anna Antaramian. Thurs thru Sun at 8; Sat mat at 3, 1/26-2/5. $3. Title Theater at Westbeth, 155 Bank St (924-7790).

Endgame–Samuel Beckett's comic view of life among the ruins, directed by John Roach. 1/27-29, 2/2-5, at 8 p.m. Sun mat at 3 p.m. Production Co, 249 W 18th (691-7359).

The Estate–A play by Ray Aranha, directed by Duane Jones, tells about Thomas Jefferson and Benjamin Banneker, the black scientist who helped design the city of Washington, D. C. Thurs thru Sun at 8 p.m. From 1/26. 36 W 62nd (581-9110).

Exit the King–Eugene Ionesco's fairy tale for grown-ups directed by Howard Green. Fri & Sat at 8; Sun at 3:30 & Mon at 7:30. Thru 1/30, $3, except Monday when all seats are $1.90. Counterpoint 152 W 66th (799-6954).

The Fantasticks–Musical based on the Rostand play, in its zillionth year and the end is not in sight. Has spawned plenty of on-Bdway talent. Tues-Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Sullivan St Playhouse at Bleecker (OR 4-3838).

Fefu and Her Friends–Obie award-winning play written and directed by Maria Irene Fornes. Tues thru Sun, Thru 2/5. $8. American Place Theater, 111 W 46th (246-3730).

Gershwin: Of Thee We Sing–Revue based on Gershwin's life story. Fri & Sat, 1/27, 28, at 8 p.m. $5. Stage Works Theater, 15 W 18th, third floor (914-237-2159).

The Freedom of the City–A drama by Brian Friel, set in the part of Ireland still occupied by British troops. Fri & Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. 1/28-3/5. $3. Irish Arts Center, 553 W 51st (757-3318).

Hablemos a Calzon Quitado–A provocative comedy in Spanish by Guillermo Gentile, directed by Max Ferra. Fri thru Sun at 8 p.m. Mat Sun at 4:30 p.m. Thru 2/5. $4. Intar, 508 W 53rd (247-6776).

Henry IV–Luigi Pirandello's play about an individual's isolation from society and himself due to a conflict between illusions and reality. Thurs thru Sun, 1/26-2/12. $2.50. Little Theater, 5 W 30th (564-0692).

The Imaginary Invalid–Moliere's piece, directed by Luigia Miller. Thurs thru Sat at 8; Sun mat at 6. Thru 1/17. Riverside Theater, 2710 Bdway at 104th (864-9672).

Jean Cocteau Repertory–Pinter's *The Cocktail Party;* Ibsen's *Love's Comedy;* Massinger's *A New Way to Pay Old Debts.* From 2/3, Sartre's *No Exit.* Bouwerie Lane Theater, 330 Bowery (677-0060).

Just Folks–A play by Romulus Linney centering around Biblical figures as seen through word-of-mouth traditions. thru 2/5, Theater for the New City, 162 Second Ave (691-2220).

K–A dramatic response to Franz Kafka and his work, directed by Garland Wright, with impressions from *The Trial,* staged by The Lion Theater Company. Wed thru Fri at 8; Sat at 5 & 9; Sun at 3 p.m. thru 1/29. $4. West Side Airlines Terminal, 460 W 42nd (947-4224).

Lady Windermere's Fan–Oscar Wilde's drawing-room comedy directed by Andres Castro. Fri, Sat & Sun, at 8 p.m. Thru 1/29. $3. West Side Repertory, 252 W 81st (666-3521).

A Life in the Theater–David Mamet is our current most-promising playwright. In this series of vignettes, showing us an older, proudly declining actor and a young and ambitiously climbing one in their on- and off-stage relationships, he gives away the show by the fact that every scene is a duologue. We keep waiting for a little verbal football, something more team-oriented and teeming with life. With Ellis Rabb and Peter Evans; directed by Gerald Gutierrez. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7. Theater de Lys, 121 Christopher St (WA 4-8782).

EARTH SPIRIT

Trish Hawkins has the title role in **Lulu,** the Frank Wedekind play that has been described as a human circus of erotic passions. Directed by Rob Thirkield, play begins 2/1 and plays thru 3/18, at Circle Repertory Company, 99 Seventh Avenue South on Sheridan Square in Greenwich Village (924-7100).

Mama Sang the Blues–A comedy-drama by Katherine Cortez about the pain and pleasure of life with an unusual mama, played by Jacqueline Brookes. Directed by Teresa Hayden. Thru 2/5 Thurs thru Sun, at 7:30 p.m. Ensemble Studio Theater, 549 W 52nd (247-4982).

A Man and His Woman–Craig *(Outrageous!)* Russell stars in an evening of theater, music, and humor. Tues thru Thurs at 8 p.m. Fri & Sat at 8 & 11 p.m. Sun at 7. Theater East, 211 E 60th (355-7025).

The Mandrake–The less said about Machiavelli's comedy, the better. It's uninventively camped up by Wilford Leach's direction and decor, abysmally costumed by Patricia McCourty, and execrably acted by all but Angele Pietropinto and Larry Pine, who, unsubtle but professional, tower above a gaggle of ghastly amateurs. Public/Anspacher, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

The Misanthrope–A musical version of the Moliere comedy, with English verse translation by Richard Wilbur, and music by Margaret Pine; Directed by Leonardo Shapiro. Public/Anspacher Theater, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

Miss Julie–August Strindberg's play, directed by Anthony Solter. Fri & Sat at 8 p.m. 1/28, thru March. $3.50. The Gathering Place, 150 W 26th (924-6988).

Molly–Tammy Grimes stars in Simon ("Butley") Gray's play about a couple in England who have a maid and a handyman. Wed thru Sun, thru 2/5. Directed by Stephen Hollis. Hudson Guild Theater, 441 W 26th (760-9847).

My Astonishing Self–Donal Donnelly stars as George Bernard Shaw in an entertainment drawing from the lectures, pamphlets, diaries, letters, and miscellaneous public utterances of the great man. Tues thru Sat at 8; Sun at 3 & 7. Astor Place Theater, 434 Lafayette St (254-4370).

Never Waste a Virgin–Andrea Balis and The Cutting Edge play Thurs thru Sun at 8 p.m. $5. Thru January. Wonder Horse, 84 E 4th St (533-1250).

Old Man Joseph and His Family–The Chelsea Theater's production by Romulus Linney. Thru 2/5. Westside Theater, 407 W 43rd St (541-8394).

Othello–Earle Hyman has the title role in this updating of the Shakespeare play, directed by Gene Feist, with Carmen de Lavallade and Nicholas Kepros. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Mats Wed, Sat & Sun at 2 p.m. Roundabout/Stage One, 333 W 23rd (924-7160).

The Passion of Dracula–A totally new version of the Count's adventures (vastly preferable to the on-Broadway version), by Bob Hall and David Richmond. Christopher Bernau plays the toothy one. Peter Bennett directs. Cherry Lane Theater, 38 Commerce St (YU 9-2020).

Playwrights Horizons–Three plays in repertory. Sam Shepard's *Angel City;* Len Jenkin's *Gogol,* and Lanie Robertson's *Back County Crimes.* $3. 416 W 42nd (LO 4-1235).

A Prayer for My Daughter–A play by Thomas Babe; directed by Robert Ackerman. Public/Anspacher Theater, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

Production Company–Beckett's *Endgame,* 1/27-29, 2/2-5 at 8 p.m. Sun mat at 3 p.m. and a musical circus called *Paris was Yesterday,* 1/26-28, 2/2-4 at 10:30 p.m. 1/29, 2/5 at 8 p.m. Theater, 249 W 18th (691-7359).

The Promise–Marilyn McIntyre, Christopher Paul Goutman, and Davis Hall, in a play by Aleksei Arbuzov, directed by Michael Fried. Tues thru Sat at 8; mat Wed, Sat & Sun at 2 p.m. 1/24-4/9. Roundabout/Stage Two, 307 W 26th (924-7160).

Rat's Nest–A New York City comedy about friendship and manipulation, by Joel and Neil Cohen, directed by Michael Murphy. 1/26-2/11, Thurs thru Sat at 10 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. $2.50, $2. Shelter West Co., 15 Vandam St (675-0498).

The Real Inspector Hound–Tom Stoppard's play, directed by Robert Pesola. Fri thru Sun at 7:30. Thru 2/12. $3. Academy Arts, 330 E 56th (486-1431).

The Red Robins–Kenneth Koch's new play, an adventure-book fantasy, directed by Donald Sanders. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sun mat at 3 p.m. $7. St. Clement's, 423 W 46th (675-5000).

The Room & Just Folks–Room: Conceived by Saskia Noordhoel Hegt, with music by Andrew Schloss. 1/26-29; 2/2-5, at 8 p.m. Folks: Romulus Linney's play, 1/25-29, 1/31-2/5, at 9 p.m. Cino Theater, 162 Second Ave (254-1109).

Royal Repertory–GBS's *Candida,* Fridays & Saturdays at 7:30; Chekhov's *The Boor* and *A Marriage Proposal,* every Sunday at 4 & 7:30. $3. Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave (GR 5-9647).

Separate Tables–Terrence Rattigan's play, thru 1/29, Thurs & Sat at 8:30; Sun at 7; $2.50. Morgan's Old New York Tavern, 134 Read St (226-8928).

Soho Repertory–Brian Friel's *Philadelphia, Here I Come.* Pablo Picasso's *Four Little Girls.* Soho Theater, 19 Mercer St (925-2588).

Spanish Theater Repertory: *Te Juro Juana, Que Tengo Ganas,* by Emilio Carballido; *La Dama Duende,* by Calderon; *La Fiaca by Ricardo Talesnik.* Suite Latinoamericana—two one-acters by Talesnik and Carballido. All plays in rotating repertory thru January and February. Gramercy Arts Theater, 138 E 27th. For dates call 889-2850.

El Super–Written and directed by Ivan Acosta, this tragic-comedy is presented in Spanish. Fri & Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 6 p.m., thru January, 1978. $4. Cuban Cultural Center, 601 W 51st (586-8564).

13th St Theater Repertory–Israel Horovitz's *Line* and *Shooting Gallery,* Fri & Sat at 7:30; Sun at 5:30. Tues & Thurs at 7:30. George Birmisa's *Pogey Bait,* Thurs thru Sat at 10; Sun at 8. Alan L. Reed's *Aftermath of an Eagle,* Tues at 10. Tom Millot's *Three by Two,* Mon & Wed at 7:30. Sklaroff & Magesis's *Swamp Fox,* Fri & Sat at midnight, thru January. 50 W 13th (924-9785).

The Troupe Repertory–James Jennings's *No Time for Sorrow.* Daniel Clark's *Sailor and the Siren.* Sheridan's *School for Scandel.* Strindberg's *The Stronger* Fri & Sat at 8; Sun at 3 p.m. $3. Troupe, 335 W 39th (244-9699).

Two by Mishima–*The Lady Aoi* and *Kantan,* two modern plays inspired by themes from ancient NOH classics by Yukio Mishima, translated by Donald Keene. With an Asian-American cast directed by Jon Teta. $3. Thurs thru Sat at 8; Sun at 3:30; thru 2/5. Open Space in SoHo, 64 Wooster St (966-3729).

Vanities–Three girls from Texas grow old but not up. Jack Heifner's attractive and nicely observed play covers familiar ground *(The Group, Grease, etc.),* but Garland Wright's coiled-spring direction of a three-member cast (Sally Sockwell, Jane Galloway, Susan Merson) gives the work cogency and wit. Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St (541-8394).

The Water Engine–A new play by David Mamet, directed by Steve Schachter. Thru 1/28. Cabaret at the Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

The Way of the World–William Congreve's play, directed by Steven Keim, is a restoration comedy with verbally duelling lovers and crafty, lecherous dowagers. Thurs thru Sat at 8; Sun at 5 p.m. Thru 1/29. $3. New York Theater Ensemble, 62 E 4th St (477-4120).

Where Memories are Magic and Dreams Invented–Susan Nanus's play, directed by Susan Einhorn. With Sylvia Gassell, Kay Medford, Lenore Loveman, Michael Kaufman, Allen Swift, Laura Copland are featured. Wed thru Sat at 8; Sun at 3. Thru 2/12. $3. Interart Theater, 549 W 52nd (246-6569).

The Yellow Sound–A stage work by Wassily Kindinsky. 1/25-28, 2/1-4, at 8 p.m. $2. West-Park Theater, 165 West 86th (636-5719).

New York Ticket Service

For free information regarding what tickets may be obtained for theater, dance and concerts, call 986-5872, Mon to Fri, 10 to noon; 2 to 6. New York Magazine will be happy to advise you.

After Dark

NIGHTCLUBS

Barbizon Plaza Library–6th Ave, betw 58th & 59th. Lively discotheque, open Mon thru Fri, 4:30 p.m. to 3 a.m.; Sat, 9 p.m.-3 a.m.; Sun, 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. (CI 7-7000).

Cachaça–403 E 62nd. Mirrors, marble-topped tables, potted palms, gray velvet Chesterfield sofas, and singer Joyce Silveira with dancing to the Helcio Milito nine-piece band, who play popular Brazilian music, every night from 10 to 4 a.m. (688-8501).

Cafe Fanny–Madison and 43rd. Patterned on 19th century Viennese cafes with an informal ambiance and open from 7 a.m. to midnight daily. The Strauss Sisters play week nights, Mon thru Fri (687-7115).

Catch a Rising Star–1487 1st Ave. Continuous entertainment by comics and singers Tues thru Sun, with steadies Pat Benatar and David Sayh (794-1906).

Chateau Madrid–48th St & Lex. The musical revue of Los Chavales de Espana, plus Flamenco dancers, & singers. Luis Tamayo and Felo Bohr. Mon thru Fri 9:30 & midnight. Sat has three shows (PL 2-8080).

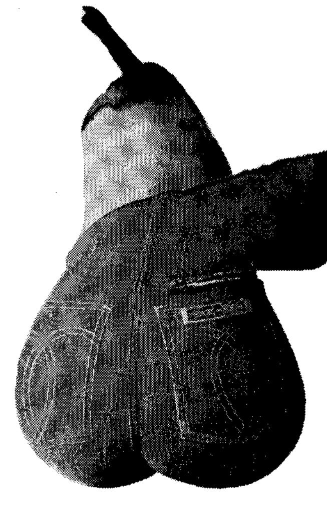
Club Ibis–151 E 50th. Egyptian decor, international cuisine, and a revue with belly-dancers and whirling dervishes. Two orchestras for dancing. Showtimes 9:30 & 12:30. Saturdays, 8:45, 11:30 & 1:30 a.m. Closed Sunday (753-3471).

Comic Strip–1568 Second Ave. Restaurant, comedy spot with an improvisational entertainment, Sun thru Fri, fun starts at 9; Sat at 9 & 12:15 (861-9386).

Dangerfield's–1118 First Ave. Mort Sahl's the mordant, extraordinary, stimulating guest thru January. Shows at 9:30 & 11:30 p.m. (593-1650).

Dionysos–304 E 48th. Stelios, a band for Greek dancing. Elena Voulgari entertains nightly. Interesting decor, and international cuisine (758-8240).

Gaslight Club–124 E 56th. Based in three converted townhouses, there's dining; there's pianist Dick Haddy; there's pianist-singer George Mahoney;



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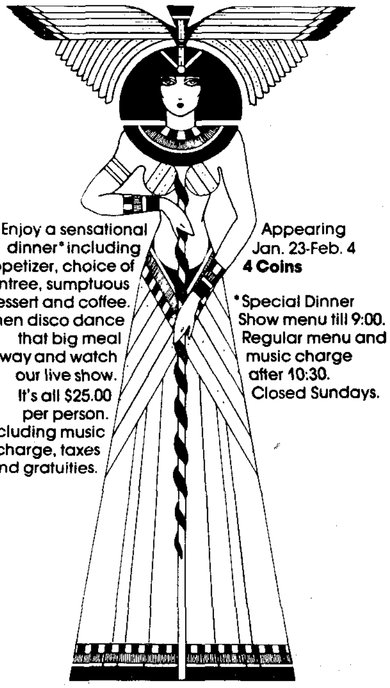

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Hippopotamus II–405 E 62nd A pretty place with a fireplace, an English club atmosphere, and a fine chef. Plus disco-dancing from 10 to 4 a.m. nightly (486-1566).

Improvisation–358 W 44. Comics and singing waitresses all night long, seven days a week; food; and total informality (765-8268).

Jimmy Weston's–131 E 54th. Singer-pianist Glen Covington and his trio are here nightly, except Sun, from 10 p.m. The Tommy Furtado Trio Tues thru Sat and the Bernie Leighton Quartet on Sun and Mon (838-8384).

Mamma Leone's–239 W 48th. Lavish cuisine with continuous entertainment by singers and guitarists and accordionists. It's "Carnevale Italiano '78" for 16 nights from 1/23 (JU 6-5151).

Once Upon a Stove–325 Third Ave. Valentine Room: Dancing 7:30 to midnight Fri. & Sat. Victorian Room: Dancing Wed & Thurs (683-0044).

Playboy Club–5 E 59th. In the Cabaret: 1/28, comedian Irwin C. Watson. Lainie's Room: 1/23-2/5, singer Tom Sullivan (PL 2-3100).

Rainbow Grill–65th floor of 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The incredible master mystifier, Milbourne Christopher, delights with legerdemain and is backed by The Warrens (Arthur and Madelaine) who sing and dance, thru 1/28 (PL 7-8970).

Rainbow Room–65th floor, Rockefeller Plaza. Exquisite, enormous dining and dancing room, with a view of the entire world, almost. 1/24-2/5, Lee Castle and the Jimmy Dorsey Orchestra play for dancing (PL 7-9090).

Roseland–239 W 52nd. Ballroom open Wed thru Sun 6:30 to midnight. From 2 p.m. Thurs and weekend. Bands of Tony Martell and Ramon Argueso. Petro and Olga dance class Wed (CI 7-0200).

Shepheard's–Park Ave & 56th. Mon thru Sat, thru 2/4, The Four Coins, backed by a five-man combo. Continuous disco dancing. (421-0900).

Sirocco–29 E 29th. Aris San heads the two-hour revue of singers, bouzouki players, bellydancers, and dancing waiters at this Greek-Israeli nightclub (683-9409).

Starship Discovery #1–350 W 42nd, betw 8th & 9th. Futuristic discotheque in a three-floor entertainment complex. 9 p.m. to 7 a.m. Wed thru Sun (695-1114).

THE HOTEL ROOMS

Americana, 811 Seventh Ave (581-1000). **French Quarter:** New Orleans atmosphere, and dancing to music of Bobby Michaels & Company, Mon thru Sat, 9 to 1:30 a.m. Sun 5 to midnight.

Carlyle, Madison Ave & 77th (744-1600). **The Cafe: Bemelmans Bar:** Marian McPartland plays Mon thru Sat thru 2/11. And guess what! On 1/30, at 8:30, Marian offers a Grieg recital, before swinging into jazz for the second part of the program.

Pierre, 5th Ave & 61st St (838-8000). **The Cafe:** The usual brand of hotel music has been replaced here by the melodious 7-string guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli and his trio. He plays quiet ballads and bright standards with cool jollity and elan. Ask him to play "Nuages." Tues thru Sat, 8:30 to 12:30. Sun & Mon, Steve Weltner, on piano.

Sheraton, 55th & 7th Ave (247-8000). **Sally's:** Turn of the century lounge-cabaret, with entertainment nightly. From 9:30 to 1:30 except Sun, Thru 2/4, the New York Rubber Rock Band. **The Falstaff Room:** Pianist Effie, 5 to 10 p.m. Mon thru Fri. And from 10 to 12:30, singer Mary Small.

Sherry Netherlands, 5th Ave at 59th St (759-9020). **Le Petit Restaurant:** Pianist Cyril Haynes plays Mon & Tues and pianist Earl Rose plays pop, classical tunes, Wed thru Fri, 8 to 1 a.m.

St. Regis Sheraton, 5th Ave & 55th (PL 3-4500). **Old King Cole:** Continuous dinner/dance music, Ray Harley, pianist, 5:30-9 p.m. Mark Shane with the Peter Duchin Quartet, 9 p.m. -2 a.m. alternating with The St. Regis Latin Combo.

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Ali's Alley–77 Greene St. 1/24-28, Billy Bang Survival Quintet. Monday nights are reserved for trumpeter Ted Daniels and Energy, his big band (226-9042).

Arthur's Tavern–57 Grove St. Dixieland on Monday evenings with the Grove Street Stompers at home base from 9:15 until 1 a.m. Mabel Godwin at the piano Tues thru Sat, 9 to 3 a.m. (CH 2-9468).

Assembly–16 W 51st. Pleasant restaurant, with singer-pianist Marty Berns playing Mon thru Fri until 10 p.m., scores of hit movies, Beatle songs, requests (581-3580).

Axis in Soho–463 W. Bdway. 1/27, 28, tenor saxophonist Chico Freeman, one of the best of the new breed, will converse musically with Abdul Wadud, who is bringing new life to the cello (228-0882).

The Ballroom–458 W Bdway. Singer-comedienne Pamela Myers thru 1/28. From 1/29, *By Strouse*—an evening of music by the composer, with a cast of four. 8:30 & 10:30, Tues thru Sun, 8:30 & 10:30 (473-9367).

Barbara's–78 W 3rd St. 1/27, 28, Japanese trumpeters Teramusa Hino and Quartet. (473-9326).

Bar None–167 E 33rd. Dardenelle, a feather-fingered pianist and engaging singer, seems to have established a permanent residency in this restaurant (684-3223).

Beefsteak Charlie's–12th St & Fifth. Dewey Redman, an ingenious tenor saxophonist in the Ornette Coleman style, will be raising the temperature of this unlikely setting—usually a haven for pianists—with a trio, 1/25-28 (675-4720).

Blue Hawaii–135 3rd Avenue. Jay Clayton, an appealingly venturesome jazz singer with an unassailable repertoire and good piano-bass support, is here Friday and Saturday evenings. The room, a seafood restaurant with a Polynesian accent, is a new one for music, but prices have already been reduced from when it opened, and the sound is fine (260-7690).

The Clubhouse–Restaurant with a nice sports decor, and singer/pianist Sandra Alexander performing nightly, 8 p.m. until morning, Mon thru Sat, with a showcase of blues, jazz, rock, and standards (628-0600).

The Cookery–University Pl at 8th St. Alberta Hunter, the great blues singer, is here thru February, Mon thru Thurs 8:30 & 10:30, Fri & Sat a third show at 12:15. Sundays, Rose Murphy, the big lady with the tiny voice, sings from 8 p.m. to 1 a.m. accompanied by Morris Edwards on bass (OR 4-4450).

Crawdaddy–45th St & Vanderbilt Ave. A genuine New Orleans restaurant, with the Buddy Tate Trio (Jim Roberts on piano; Ronnie Cole on drums) here thru 2/10. Mon thru Fri, 6:30 thru 11:30 (889-8331).

Daly's Daffodil–59th St & First. Pianist-arranger-composer Ellis Larkins plays Tues thru Sat from 9 p.m. until forever. Sundays, 7:30-10:30 p.m. Daphne Hellman, harpist, with guitarist Ed Berg & bassist Tomka (688-0018).

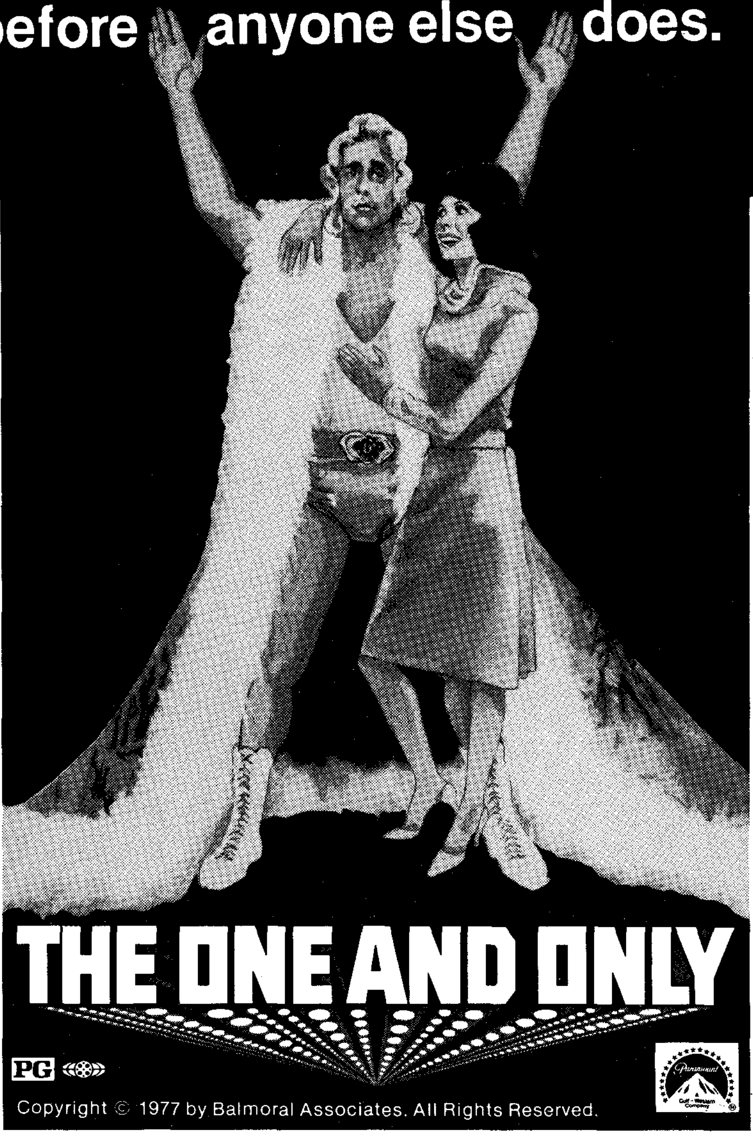
David's Harp–131 W 3rd St. Singer-guitarist Shlomo Haviv has returned to this Israeli hotspot. He performs every night but Monday from 9 (982-0328).

Eddie Condon's–144 W 54th. Red Balaban and his Cats. 1/24, trombonist Ed Hubble and soprano-saxist Kenny Davern. 1/29, the Kenny Davern Quintet (265-8277).

Gregory's–First Ave at 63rd. Mon & Tues, Al Haig, a tough-minded tender-touch lyric pianist, who swings like an April breeze, is at the center of a trio that includes the fleet master bop guitarist, Chuck Wayne, and an iron-toned basist, Jamil Nasser. 10 p.m. to 3 a.m. Wed thru Sat, 10 p.m. to 3 a.m., Hod O'Brien Trio, with guitarist Joe Puma. Mon thru Sat, 7 to 10, Gene Roland Trio (371-2220).

Jacques'–210 E 58th. Hungarian cuisine here, and composer-pianist Jorge Rios plays nightly from 5 to

A Special Sneak Preview on Friday, January 27th in these cities will be your one and only chance to see Henry Winkler in the new Carl Reiner comedy before anyone else does.



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LIABILITY
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"And now, the big winners in today's lawsuits..."

Is this where we're headed? At least 205 Americans have now won damage suits worth a million dollars or more.

In 1962 there was *one;* the next year, *two;* and as recently as 1969, only *three.* But by 1976 the number of million-dollar plus awards ballooned to *43.* The stakes have gone up.[1]

Were these awards justified by real losses and clear fault? Or were they grand prizes in a lucrative game of chance

—America's dis-tort-ed tort law system?[2]

We've reached the point where a person was actually awarded well over a million dollars for "traumatic neurosis" resulting from a false arrest for shoplifting.[3]

If there were no losers in this game, we might dismiss it as harmless fun, like a lottery. But every payer of liability insurance premiums *is* a loser.[4] And indirectly all of us lose, as the soaring costs of settlements and insurance force up the prices of the products and services we use.

Justified claims should be fairly compensated. But it's time to look at state laws that permit excessive and unwarranted awards. California has done so with a citizens' commission created to help bring balance back to the system. We urge other states to follow.

Insurers, lawyers, judges—all of us share some blame for this mess. But it is you, the public, who can best begin to clean it up—by making your views known to your elected representatives. Don't underestimate your own influence. Use it, as we are trying to use ours.

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[1] Jury Verdict Research Inc. of Cleveland, Ohio, keeps records of million-dollar-plus awards. These, however, are only the tip of the iceberg. Extravagant jury-awarded damages set a standard for *out-of-court* settlements—the real problem, since most liability cases *are* settled out of court.

[2] A "tort," strictly speaking, is a wrongful act (other than breach of contract) for which damages may be recovered in court.

[3] In this case, a 23-year-old woman was arrested, tried, and found innocent of shoplifting. In turn, she sued the store and its special policeman. To compensate her for "depression, anxiety, nervousness, phobia, fears, and nightmares," the jury awarded her $1,100,000 in damages. In the past, awards for such intangible damages were reasonably related to actual medical expenses and economic losses. Today, these vague terms are often the basis for huge demands. We have recently seen the filing of a $31-million malpractice suit on the grounds of "mental distress."

[4] Most awards are paid by insurance and any continuing increase in the size or number of awards must be reflected in insurance costs. For example, product liability insurance for manufacturers, and malpractice insurance for physicians, *more than doubled* in one recent 12-month period. While these were averages country-wide, for many the increases were even more severe. In California recommended increases for product liability protection for clothing manufacturers *jumped 400%* in 1976, while malpractice insurance for some physicians *increased 347%*.

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9 p.m. followed by pianists Lynn Richards and Marc Marique for the late night crowd (PL 3-5513).

Jimmy Ryan's–154 W 54th. Roy Eldridge is a monument to the jazz spirit, and to miss seeing him at work is to deny yourself the pleasure of witnessing one of the few enduring giants. His group includes clarinetist Joe Muranyi and trombonist Bobby Pratt. On Mondays and Sundays, Max Kaminsky, no slouch either, leads the band. Fridays, 5:30 to 8, the Stan Gold Quartet (664-9700).

Larson's–1160 Third Ave. Brooks Kerr, a gifted disciple of lyric stride piano, a natural singer, and a walking file cabinet of pop and jazz tunes no one else plays, is in deft command of a quartet (with reedman Russell Procope, bassist Aaron Bell and drummer Shelton Gary) Thursdays thru Sundays. On Tuesdays and Wednesdays he duets with Bell, an irristably authoritative musician with lovely touch and perfect time (744-2540).

Marty's–1265 Third Ave. Terraces and gardens and continental food. Jimmy Jordan plays the piano and sings blues and ballads (249-4100).

Michael's Pub–211 E 55th. Thru 1/28, a tribute to the music & genius of George Gershwin, by pianist Dick Hyman, drummer Bobby Rosengarden, trumpeter Pee Wee Irwin, bassist Milt Hinton, and Bob Wilber (clarinet & sax) From 9:15 p.m. Closed Sundays (PL 8-2272).

Monsignore II–61 E 55th. Plush place with excellent service, a great chef, and strolling guitarist-singer Bravo Riccardo entertaining Mon thru Sat from 6:30 (EL 5-2070).

Oliver's–141 E 57th. English-type restaurant, with piano music from 2 p.m. thru closing. Stephen Marks and Natalie Gilbert, Mon thru Fri thru 11 p.m. Singer-pianist Danny Deaver, Mon, Wed, Fri & Sat; singer-pianist Pat Holley on Tues & Thurs (753-9180).

O'Lunney's–915 Second Ave. betw 48th & 49th. Reasonably-priced eatery where you can dance and listen to country and western music. Mon thru Sat from 9; Sun from 7 is for bluegrass. 1/23-28, Them Fargo Brothers (751-5470).

Onde's–160 E 48th St. A new split-level dining room with a dance floor and lounge. The Art Syms Quartet plays for entertainment (752-0200).

Ponte's–39 Desbrosses St, two blocks below Canal. Italian cuisine; every night but Monday, Dino Palermo and his guitar plus strolling violinists Frank and Andy on Fri & Sat. Closed Sundays (CA 6-4621).

Red Blazer Too–1576 Third Ave, nr 88th. Wed, the Original Traditional Jazz Band. Thurs, the Sol Yaged Quartet; Fridays, Betty Comora, with John Bucher's Speakeasy Jazz Babies (876-0440).

Reno Sweeney–126 W 13th. 1/24-29, mellow-rocker Randy Edelman. Wed thru Sat Blossom Dearie sings (691-0900).

Storytowne–41 E 58th. 1/26, 27, 28; 2/2, 3, 4, the ever-popular jazz song stylist Dakota Staton (755-1640).

Stryker's–103 W 86. Chuck Israels, a gifted leader of unlikely combos, has a nine-piece unit on Mondays; guitarist Jimmy Ponder holds sway on Tuesdays; the ever-brilliant saxophonist Lee Konitz on Wednesdays; gritty baritone saxist Ron Cuber on Thursdays; and this Friday and Saturday, quartet of vibraharpist Vera Auer (874-8754).

Sweet Basil–88 7th Ave So. 1/24-28, Ron Carter Quartet. 1/29, 30, Muhal Abrams Quartet (242-1785).

Tavern on the Green–(in Central Park—just tell the cabbie, he'll take you)—Elm Bar: Pianist-singer Charlie Cochran performs Wednesday thru Sundays from 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. (873-3200).

Tramps–125 E 15th. 1/25-28, The Rich Look Show at 8:30 & 10:30 (260-0370).

Village Gate–Bleecker at Thompson. 1/27, 28; 2/3, 4, Art Blakey, for whom the term indefatigable was probably coined, will lead a pack of Jazz Messangers opposit the eccentric virtuoso of the guitar, Larry Coryell at 10 & midnight (GR 5-5120).

Village Vanguard–178 7th Ave So. Thru 1/29, the irresistible Heath Brothers are back; Jimmy, one of the most underrated of saxophonists, on reeds, Percy on bass, and Albert on drums. The quartet is completed with pianist Stanley Cowell (AL 5-4037).

SPECIAL EVENTS, CONCERTS, OPERA, SPORTS
EDITED BY GERARD KAVANAGH

Special Events

New York Experience, McGraw-Hill Bldg., Sixth Ave. between 48th & 49th Sts. (869-0345). Mon-Thurs 11-7, Fri & Sat 11-8, Sun 12-8.

10th Anniversary Celebration, *Jacques Brel Is Alive & Well & Living in Paris,* Town Hall (582-4536), 1/25-29 at 8.

Beatlemania, Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway (245-4878); Wed-Fri at 7, Sat at 2, 7 & 10, Sun at 2 & 5.

Mummenschanz, Bijou Theater, Bdwy at 45th St. (221-8500). Tues-Fri at 8, Sat at 2 & 8, Sun at 3.

Concerts

Tuesday, January 24

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, at 7:30.
Erick Friedman, 92nd St. Y, at 8.
William Parker & Dalton Baldwin, Alice Tully Hall, 8.
Katsurako Mikami, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.

Wednesday, January 25

Grace Bumbry, Carnegie Hall, at 8.
Musica Sacra, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8.
Juilliard String Quartet, 92nd St. Y, at 8.
A-1 Art Band, NYU Graduate School, 100 Trinity Pl. (269-0320), at 12:30.
Juilliard Student Concert, Alice Tully Hall, at 1.
David Urquhart, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
Joyce Timpanelli/Pat Steir, Whitney Museum Downtown, at 12:30.
Bach Aria Group, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.

Thursday, January 26

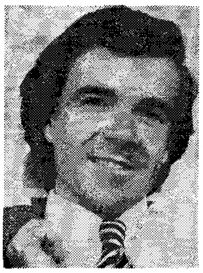
Saint Louis Symphony, Carnegie Hall, at 8.
Yuval Waldman, 92nd St. Y, at 8.
Gregg Smith Singers, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Ana Maria Cue, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
Hebrew Arts Orchestra & Wind Ensemble, Hebrew Arts School, 15 W 65th St. (787-0650), at 8.

Friday, January 27

Jean-Pierre Rampal, Carnegie Hall, at 8.
New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8:30.
Concert Social, Marymount Manhattan College, 221 E 71st St. (749-5464), at 8:30.
Chico Freeman & Don Moye, Axis in SoHo, 463 W Bdwy (228-0882), at 9:30 & 11:30.
Doris Hays, Jack Kahn Pianos, 158 W 55th St. (265-1489), at 8.
Juilliard Student Concert, Alice Tully Hall, at 8:30.
Ludus Tonalis, CUNY Graduate Center, 33 W 42nd St. (790-4331), at 8.
Guarneri Quartet, Metropolitan Museum, at 8.
Owens, Owens & Zafrana, Alternative Center for International Arts, 28 E 4th St. (448-6283), at 8.
Mary Sadovnikoff, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

Saturday, January 28

OBITER DICHTER



Misha Dichter, a silver medal winner at the Moscow Tchaikovsky International Piano Competition and a soloist with some of the world's major orchestras, will perform at the Metropolitan Museum on Saturday, January 28 at 8. His program will consist of works by Schubert, Beethoven, and Grieg (879-5500).

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8:30.
Pinchas Zukerman & Mark Neikrug, 92nd St. Y, 8.
Ernesto Cordero, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 2:30.
Paula Robison, Alice Tully Hall, at 3.

Chico Freeman & Don Moye, Axis in SoHo, 463 W Bdwy (228-0882), at 9:30 & 11:30.
Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. (265-1758), at 6.
New Little Orchestra Young People's Concert, Avery Fisher Hall, at 11 & 3.
David Hykes & Harmonics Choir, The Kitchen, at 8:30.
American Landmark Festivals Concert, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.
Concert Royal & the New York Baroque Dance Company, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Juliana Osinchuk, The Kosciuszko Foundation, 15 E 65th St. (734-2130), at 7:30.

Sunday, January 29

Boehm Woodwind Quintette, 50 Monroe Pl., Bklyn (787-0517), at 7:30.
Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Alice Tully Hall, at 5.
Jho Archer Show From Paris, Carnegie Hall, at 6:30.
Marni Nixon, Town Hall, at 7:30.
Lee Konitz, Axis in SoHo, 463 W Bdwy (228-0882), at 9:30 & 11:30.
Bloomingdale Chamber Orchestra, Bank Street College, 610 W 112th St. (663-6021), at 4.
Christa Ludwig, Avery Fisher Hall, at 3.
Bennett Lerner, New-York Historical Society, at 2:30.
Kenneth Gartner, NYU Theater, 35 W 4th St. (598-3491), at 8.
Saint Louis Symphony, Brooklyn College Whitman Hall (859-1180), at 3.
Tashi, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Lynn E. Klock, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 2:30.
Chamber Music, St. Peter's Church, 346 W 20th St. (929-2390), at 4.
Dace Aperans & Ilze Akerbergs, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 5:45.
Celebration of 20th Century Hymnody, St. James's Church, 865 Madison Ave., at 6.

Monday, January 30

New York Renaissance Band, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Tony Watkins, Town Hall, at 7:30.
New Music, 92nd St. Y, at 8.
Hebrew Arts Orchestra & Chorale, Hebrew Arts School, 15 W 65th St. (787-0650), at 8.
S.E.M. Ensemble, Whitney Museum, at 8.
Chelsea Trio, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

Tuesday, January 31

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, at 7:30.
Ana Maria Cue, Pratt Institute, 215 Ryerson St., Bklyn (360-6209), at 12:30.
Paul Badura-Skoda, 92nd St. Y, at 8.
Anton Kuerti, Metropolitan Museum, at 8.
Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Alice Tully Hall, at 7:30.
Mark Wait & Morris Cotel, Carnegie Recital Hall, 8.
Eleanor Steber, Juilliard Theater, at 8.

MUSIC DIRECTORY

Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave (636-4100).
Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Recital Hall, Seventh Ave at 57th (247-7459).
City Center, 131 W 55th (246-8989).
The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. (925-3615).
Lincoln Center: Alice Tully Hall (362-1911); Avery Fisher Hall (874-2424); Library-Museum (799-2200); Metropolitan Opera House (580-9830); New York State Theater (877-4727).
Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave at 33rd (563-8000).
Mannes College of Music, 157 E 74th St. (737-0700).
Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. (516-794-9100).
92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (427-6000).
Town Hall, 123 W 43rd (582-4536).
Westbury Music Fair, Brush Hollow Rd., Westbury, L.I. (516-333-0533).

Opera

METROPOLITAN OPERA
METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

A MAIDEN, NEVER BOLD

Katia Ricciarelli is Desdemona in the Metropolitan Opera's season premiere of *Otello* on Monday, January 30 at 8. The cast also includes Jean Kraft (Emilia), John Vickers (Otello), and Cornell MacNeil (Iago). James Levine conducts; Franco Zeffirelli directs; sets and costumes by Zeffirelli and Peter Hall (580-9830).

Tues, 1/24 at 8: **Cavalleria Rusticana** with Arroyo, Jones, Kraft. **Pagliacci** with Mauti-Nunziata, Giacomini, Quilico. Conductor: Patané; director & designer: Zeffirelli. Wed, 1/25 at 8: **Thaïs** with Sills, Milnes, Van Ree, Morris. Conductor: Pritchard; director: Capobianco; designer: Toms. Thurs, 1/26 at 8: **Tannhäuser** with Kubiak, Bumbry, Bàttle, Cassilly, Weikl. Conductor: Levine; director: Schenk; designers: Schneider-Siemssen & Zipprodt. Fri, 1/27 at 8: **Il Trovatore** with Cruz-Romo, Cossotto, Merighi, Wixell. Conductor: Patané; director: Merrill; designers: Colonello & Reppa. Sat, 1/28 at 2: **Thaïs** (Same cast as 1/25). Sat, 1/28 at 8: **Cavalleria Rusticana** and **Pagliacci** (Same cast as 1/24). Mon, 1/30 at 8: **Otello** with Ricciarelli, Kraft, Vickers, MacNeil. Conductor: Levine; director: Zeffirelli; designers: Zeffirelli & Hall. Tues, 1/31 at 8: **Thaïs** (Same cast as 1/25).

OTHER

Encompass Theater, 168 W 48th St. (575-1558). *Pantaloon, He Who Gets Slapped,* Wed-Sat at 8:30, Sun at 4. Thru 2/26.
Light Opera of Manhattan, 334 E 74th St. (535-6310). *Mlle. Modiste,* 1/25 at 2 & 8:30, 1/26-27 at 8:30, 1/28 at 4 & 8:30, 1/29 at 4.

Dance

NEW YORK CITY BALLET
NEW YORK STATE THEATER

Tues, 1/24 at 8: *Dances at a Gathering; Union Jack.* Wed, 1/25 at 8: *Le Tombeau de Couperin; Calcium Light Night; Who Cares?* Thurs, 1/26 at 8: *Le Tombeau de Couperin; Kammermusik No. 2; Brahms-Schönberg Quartet.* Fri, 1/27 at 8: *Donizetti Variations; Kammermusik No. 2; Brahms-Schönberg Quartet.* Sat, 1/28 at 2: *Coppelia.* Sat, 1/28 at 8: *The Goldberg Variations; Kammermusik No. 2.* Sun, 1/29 at 1: *Coppelia.* Sun, 1/29 at 7: *Jewels.* Tues, 1/31 at 8: *Coppelia.*

OTHER

Ballet Interim, Julia Richman High School, 317 E 67th St. (581-2929), 1/27 & 28 at 8.
Sue Barnes & Michael Norman, Interarts Studio, 14 W 23rd St. (242-0694), 1/28 at 8.
Indigenous Dance & Music of Philippines, Asia House, 112 E 64th St. (751-4210), 1/29 at 2:30.
Fred Mathews/Gary Masters and Dancers, American Theater Lab, 219 W 19th St. (924-0077), 1/26-29 at 8.
Phoenix Dance Theater, Cubiculo, 414 W 51st St. (265-2138), 1/25-28 at 8.
Joyce Trisler Danscompany, Theater of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. (864-2929), 1/25-28 at 8, 1/29 at 2.

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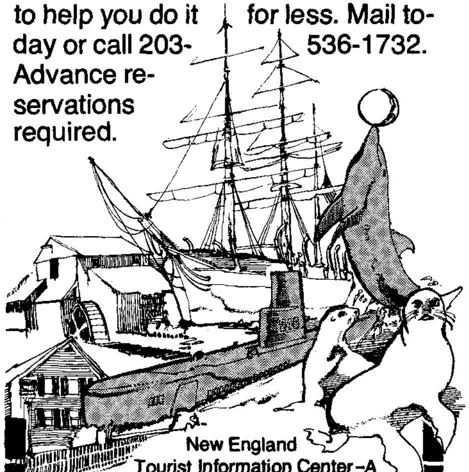

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Art

Galleries are open Tues-Sat from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.
Asterisk denotes shows of special distinction.
Art listing edited by Holly Pinto.

SOLOS

57th STREET

Anneli Arms–Beings in polyurethane reliefs and drawings, thru 2/2. Phoenix, 30 W 57th (245-5095).

John Batho/Earl Kerkam(1891-1965)–Four-color carbon photos/Self-portraits, still lifes from the early 40s to 1965, thru 2/18. Zabriskie, 29 W 57th (832-9034).

Larry Bell/Eric Orr–New print editions by both, thru 1/30. Multiples, 38 E 57th (755-3520).

Kathleen Cooke–Animals in a world of silence, plus clay figures, thru 2/11. Truman, 38 E 57th (688-3516).

Robert Cooke–Constructivist clay sculpture and small bird forms in bronze, thru 2/2. Alonzo, 30 W 57th (586-2500).

***William Copley**–A boudoir installation entitled "The Temptation of Saint Anthony," thru 1/28. Jackson, 52 E 57th (PL5-6778).

John Hardy–Realist phases and stages, thru 2/4. Genesis, 41 E 57th (751-7220).

David Hare–Landscapes, 2/11. Hamilton, 20 W 57th (765-5915).

Norman Ives–Recent collages, thru 2/1. Pearl, 29 W 57th (839-6310).

Kiyoshi Kawaguchi–Fantasies of triple circles, thru 2/11. Viridian, 24 W 57th (245-2882).

Ralph Moseley–Paintings for the first time in NYC, thru 2/2. Sachs, 29 W 57th (421-8686).

Georges Noel–An interlocking system in blues, violets, and grays/100 primitive art pieces, thru 2/11. Pace, 32 E 57th (HA1-3292).

Nathan Oliveira–Color monotypes for an unwritten story, thru 2/4. Dorsky, 4 W 57th (489-1020).

Eric Orr–Drawings on glass, thru 2/18. Multiples, 38 E 57th (755-3520).

***Peter Saul**–Re-interpretations of Delacroix's *Death of Sardanapalus,* plus a giant Western scene, thru 2/2. Frumkin, 50 W 57th (757-6655).

Dee Shapiro–Beads of acrylic color on canvas, thru 2/10. Zarre, 41 E 57th (752-0498).

***Victor Spinski**–Fast food service in ceramic chaos, thru 1/28. Portnoy, 56 W 57th (757-0461).

***Bill Spira**–Small terra-cotta sculpture, thru 2/10. Dintenfass, 50 W 57th (581-2268).

Ottomar Starke (1886-1962)–Pencil drawings for his 1920 litho portfolio, thru 2/18. Sumers, 50 W 57th (541-8334).

***Frank Stella**–Prints, including two new editions, thru 1/28. Getler/Pall, 50 W 57th (581-2724).

Richard Tuttle–Works, thru 2/11. Parsons, 24 W 57th (CI7-7480).

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

Jose Francisco Bellorin–Still lifes, thru 1/30. Galeria Venezuela, 7 E 51st (826-1660). Mon-Fri 9-4.

Naftali Bezem–Paintings and works on paper, thru 3/30. Aberbach, 988 Mad Ave (988-1100).

Stephen Buckley–Gridlike abstractions, thru 2/2. Elkon, 1063 Mad Ave (LE5-3940).

Michael Decain–Space and color abstracts, watercolor illustrations, and calligraphic renderings for Petrarch's sonnets, thru 2/1. Touchstone, 118 E 64th (826-6111).

Paul Delvaux–10 years of surreal graphics, thru 2/8. Carlton, 127 E 69th (249-9880).

Henry Farrer(1843-1903)–Drawings, thru 2/4. Davis & Long, 746 Mad Ave (861-2811).

***Gerald Geerlings**–Drawings of Paris bridges and landmarks along the Seine, thru 3/3. French Institute, 22 E 60th (644-1820). Mon-Thurs 10-8, Fri 10-5:30, Sat 10-2.

De Witt Hardy–Watercolors, thru 2/4. Rehn, 655 Mad Ave (PL3-4694).

Helen and Newton Harrison–Environmental narratives consisting of collage, photo, and text wall hangings, thru 2/25. Feldman, 33 E 74th (249-4050). Mon-Sat 10-5:30.

Tschang-Yeul Kim–Illusionistic beads of water on canvas, thru 2/4. Staempfli, 47 E 77th (535-1919).

Harvey Littleton–Hot glass and fabricated sculpture, thru 2/6. Contemporary Art Glass, 806 Mad Ave (879-4655).

Bruce A. North–Studies in color using watercolors, thru 2/11. FAR, 22 E 80th (734-7287).

Tom Phillips–Calendar images, Ter Borch series, and textural icons, thru 2/11. Lefebre, 47 E 77th (744-3384).

***Harvey Quaytman**–New paintings, thru 2/18. McKee, 140 E 63rd (688-5951).

Muriel Silberstein-Storfer–Assemblages with found objects, sand, and paint, thru 2/11. Gallery 84, 1046 Mad Ave (628-4920).

***Randall Timmons**–Recent works seen for the first time here, thru 1/26. Lerner-Heller, 956 Mad Ave (861-9010).

SoHo

Evalyn Aaron–Large landscapes using oriental brush stroke, thru 2/21. Mirage, 132 Greene (925-7045).

Elliott Barowitz–Painterly landscapes infiltrated by the technological, thru 2/2. Eno, 101 Wooster (226-5342).

***Frances Barth**–Recent paintings and drawings, thru 1/28. Caldwell, 383 W Bdwy (966-6500).

Christopher Clapp–Segmented landscapes, 1/28-2/15. Razor, 464 W Bdwy (533-3427).

***Arthur Cohen**–Recent large-scale pastel drawings, thru 1/28. Caldwell, 383 W Bdwy (966-6500).

***Donald Cole**–The representational and the abstract on unstretched canvas/Gallery artists, thru 2/9. Hoffman, 429 W Bdwy (966-6676).

***Walter De Maria**–Stainless steel sculpture composed of 13 related geometric units, thru 1/31. Friedrich, 19 Waverly Pl (925-9380). Tues-Sat 12-6.

Marjorie DiLascia/Robert Jessel–Figurative paintings/Works, 1/31-2/15. Prince St, 106 Prince (226-9153). Tues-Sun 12-5.

Kochi Doktori/Lynn Umlauf–Painted works, using a grid system/Paint on cut paper nailed to the wall, 1/31-2/25. Broome, 90 W Bdwy (732-6196). Tues-Sat 1-6.

Dan Flavin–A fluorescent light installation, 2/11. Friedrich, 393 W Bdwy (925-9380). Tues-Sat 12-6.

Ernest Garthwaite–Skin paintings, plus a sound environment, thru 1/31. Echo, 133 Mercer (925-4799).

Sam Gilliam–Paintings, thru 2/4. Solway, 139 Spring (925-1200).

***Andrew Jansons**–Contrasting dark- and light-filled area abstractions, thru 1/28. Hutchinson, 138 Greene (966-3066).

***Christopher Knowles**–Works created on a typewriter, thru 1/28. Solomon, 392 W Bdwy (925-1900).

Knox Martin–Paintings and drawings, 1/25-3/8. Jack, 138 Prince (966-4235). Tues-Sun 12-6.

Richard Nonas–Steel pieces and large multipart drawings, thru 1/31. Weber, 420 W Bdwy (966-6115).

***Pat Passlof/Steve Sherman**–Large abstractions of layer upon layer of color/Figures in situations reflecting their persona, thru 2/2. Landmark, 469 Broome (966-1173).

***Gerhard Richter**–Recent paintings, thru 2/11. Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene (431-3685).

***Charles Schucker**–Stained, unprimed canvas, evoking nature abstractions, 1/31-2/25. Hutchinson, 138 Greene (966-3066).

***Jake Severance**–Subtle still lifes, thru 1/28. Ward-Nasse, 131 Prince (925-6951).

David Shapiro–Works on paper, thru 2/23. Milliken, 141 Prince (674-3131). Mon-Sat 10-5:30.

Martin Silverman–Sculpture, thru 2/11. Thorp, 139 Spring (925-1200).

Sylvia Sleigh–New paintings, thru 2/8. A.I.R., 97 Wooster (966-0799).

Christopher Wilmarth–Glass and bronze relief sculpture, thru 2/4. Studio for the First Amendment, 144 Wooster (674-4845).

Duane Zaloudek–New paintings, 1/31-2/18. 55 Mercer (226-7426).

OTHER

Guido Brink/Susan Pear Mesiel–Sculpture and multiples/Paintings and prints, thru 2/28. Transworld, 600 5th Ave (757-2700).

Freidus–158 Lafayette (925-0113). Thurs-Sat 12-6, Wed 6-9. Small scale environments in wood, plus prints by Hill, Sturman, others, thru 2/4.

Tony Janetti–Watercolors, thru 2/10. Kromex, 1 Rockefeller Plaza (489-8445). Mon-Fri 10-5.

***Mies van der Rohe**–A graphic explanation of the Seagram Plaza, thru 2/1. Seagram Building (4th fl) 375 Park Ave (572-1168). Mon-Fri 10-4.

***Tony Rosenthal**–A monumental steel girder construction, titled *Hammarskjold,* thru 1/31. Hammarskjold Plaza Sculpture Garden, 866 2nd Ave (861-3115).

Christopher Wilmarth–Steel and glass sculpture, thru 2/4. Droll/Kolbert, 724 5th Ave (541-6006).

GROUP SHOWS

57th STREET

***Esman**–29 W 57th (421-9490). Malevich and his circle concentrating on Russian non-objective art with Goncharova's 1914 Rayonnist paintings and Lissitzky's PROUNS, thru 2/4.

***Hammer**–51 E 57th (644-4400). American paintings by Bensen, Cropsey, Henri, Lawson, Prendergast, others, thru 2/11.

Heidenberg–50 W 57th (586-3808). Sculpture by Caro, Kolar, and Moore; paintings by Frankenthaler and Natkin, thru 1/28.

***Kennedy**–40 W 57th (541-9600). American naïve art, including cigar store Indians, weathervanes, whirligigs, portraits, and more, thru 3/4.

Nobé–250 W 57th (581-7060). Lithos from Solodkin's workshop, thru 2/4.

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

***African Tribal Arts II**–37 E 53rd (582-5056). Mon-Sat 10:30-5. Helmets, masks, and headpieces from West and Central Africa, thru 1/31.

***Reinhold Brown**–26 E 78th (RE4-7999). More than 20 Art Deco posters from France, Germany, Switzerland, Austria, and Holland, thru 1/31.

Canty–50 E 78th (794-9855). Japanese Ukiyo-E prints by Chikanobu, Kunisada, Toyonobu, thru 1/31.

Christopher–766 Mad Ave (737-3224). Gisson, Reboli, Southcombe, others, thru 1/31.

Cucalón–145 E 72nd (472-8741). Colette, Dudley, Rifka, others, thru 1/31.

Deutsch–43 E 80th (861-4429). 20th century artists, including Bellows, Davis, Dove, Toledo, thru 2/2.

Elements–766 Mad Ave (744-0890). Mon-Sat 10-5:30. Teapots by 30 ceramicists, thru 2/25.

Gallery Naïve–1288 Mad Ave (427-9283). Naïve work from France, Israel, Haiti, Yugoslavia, and Mexico, thru 1/31.

Graham–1014 Mad Ave (535-5767). Contemporary paintings and sculpture, thru 2/25.

***Grolier Club**–47 E 60th (838-6690). Medieval manuscripts and rare books from the Walters Art Gallery collection, including Sannazaro's poems, thru 2/5.

***Ingber**–3 E 78th (744-3158). Cubist syntax in works of the 70s by Conley, Diamond, Parrino, thru 2/1.

Kraushaar–1055 Mad Ave (LE5-9888). New works by members, thru 2/4.

***Laboetie**–9 E 82nd (535-4865). Crotti, Hockney, Klee, Seligmann, thru 1/31.

L'Ibis–667 Mad Ave (935-0490). Coptic textiles and amulets from Egypt, thru 3/6.

***Nicholls**–1014 Mad Ave (472-0211). Cartoons, illustrations, and magazine cover designs by Addams, Arno, Booth, Saxon, others, thru 1/28.

***Sabarsky**–987 Mad Ave (628-6281). Works by German Expressionists, thru 2/25.

***Schoelkopf**–825 Mad Ave (TR9-4639). 19th and 20th century American painting, thru 2/9.

Shepherd–21 E 84th (861-4050). 19th century French drawings, watercolors, and pastels, plus 30 bronzes by Antoine-Louis Barye, thru 2/28.

Solomon–959 Mad Ave (737-8200). Mon-Sat 11-5. Paintings by de Kooning, Gottlieb, Motherwell, Noland, and Stella, thru 1/31.

Wildenstein–19 E 64th (TR9-0500). Mon-Fri 10-5. Small sculpture by Moore and Pompon and drawings by Boucher, Boudin, Robert, Toulouse-Lautrec, others, thru 1/28.

Willard–29 E 72nd (744-2925). Hall, Lane, Sullivan, Zucker, thru 2/9.

SoHo

Boone–420 W Bdwy (966-2114). Darton, Hart, Mogensen, Stephan, and Uglow, thru 2/2.

***Buecker & Harpsichords**–465 W Bdwy (260-3480). Art and documentation from the Guild Art Gallery, a

57th street establishment of the 30s, including Aronson, Gorky, Gross, others, thru 2/25.

***Castelli**–420 W Bdwy (431-5160). Numerals, 1924-1977, thru 1/28.

***Drawing Center**–137 Greene (982-5266). Mon-Sat 11-6, Wed 11-9. Works by younger and unknown artists, thru 3/4.

Hubris–150 Thompson (982-1827). Paintings by Aebi, furniture by Gross, textiles by Shelton, thru 2/4.

2nd Floor–97 Greene (226-1518). Six expressionists, thru 1/31.

Soho 20–99 Spring (226-4167). Tues-Sat 12-6. Borstein, Gillies, Sallick, Wybrants, others, thru 2/1.

OTHER

AIGA–1059 Third Ave (752-0813). Mon-Fri 9:30-4:45. *The Cover Show,* 2/1 thru 2/24.

***China Institute**–125 E 65th (744-8181). Mon-Fri 10-5, Sat 11-5, Sun 2-5. Ceramics, paintings, and calligraphy from I-Hsing, China, thru 1/29.

F.I.T.–7th Ave at 27th (760-7760). Tues & Wed 10-9, Thurs-Sat 10-4. Paintings, prints, drawings, and sculpture by faculty, 1/31-2/25.

Greenwich House–27 Barrow (CH2-4140). Stoneware by the Marsh potters, 1/27-2/11.

***Hall of Science**–Flushing Meadow, Corona Park (699-9400). Wed-Fri 10-4, Sat 10-5, Sun 11-5. Memorabilia connected with Toscanini, thru 3/31.

National Arts Club–15 Gramercy Park S (GR5-3424). Tues-Sun 1-6. 200 artists, thru 2/25.

NY Public Library–5th at 42nd (790-6551). Mon, Wed, Fri, Sat 10-6. WPA prints from the 30s and 40s, thru 2/28/Monographs on ship, train, and airplane models, thru 2/1/Documents relating to Thomas Edison and the phonograph, thru 3/25 at Astor Gallery, Lincoln Center.

***Pratt Graphics**–160 Lex at 30th (685-3169). Daily 10-6. Literary people picture themselves in drawings from 1962 to 1976, thru 2/9.

Songwriters' Hall of Fame–One Times Square (221-1252). Mon-Sat 11-3. Song sheets, photos, memorabilia of America's popular songwriters.

Weyhe–794 Lex Ave (TE8-5466). 12 American prints from 1919, thru 2/11.

Photography

***American Museum of Immigration**–Base of the Statue of Liberty (732-1236). Daily 9:15-5. *Italian Americans:* A pictorial essay from 1875 to 1977, thru 1/29.

Foto–492 Broome (925-5612). Wed-Sat 1-6. Objects in an ambiguous space by Ferguson. Theatrical, surreal images by Gordin. Nighttime color by Ollman, thru 2/11.

***Philippe Halsman**–*Life* magazine portraits and imaginative studies done in collaboration with Dali, thru 1/29. Prakapas, 19 E 71st (737-6066).

***Kodak**–1133 Sixth Ave (262-6170). Mon 12-5, Tues-Sat 9:30-5. International Newspaper Snapshot Contest winners, thru 4/14.

***Light**–724 5th Ave (582-6552). NYC as a motif in 75 studies by 50 artists, including Stieglitz's *Icy Night* and Newman's *Robert Moses,* thru 1/28.

Felix H. Man/Abe Rezny and Rick Silberman–A pioneer of photojournalism/Holography, thru 2/12. Neikrug, 224 E 68th (288-7741). Wed-Sat 1-6.

Richard Ross–Gum-dichromate photos, 1/27-2/18. Sragow, 43 5th Ave (929-2734). Wed-Sat 1-6.

***Arthur Rothstein**–80 vintage prints including farmer and sons in dust storm of 1936, thru 2/4. Prakapas, 19 E 71st (737-6066).

***Soho/Stieglitz**–34 W 13th (675-9721). Fri-Sun 1-6. Portraits by Aronberg, glamor by Hart, ice formations on windows by Yost, Wall Street by Gatewood, thru 1/31.

***Karl Struss**–Works by the only surviving member of the Photo-Secession, thru 2/11. Pfeifer, 825 Mad Ave (737-2055).

Museums

American Museum of Natural History, CPW at 79th St. (873-1300). Mon-Sat 10-4:45, Wed till 9, Sun 11-5. *Azurite and Gold:* Two magnificent mineral specimens; thru 1/31.

Asia House–112 E 64th (PL1-4210). Royal hunting scenes highlight the art of the Sasanian empire, thru 3/12.

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St. (860-2011). Tues 10-9, Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5. *More Than Meets the Eye:* 400 works from the permanent collection; thru 2/12.

Fraunces Tavern Museum, 54 Pearl St. (425-1776). Mon-Fri 10-4. *Battles of the Revolution;* thru 1/31.

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave at 89th (860-1313). Tues 11-8, Wed-Sun 11-5. *Forty Modern Masters:* Works by Arp, Cézanne, Ernst, Klee, Picasso, and others; thru 2/1.

Hudson River Museum, 511 Warburton Ave., Yonkers. (914-963-4550). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Ronald Bladen Outdoor Sculptures,* thru 1/31. *Warburton Avenue: The Architecture of a Neighborhood;* thru 3/19.

International Center of Photography, Fifth Ave. at 94th St. (860-1783). Daily, except Mon, 11-5, Tues til 8.

Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth at 82nd (TR 9-5500). Tues, 10-8:45; Wed-Sat, 10-4:45; Sun, 11-4:45. *Vanity Fair:* A treasure trove of the Costume Institute, thru 9/3. *Age of Spirituality:* Late antique and early Christian art, third to seventh century; thru 2/12. Irwin Untermyer Collection: 400 works of English and Continental decorative arts; thru 6/30.

Pierpont Morgan Library, 29 E 36th St. (685-0008). Tues-Sat 10:30-5, Sun 1-5. *Rembrandt and His Century:* Drawings, thru 2/19.

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W Dog; St. (581-2474). Tues-Sun 10:30-5:30. *The All-American Dog;* thru 4/2.

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (534-1672). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Frozen Motion:* The photographic dance images of Marcus Blechman; thru 9/4.

Museum of Holography, 11 Mercer St. (925-0526). Wed-Sun 12-6. *Reflections of Future Space;* thru 4/30.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd (956-7070). Mon, Tue, Fri, Sat, Sun 11-6, Thurs 11-9. *Posters in the Penthouse:* Rare French and American posters from the 1950s and 1960s by Matisse, Chagall, Kandinsky, others; thru 2/6. *Arp on Paper:* Drawings and collages; thru 3/5. *Le Corbusier:* Architectural drawings; thru 3/26. *Universal Pictures:* thru 1/31. *Herbert Bayer:* Photographic works; thru 1/29.

New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave. (741-8962). Weekdays 12-6, Wed 12-8, Sat 12-5. *Art Outside the Mainstream:* Figurative work by artists who have disregarded traditional drawing conventions and aesthetic attitudes; thru 2/28.

New-York Historical Society, 170 CPW (873-3400). Tues-Fri 11-5, Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Think Small:* Toys, miniatures, dolls, children's books. *Moving in the City:* Three centuries of transportation in New York.

Queens Museum, NY City Bldg., Flushing Meadow-Corona Park (592-2406). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Queens Artists 78;* thru 3/5.

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave. (427-5959). Wed 10-9, Tues-Fri 10-6, Sat & Sun 1-6. Batik paintings by Leo Twiggs and photographs by Al Fennar and Mel Wright; thru 2/19.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave at 75th (794-0663). Tues 11-9, Weekdays 11-6, Sun 12-6. Works by Wallace Berman, thru 3/5. **Whitney Museum Downtown,** 55 Water St. (483-0011). Mon-Fri 11-3.

Sports

Wanamaker Millrose Games, Madison Square Garden (563-8000), 1/27 at 7.

Golden Gloves, Felt Forum (563-8000). Preliminary rounds, 1/24-26 & 31 at 8.

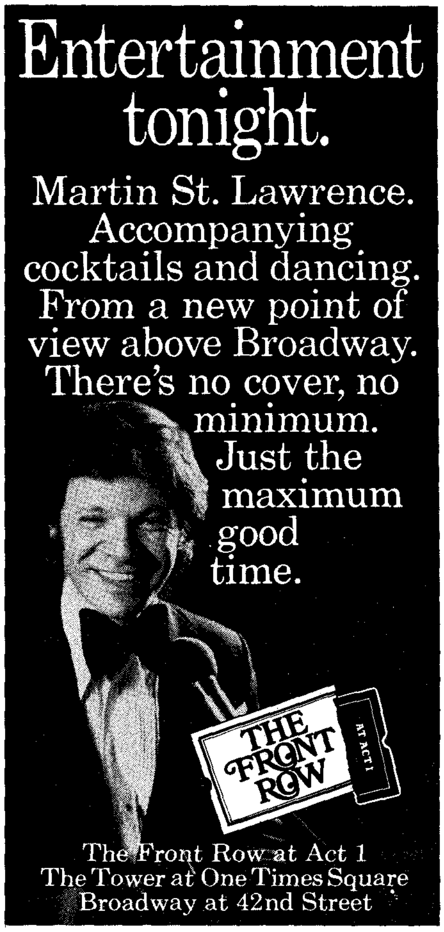
Knicks, Madison Square Garden (564-4400); vs. Golden State Warriors, 1/24 at 7:30; vs. Kansas City Kings, 1/26 at 7:30; vs. Chicago Bulls, 1/28 at 8; vs. Denver Nuggets, 1/31 at 7:30.

Nets, Rutgers Athletic Center (201-935-8888). No home games this week.

Rangers, Madison Square Garden (564-4400); vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, 1/25; vs. Los Angeles Kings, 1/29. At 7:35.

Islanders, Nassau Coliseum (516-694-5522); vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, 1/26; vs. New York Rangers, 1/28. At 8:05.

New York Ski Service–For up-to-date ski conditions and information on ski areas (both domestic and foreign) call 986-5872 Mon-Fri 2 p.m. till 6 p.m. New York Magazine will be happy to answer any and all your questions.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New York

Notes on Con Games

By Ron Rosenbaum

“. . . Tales of native New Yorkers conned by out-of-towners convince us that we have a reservoir of innocence left to be violated . . .’

The New Yorker as Rube

The first thing you have to realize is that there are no New York con games and no native New York con artists. They’re all from out of town. At least that’s the impression you get when you talk to the detectives on the NYPD Pickpocket and Confidence Squad and read the con-game literature. The Con Squad guys will tell you that the fiendishly clever “bank examiner” scam is mainly practiced by a “gang of Canadians.” You’ll learn that the bait money in some versions of the classic “pigeon drop” scam is called a “Michigan roll.” And they’ll tell you that one of the maneuvers in that con is the “Spanish switch.”

You probably get the idea now: People take the same attitude toward con games they did toward syphilis, which the English called the “French pox” and the French called the “Spanish disease.” Con games are not straightforward, wholesome crimes like truck hijacking or armed robbery. There is in our notion of the con a taint of something more oily and shameful, a venereal cupidity. And so the Con Squad will say, “This scam was invented in the Orient some 300 years ago,” or “That one was devised in India many years ago,” or “A certain kind of Scottish gypsy practices this one,” or “That one was invented in the Old West and brought East.”

Sure. Tell me another one. If you ask me, the Pickpocket and Confidence Squad guys may be pulling a little P.R. con of their own with these stories. And we buy it. Each year around Christmas the daily papers run con-game stories. Last year we had the *Daily News* warning us of the “117 teams of con artists who have descended on New York from as far away as Canada.” That’s 117 teams, by the way, not 116. Every one of them is from out of town. (Do they check in at the border?)

I have a theory about why we like to con ourselves into believing that all con men come from out of town: We love seeing ourselves as hapless, innocent rubes. While the rest of the country looks upon New York City as the center of the slick, institutionalized con (Wall Street, Madison Avenue, public relations), as a city of sharpies waiting to con the visitor out of his money and his virtue, we know better. Remember the Vermont guy whose car was stolen by a murderous crazy and who gave out the story that he was here on his honeymoon? Remember how the *Daily News*, Windows on the World, Mayor Beame, the whole town poured out their gratitude in liberal helpings? Why, when it turned out he was fleeing a bad-check charge, didn’t we string him up? Because we loved it, that’s why. We read these tales of native New Yorkers conned by these 117 out-of-town con teams and they restore to us our sense of innocence. They convince us that we still have a reservoir of innocence left to be violated. Eight million rubes in the naked city.

Seducing the Samaritan

What’s wonderful—or fiendish—about the con games described here is that the most sophisticated of them incorporate within their seductive subtleties a sensitivity to the native New Yorker’s self-consciousness about the national image of the heartless Big City.

Take the variation on the classic pigeon drop described in Eden Press’s *Short Cons*—the version that uses a co woman posing as an out-of-towner (se opposite).

We begin with a fairly well-dresse con woman sitting on a park bench in good neighborhood, staring perplexec ly at a big map she’s unfolded. Obv ously an out-of-town lamb ignored b the callous city crowds. What an imag of New York she must be getting. An so the potential pigeon (usually an e derly woman), when approached fo help with the map, will be eager t prove that not *all* New Yorkers ar like that.

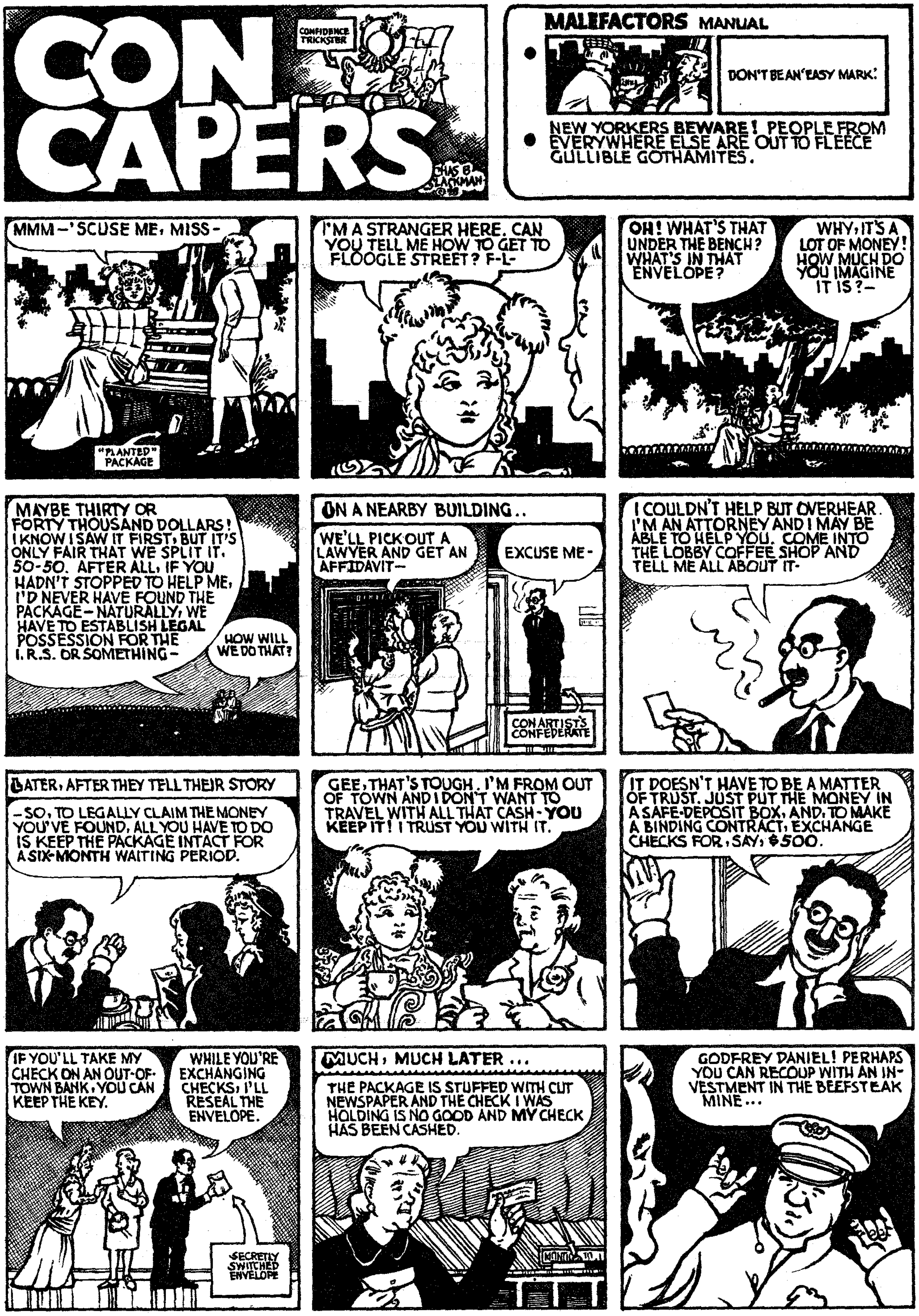
The bank-examiner scam (page 32 is even more subtle in its play upo our natural courtesy to the heartles out-of-towners who prey upon us. Th practitioners of this scam pose as fed eral bank examiners investigating som hanky-panky at the pigeon’s bank. Im mediately there is a guilt-tinged echo o the fiscal crisis working for the co man. The feds know New York bank in and out, the pigeon thinks; I’d bette cooperate. Often the “bank examiner’ will shame the panicked pigeon into co operation by dropping some line lik “I know New Yorkers don’t like to ge involved.”

U Cn Gt a Gd Jb & No Pa

Perhaps the newest and most ingenious con game to hit town is the “résumé writing” scam, a con game sophisticated enough to take in not just little old ladies but also eager young corporate careerists. In fact, the résumé-writing scam is a perfect example of the con game as a parable of social relationships. This one mirrors the dark side of the American success ethic.

Our young Horatio Alger is scanning the *Times* classifieds, looking for

The Pigeon Drop, by chas b slackman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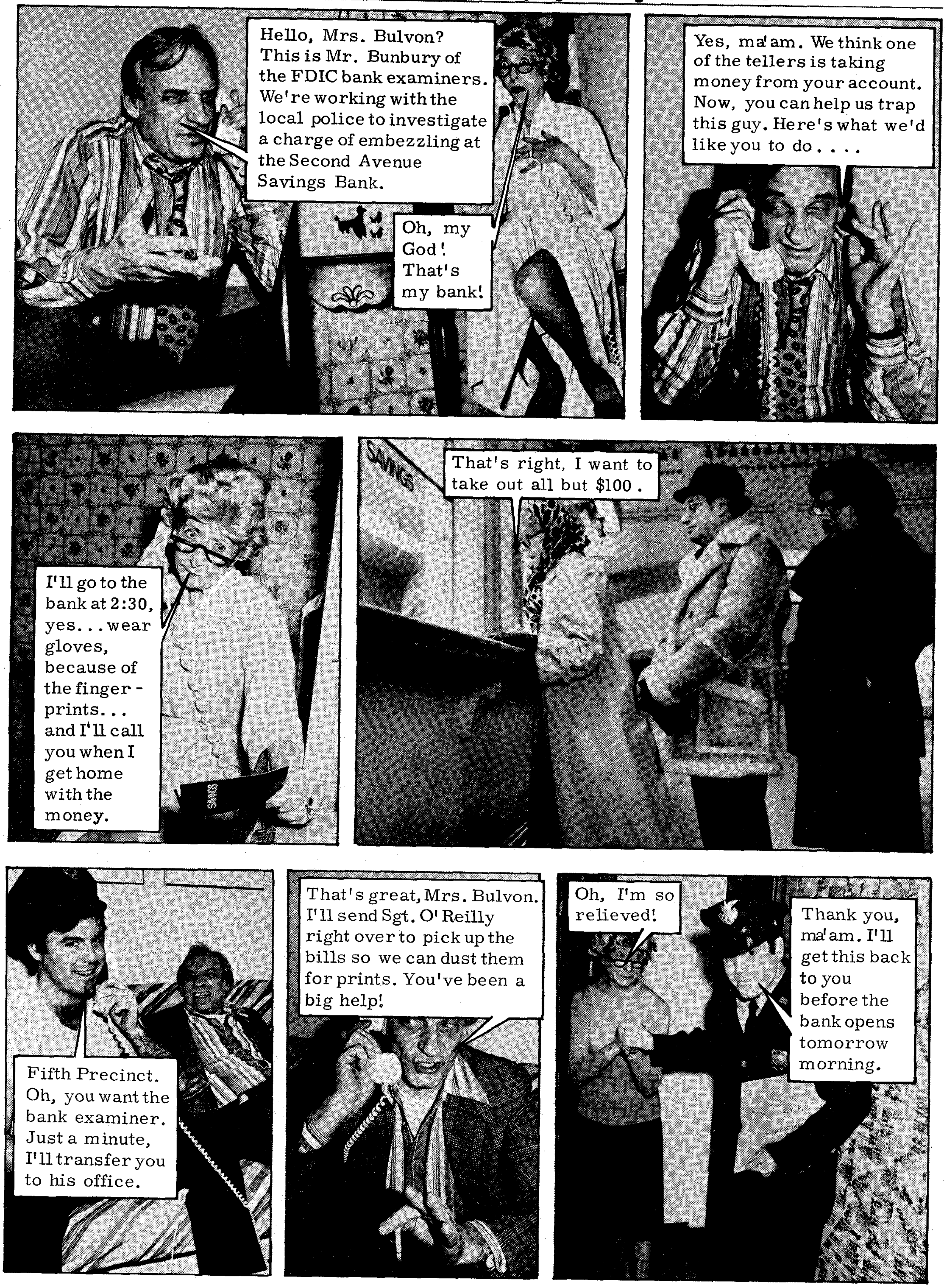
CONFIDENCE TRICKSTER
CHAS B SLACKMAN ©'78
MALEFACTORS MANUAL
DON'T BE AN 'EASY MARK.'
NEW YORKERS BEWARE! PEOPLE FROM EVERYWHERE ELSE ARE OUT TO FLEECE GULLIBLE GOTHAMITES.
MMM—'SCUSE ME, MISS-
"PLANTED" PACKAGE
I'M A STRANGER HERE. CAN YOU TELL ME HOW TO GET TO FLOOGLE STREET? F-L-
OH! WHAT'S THAT UNDER THE BENCH? WHAT'S IN THAT ENVELOPE?
WHY, IT'S A LOT OF MONEY! HOW MUCH DO YOU IMAGINE IT IS?—
MAYBE THIRTY OR FORTY THOUSAND DOLLARS! I KNOW I SAW IT FIRST, BUT IT'S ONLY FAIR THAT WE SPLIT IT, 50-50. AFTER ALL, IF YOU HADN'T STOPPED TO HELP ME, I'D NEVER HAVE FOUND THE PACKAGE—NATURALLY, WE HAVE TO ESTABLISH LEGAL POSSESSION FOR THE I.R.S. OR SOMETHING-
HOW WILL WE DO THAT?
ON A NEARBY BUILDING..
WE'LL PICK OUT A LAWYER AND GET AN AFFIDAVIT—
EXCUSE ME-
CON ARTIST'S CONFEDERATE
I COULDN'T HELP BUT OVERHEAR. I'M AN ATTORNEY AND I MAY BE ABLE TO HELP YOU. COME INTO THE LOBBY COFFEE SHOP AND TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT-
LATER, AFTER THEY TELL THEIR STORY
-SO, TO LEGALLY CLAIM THE MONEY YOU'VE FOUND, ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS KEEP THE PACKAGE INTACT FOR A SIX-MONTH WAITING PERIOD.
GEE, THAT'S TOUGH. I'M FROM OUT OF TOWN AND I DON'T WANT TO TRAVEL WITH ALL THAT CASH-YOU KEEP IT! I TRUST YOU WITH IT.
IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE A MATTER OF TRUST. JUST PUT THE MONEY IN A SAFE-DEPOSIT BOX, AND, TO MAKE A BINDING CONTRACT, EXCHANGE CHECKS FOR, SAY, $500.
IF YOU'LL TAKE MY CHECK ON AN OUT-OF-TOWN BANK, YOU CAN KEEP THE KEY.
WHILE YOU'RE EXCHANGING CHECKS, I'LL RESEAL THE ENVELOPE.
SECRETLY SWITCHED ENVELOPE
MUCH, MUCH LATER...
THE PACKAGE IS STUFFED WITH CUT NEWSPAPER AND THE CHECK I WAS HOLDING IS NO GOOD AND MY CHECK HAS BEEN CASHED.
GODFREY DANIEL! PERHAPS YOU CAN RECOUP WITH AN INVESTMENT IN THE BEEFSTEAK MINE...

The Bank-Examiner Scam, by Larry Williams


Hello, Mrs. Bulvon? This is Mr. Bunbury of the FDIC bank examiners. We're working with the local police to investigate a charge of embezzling at the Second Avenue Savings Bank.
Oh, my God! That's my bank!
Yes, ma'am. We think one of the tellers is taking money from your account. Now, you can help us trap this guy. Here's what we'd like you to do. . . .
I'll go to the bank at 2:30, yes. . . wear gloves, because of the finger-prints. . . and I'll call you when I get home with the money.
SAVINGS
That's right, I want to take out all but $100.
SAVINGS
Fifth Precinct. Oh, you want the bank examiner. Just a minute, I'll transfer you to his office.
That's great, Mrs. Bulvon. I'll send Sgt. O'Reilly right over to pick up the bills so we can dust them for prints. You've been a big help!
Oh, I'm so relieved!
Thank you, ma'am. I'll get this back to you before the bank opens tomorrow morning.

“...The pigeon is approached with a leering proposition. ‘Brand-new $600 Sony Trinitron,’ the con man will say. ‘Only $50 ’...”

that big break that will reward his pluck and determination, when he sees this little ad:

RESUME-WRITING SERVICE
No charge unless the résumé we do
gets you the job you want.

The young job seeker visits Con Man One, who is disguised as the chief résumé writer. He assures the pigeon that it's not always spunk and qualifications that land you that first job on the ladder to the top; sometimes it's the façade you present. He, Con Man One, however, knows all the little tricks, the secrets, the special ways of saying things that let the decision makers know they've got someone who knows the score. The charge is $250 for writing up the résumé, he tells the pigeon, but there will be no charge at all unless it gets you just the kind of job you want. Now, what would that be?

A few days later, the eager pigeon gets a call from Con Man Two, who poses as a personnel recruiter from the Big-Time Corporation in Outoftownville, and guess what—he's offering the pigeon exactly the job he's looking for. Very good résumé, he remarks. Come up to my hotel suite for an interview.

Well, to make a long story short, the pigeon is convinced he's been offered his dream job. He's given two weeks to relocate, and begins selling his possessions and breaking his lease. Oh, just one hitch, Con Man Two tells the pigeon as they are about to sign the employment contract. The hitch is, the company has been annoyed by certain résumé-writing services which don't get paid by their clients. That won't happen with you, will it? he asks the pigeon.

The pigeon confesses he's used a résumé-writing service. Visibly upset, the recruiter demands that the pigeon run over to the service, pay immediately in cash, and bring him a signed receipt. Con Men One and Two leave town with something like $50,000 garnered from up to 200 eager job-hunting pigeons, who are now left to regret they were led to try some sneaky shortcut to success, and in fact shamelessly considered abandoning New York for the Outoftownvilles that breed this plague of con men. A morally improving exemplum embedded in a sting.

The Murphy Game: From Warm Bodies to Hot TV's

The Murphy game may be the world's oldest con game, preying as it does upon patrons of the world's oldest profession. Now, I won't try to convince you that there are no native New Yorkers who have practiced this ancient art, but there has been a curious out-of-town transformation in the object of the game.

The original Murphy game, for those who haven't been taken by now, involves a con artist posing as a pimp, leeringly describing the delightful, compliant hooker he will lead the lascivious pigeon to. In most variations of the Murphy game, the "pimp" convinces the pigeon to leave the money with him and proceed to a certain (nonexistent) apartment.

But, according to most reports, the classic Murphy game is dying out, and a substitute sex object has been found: the $50 Sony Trinitron.

The way it's done now, the pigeon is still approached with a leering proposition. "Brand-new Trinitron," the con man will say. "Only $50. If you get ten friends together, I know a guy at the wholesaler's warehouse who can get you them in mint condition. Six-hundred-dollar sets, these are. Get a van and I'll meet you outside the warehouse. Have the cash ready. I'll deliver it to the guy; then you pull up and he'll load them in."

What happens, of course, is the classic Murphy-game shuffle: The $500 is handed over, the con man disappears, the van pulls up, and there are no sets to be found. I'm not sure what it means in the larger scheme of things that New Yorkers seem to feel more prurience at the prospect of possessing a hot TV than a warm body, but note that it is an out-of-town—way out-of-town—color set that is being pimped.

How the First-Class Fool Gets Taken by the Second-Level Shill in Three-Card Monte

The recent mutation of three-card monte, as this ancient con game is played on the sidewalks of New York, is a reflection of the subtlety with which con games and con artists measure the psyches of native New Yorkers, who should know the score by now. The new, two-shill version of three-card monte (page 34) is, I would also argue, based on a shrewd manipulation of the racial and class attitudes of its victims.

In its simplest form, the single-shill game, the dealer will dress like a cross between a riverboat gambler and a pimp. His fingers will be fleet, and his rap will be rapid ("Find that red and make some bread") as he invites you to guess which of the three facedown cards is the red queen. You know he's out to con you.

But he's not—not directly, anyway. It's the shill who engages you in a little con game about the con game. The first-level shill has that glazed look and shabby overcoat that could mean wino, could mean junkie. In any case, he does not look as if he works for the Securities and Exchange Commission. He looks as if he really believes it's a game of skill. But you're not conned into believing that.

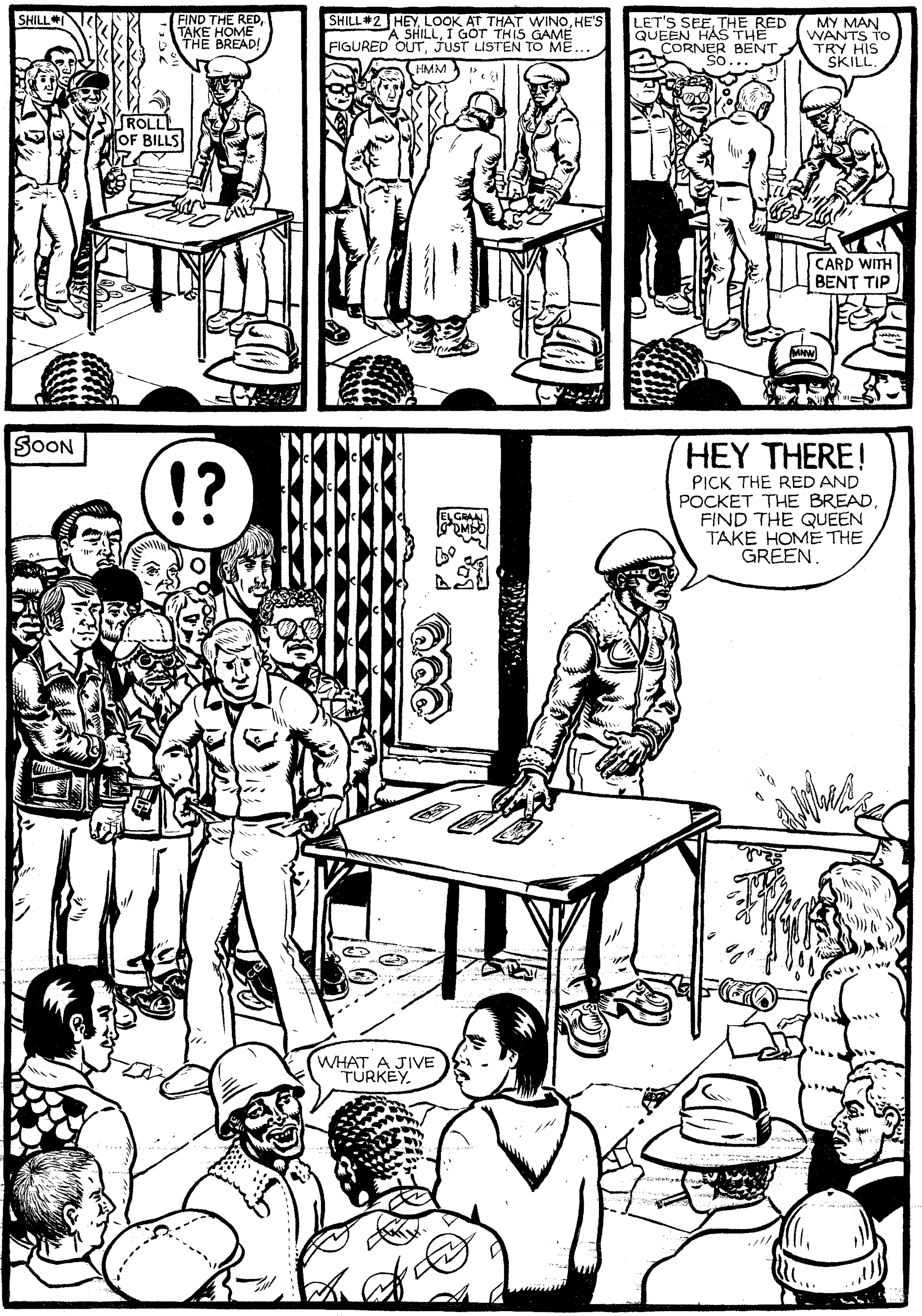
If you're new to the game, still at the stage where you can be taken by a first-level shill, you'll follow this guy's bets closely. Maybe you can't outsmart the con man, you think, but you can outsmart the wino. You notice that a corner of the red queen looks slightly bent from all the shuffling, but obviously the wino is too stupid to notice this clue. If he can't beat the system, I can, you say to yourself. Of course, when you finally put your money down and look for the card with the bent corner, the dealer will have deftly unbent the queen card and bent one of the others, or palmed the queen and substituted another card. You're down $20 and feel like a second-rate fool.

Apparently enough prospective marks have caught on to the theatrics of this setup, and so you can find in the streets today a more complex version—this time with a second-level shill. The second-level shill poses as someone who can expose the secrets of the first-level shill and offer the sophisticated pigeon a shot at conning the con man.

The second-level shill might look as if he *does* work for the Securities and Exchange Commission. Well-groomed, savvy-looking, he sidles up to the more skeptical mark and explains that he's figured out how these guys do the three-card-monte con. How they use a shill to sucker people in, how the dealer will bend the corner of a card—everything I've told you, as a matter of fact. Then the second-level shill makes his pitch: "If you know how these guys work, you can take them for everything they've got," he says. "I've figured out the signals that let the dealer know when the shill is supposed to win. Get your money ready, and put it all down with mine when I tell you."

The dealer, of course, cleans out this pigeon as well with an unbent edge or a palmed card.

Three-Card Monte (Two-Shill Version), by Spain


SHILL #1
FIND THE RED, TAKE HOME THE BREAD!
ROLL OF BILLS
SHILL #2
HEY, LOOK AT THAT WINO, HE'S A SHILL, I GOT THIS GAME FIGURED OUT, JUST LISTEN TO ME...
HMM
LET'S SEE, THE RED QUEEN HAS THE CORNER BENT SO...
MY MAN WANTS TO TRY HIS SKILL.
CARD WITH BENT TIP
MNW
SOON
!?
EL GRAN COMBO
HEY THERE! PICK THE RED AND POCKET THE BREAD, FIND THE QUEEN TAKE HOME THE GREEN.
WHAT A JIVE TURKEY.

"...When it comes to out-of-town con games, I'll take the three-card-monte dealer on West 48th over Bert Lance anytime..."

Con Games as Theater

The play within a play stage-managed by the second-level shill is a nice illustration of the theatricality of the con game. Robert Greene, the brilliant, syphilitic Elizabethan playwright, was so fascinated with the new breed of con men overrunning his theatrical haunts and, indeed, all London (curiously, Elizabethan scholars blame the con-man upsurge on out-of-towners—dismissed liverymen and soldiers) that he abandoned the stage for a time to pursue the mysteries of con men—or "cony-catchers," as they were called (a cony being a rabbit).

In doing so, Greene seems to have pulled off a literary con job of his own. After satiating the public with a series of pamphlets on the "art of cony-catching" which purported to give details of actual con games, he then proceeded to pen, under the pseudonym "Cuthbert Cony-Catcher," a defense of con artists. "Cuthbert," a self-proclaimed con man, attacks Greene's pamphlets for the damage done to the cony-catcher's livelihood. Although much of this *pro*-con-artist pamphlet is a none-too-subtle plug for the *anti*-con-artist pamphlets Greene wrote under his own name, "Cuthbert" does rise to an impassioned, populist defense of the con artist.

Too many people, "Cuthbert" says, denounce the poor con man, who can "perhaps with a trick at cards win forty shillings from a churl that can spare it." What about those malefactors of great wealth "that undo the poor, infect the commonwealth and delight in nothing but wrongful extorting and purloining of pelf when such be the greatest cony-catchers of all"?

In his introduction to a collection of Elizabethan con-game pamphlets, Gamini Salgado remarks that "everything we know about the Elizabethan writer at this time suggests that [Greene's con] is typical not only of Greene himself but of many of his fellows. Perhaps in the Protean figure of the confidence trickster, ever ready to change his personality and part to suit the present situation, protected by no one and depending only on his wit . . . for his livelihood, the Elizabethan hack uneasily saluted his double."

Back in the 1840s Edgar Allan Poe, then a New Yorker, wrote an article on con games he called "Diddling, Considered as One of the Exact Sciences." Poe recognized the con artist as a playwright of the street stage. "Your diddler," Poe wrote, "is ingenious. He has constructiveness large. He understands plot. He invents and circumvents."

And unlike these theatrical con artists, the big-shot crooks "Cuthbert" was denouncing don't even give you a good show for the money they steal. Now, I'm not arguing in favor of stealing from widows. Nevertheless, when it comes to out-of-town con games, I'll take the three-card-monte dealer on West 48th Street over Bert Lance anytime. ■

A Phantom Copier on the Coast

One morning last November, San Francisco attorney Dave Pesonen's secretary dashed to the courthouse and dragged her boss out of a hearing. There was a message, she said, from Jack O'Hara, a printer at the Pacific Gas & Electric print shop. O'Hara had just received an emergency, top-secret order from PG&E's Los Angeles investigator concerning Pesonen's client, who had a major lawsuit pending against PG&E. O'Hara had been instructed to print up a confidential report on the client, including logs of a nine-day wiretap of his telephone; O'Hara could not be reached on the print-shop phone—that would be too risky—but he would call Pesonen's office back from a pay phone within the hour.

Pesonen, hardly able to believe his good fortune, rushed back to his office to await O'Hara's call. "He sounded very overwrought," Pesonen told me. "He'd worked for PG&E for fifteen years, but he did feel that this kind of unauthorized, undercover surveillance was dirty pool. I said I'd love to have a copy of the report—how could I get it? He could Xerox it for me on the PG&E copying machine, but there was a problem about the paper. The machine takes a special kind of roll—Kodak Triple A—which is only carried by certain suppliers. I wouldn't know where to find it, he said; he'd have to buy it himself as the paper in the shop was closely inventory-controlled. He would need two rolls, costing $18.25 each. It would have to be done that very day because he had been ordered to destroy the plates. He would meet me that afternoon and collect the money for the paper."

They met on a street corner, and at O'Hara's suggestion went for a quick cup of coffee, for which Pesonen paid. "He's a rugged-looking man with black hair, dressed in workmen's corduroy pants and a quilted Windbreaker. He said, 'Excuse these,' pointing to his clothes, 'I change when I get home in the evening.'

"His whole demeanor was nervous, distraught; he had a bead of sweat on his upper lip. Over coffee he kept repeating, 'Please don't get me involved. I've never done anything like this before. I've a wife and children to consider—but you wouldn't *believe* what's in this report.' I gave him $36.50. We arranged to meet at 6 P.M. I waited until 6:45. He never showed.

"The next morning there was no call from him. At noon, my secretary called PG&E—they'd never heard of O'Hara. I called Dave Fechheimer, a private eye who used to work for Hal Lipset, the latter-day Sam Spade, who played himself in *The Conversation*, and started telling the story. David said, 'Don't go any further! I know the rest of it. He's done it to any number of lawyers.' "

A check of California lawyers turned up dozens who had waited for O'Hara: A former counsel for ACLU in Los Angeles was promised a "dossier on ACLU compiled by Evelle Younger," then district attorney; a group of Southern California lawyers working for the California Rural Legal Assistance were offered "wiretap information about us and our cases to be printed for the Reagan administration."

While O'Hara changes employers with chameleon-like rapidity, patter and demeanor remain amazingly constant: The steady type with wife and children, he has almost always worked in the same place for fifteen years. He doesn't approve of the client, *but* . . . He apologizes for his work clothes, is agitated and perspiring. The sweaty upper lip recurs in most descriptions of his appearance; does he, I wonder, hide a vial of glycerine about his person to produce the beads of sweat, much as Hollywood stars are said to use it to stimulate real tears? **—Jessica Mitford**

A World From My Window

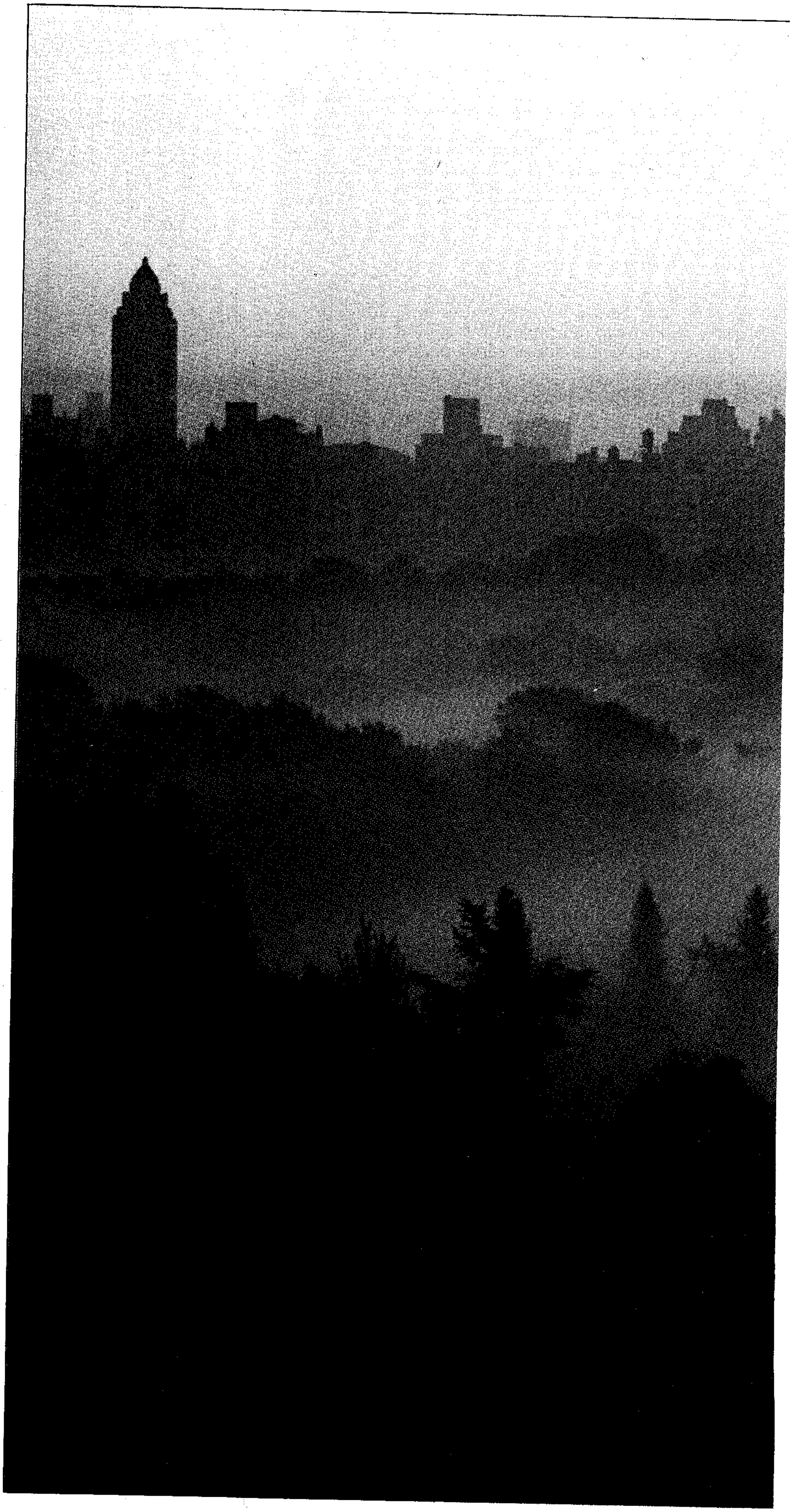
Photographs by Ruth Orkin

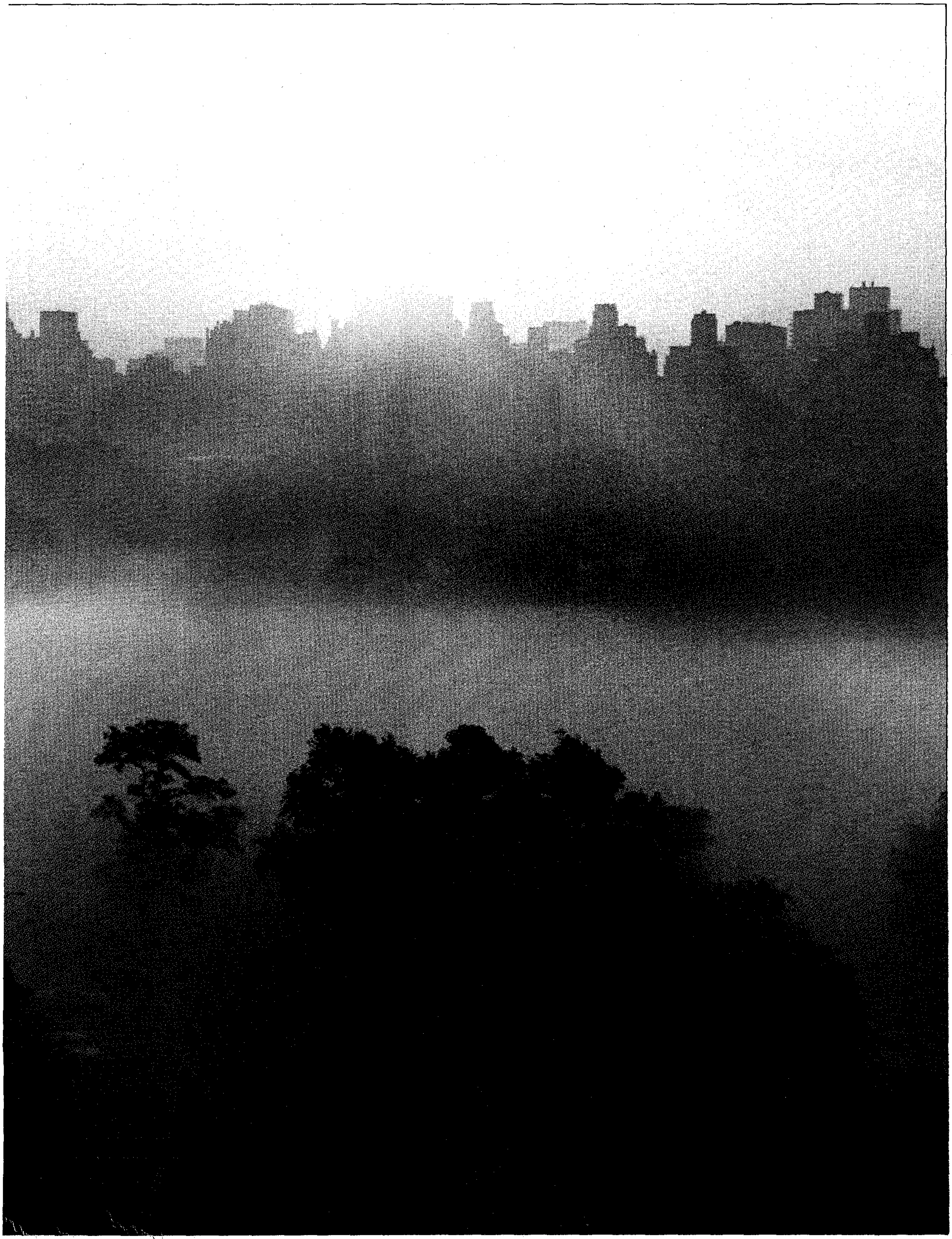
"I was a photojournalist when there *was* photojournalism," recalls Ruth Orkin of the days in the late forties and early fifties when *Life* or *Look* or *This Week* would send her to faraway places to bring back stories which people remembered for the impact of the pictures, "but now all my old employers have gone out of business." (Some, however, like a Sunday supplement of the *Herald Tribune* called *New York*, for which she shot the first cover, live on in other forms.)

In 1953, before the days of cinema verité, she co-directed a film called *The Little Fugitive*, which was nominated for an Oscar and was one of the first non-Hollywood films to graduate from art houses to family theaters.

But she never lost the fascination with the view from her window on Central Park West, from the apartment she took 22 years ago because it reminded her of the Los Angeles hills of her childhood. "At first I couldn't keep away from the window, so much was going on." As time went by, though, she developed a special sense; a sudden change in the light or an unfamiliar noise would draw her to the window, and another image would become part of this series of her photographs. This fall, 22 years of Ruth Orkin's sunsets and snowstorms and concerts in the park will be published by Harper & Row. **—Tom Bentkowski**

1977: *Macy's Thanksgiving Day parade.*

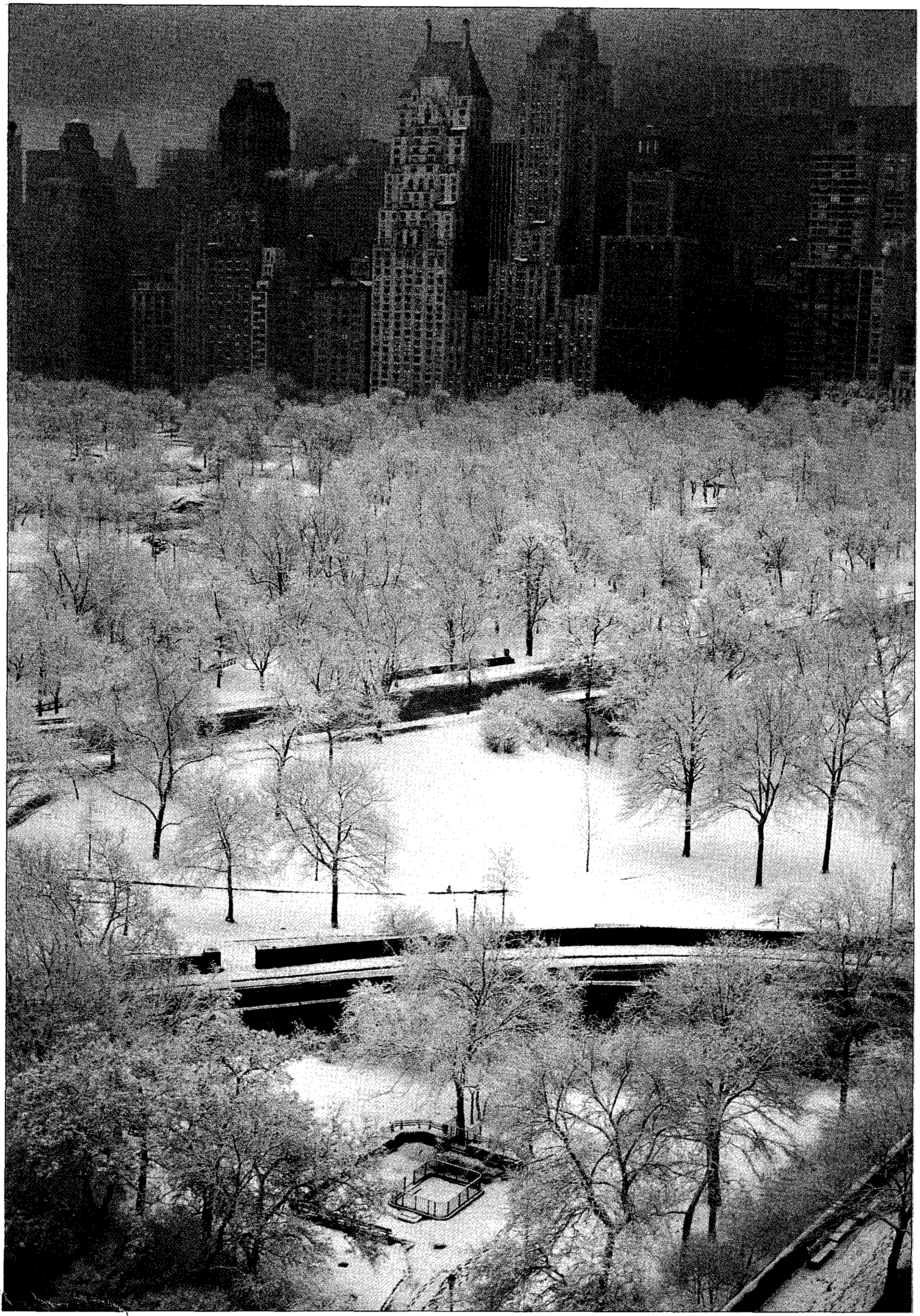




1971: *Mist over the Sheep Meadow, 6 a.m.*

1965: *Sun and clouds over the East Sixties.*

1963: *Fifth Avenue apartments and Temple Emanu-El after a rainstorm.*



1958: *White trees and Central Park South.*

The Mob Wades Ashore In Atlantic City

By Michael Dorman

"... It is now clear that organized crime has been planning an Atlantic City takeover for at least the past seven years ..."

UPI

Lansky: *He planned the takeover.*

"Organized crime is not welcome in Atlantic City," declared New Jersey Governor Brendan Byrne when he signed casino-gambling legislation last year. "I warn them: Keep your filthy hands out of Atlantic City. Keep the hell out of our state." Brendan Byrne is naïve. "Telling the mob to 'keep out' of New Jersey is like telling the penguins to keep out of Antarctica," snorts a federal prosecutor. If Byrne thought the mob could be kept out of Atlantic City casino operations, then he must also believe in the tooth fairy.

Atlantic City, that dowdy, faded "playground of the East," has all the ills associated with urban decay, including blighted housing and rampant unemployment. The population, which was as high as 66,000 in 1937, has dropped to 40,000. Unemployment ranges between 15 and 18 percent in the summer and rises to 26 percent in the winter. Many residents—particularly blacks, who make up about half the population—live in dilapidated ghettos.

It is now clear that organized crime has been planning an Atlantic City takeover for at least the past seven years, was instrumental in pushing through the very legislation signed by Byrne, and already has a tight grip on both the casino front and gambling's lucrative sidelines. The mob is also keeping a close eye on proposals to legalize casino gambling elsewhere in the Northeast. The New York State Assembly has passed a bill favoring casino gambling, but our State Senate has thus far balked over at least one provision of the assembly bill that calls for casinos to be owned and operated by the state. Government, business, and civic leaders from Long Beach, Long Island, have a particularly strong lobby in Albany urging the establishment of casinos in that city. Proposals are also pending in other states to legalize casinos in Pennsylvania's Pocono Mountains and, on a local-option basis, in Massachusetts.

To understand why a depressed beach town is now destined to become our first "Las Vegas East," it is necessary to go back to Acapulco, Mexico, to February 15, 1970, to a convention of leading international mobsters.

Although the usual precautions had been taken to keep the meeting secret, its existence was disclosed within 24 hours through a tip to U.S. Customs agents and Royal Canadian Mounted Police officers. Teams of investigators from both agencies flew to Acapulco and quickly concluded that they had uncovered the most important underworld gathering since the celebrated 1957 Apalachin, New York, conference.

The biggest fish present in Acapulco was none other than Meyer Lansky, the crime syndicate's resident genius on financial and gambling matters, who had once boasted that the mob was "bigger than U.S. Steel." Lansky was ensconced in a room at the Acapulco Hilton, overlooking Acapulco Bay. Directly next door was Moses Polakoff, a New York lawyer who had long represented Lansky and such other mob luminaries as the late Charles "Lucky" Luciano. Nearby were top-level gangsters from the United States and Canada.

The purpose of the meeting, according to law-enforcement officials, was to plot mob strategy for promoting legalized gambling operations and then infiltrating them. Two prime targets in the United States were chosen: Atlantic City and Miami Beach.

On April 23 of that year, Miami Beach voters rejected a casino-gambling proposal in a referendum. That left New Jersey. Twelve months after the Acapulco meeting, in February 1971, New Jersey's Senate Judiciary Committee was reviewing a bill to permit casino gambling.

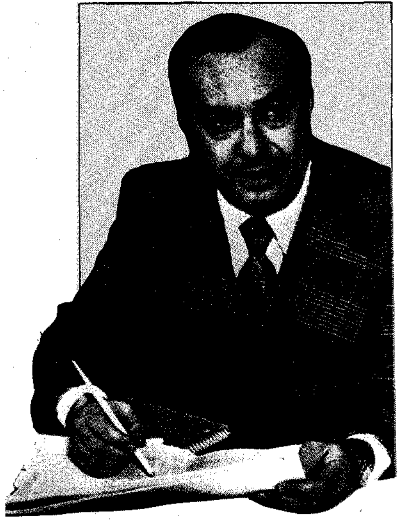
Gambling—and the airplane—had earlier proved to be Atlantic City's undoing. The city's mild summer climate once made it the most prestigious and accessible resort area in the crowded Northeast corridor. But as air travel grew, tourism to the Jersey Shore dropped. Atlantic City began a period of long-term decline, forcing several of the luxurious hotels fronting the famous Boardwalk into bankruptcy. Vacationers and conventioneers were drawn in ever increasing numbers to Florida and nearby Caribbean retreats. And for the first time, the palatial gaming houses on Paradise Island in the Bahamas and in Las Vegas began to exercise a draw on tourists from the Northeast.

Ironically, some of the gambling concerns that robbed Atlantic City of its tourist trade in the fifties and sixties played a key role in legalizing casino gambling for the first time in the Northeast. Resorts International, for example. As early as the Judiciary Committee's initial hearings, executives from Resorts International—a conglomerate whose primary income flows from gambling on Nassau's Paradise Island—took the lead in pressing for casino legislation. The company president, I. G. "Jack" Davis, a dapper Harvard Business School graduate, was a major witness at the hearings. He assured the legislators that it was "possible to operate a casino honestly and make it a business contributing to the economic well-being of the community."

Illustrated by Haruo Miyauchi

Haruo

"...The Philadelphia crime family headed by Angelo Bruno has influenced Atlantic City affairs since the early 1940s . . ."


UPI

Lazarow: *Promoter to mayor.*

What was never discussed before New Jersey's Judiciary Committee was that Davis's firm, now known as Resorts International, had long been accused of connections with Meyer Lansky, the most dangerous underworld figure involved in organized gambling today. Resorts International began as a manufacturing company known as Mary Carter Paint, but in 1966 its owners established gambling facilities on Paradise Island, off the coast of Nassau. Mary Carter paid $750,000 to buy an existing gambling license held by a company called Bahamas Amusements, Ltd., which operated a Nassau casino. Bahamas Amusements was headed by an ex-convict named Wallace Groves (sentenced to two years in prison for mail fraud in the United States in 1941), whose not so silent partner was Lansky. Under the agreement with Mary Carter Paint, Meyer Lansky and his aides were to run the casino in return for 15 percent of the gross gambling profits.

Groves later pulled out of the deal when, in 1967, the Bahamian government put pressure on the company to guarantee a mob-free operation. Left behind, however, was casino manager Eddie Cellini, the brother of key Lansky lieutenant Dino Cellini. Eddie had formerly worked for Lansky himself at the casino of Havana's Riviera Hotel in pre-Castro Cuba. In 1969, Cellini was transferred to the Miami office of the newly renamed Resorts International, where he arranged gambling junkets to Paradise Island for at least another year.

Resorts International was far from alone in pressing for the New Jersey gambling legislation. Particularly prominent, and much closer to home, was James Juliana, a former FBI agent who now operates his own consulting firm in Washington. Juliana, a New Jersey native who keeps a vacation home near Atlantic City and extensive contacts throughout the state, said he was hired to represent David Friend, a Florida gambling promoter. Friend had earlier used the good offices of an aide of Richard Nixon's, the late Murray Chotiner, to arrange teamster-pension-fund financing in 1974 for a jai alai arena in Bridgeport, Connecticut. Friend hoped the well-connected Juliana would do him similar service and help spread the Floridian's gambling operations into New Jersey.

THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

Chalfonte-Haddon Hall Hotel: *Sold to Resorts International.*

In Connecticut, however, Friend ran into unexpected trouble. The organized-crime task force of the Connecticut State Police launched an investigation of the circumstances under which Friend's firm had obtained the Bridgeport jai alai license. The police charged that a top official of the firm was an associate of known mob figures. Then, during the investigation, Friend admitted paying $250,000 to the Connecticut state Democratic chairman (and former national chairman), the late John Bailey, for his help in obtaining the jai alai license. Ultimately, amid a burgeoning scandal, the Connecticut Gaming Commission took the license away from Friend in 1975 and gave it to another company. Friend's notion of moving into New Jersey dissolved.

The bad luck that stopped Friend, however, did nothing to halt other supporters of the New Jersey gambling legislation. The gambling cartel kept up its pressure, despite the failure of a referendum in 1974 that would have cleared the way for statewide casino gambling. Its attention turned to ailing Atlantic City, ripe for exploitation.

An organization called the Committee to Rebuild Atlantic City (CRAC) was formed in late 1974 to promote the local casino-legalization drive. It was headed by Joseph Lazarow, an Atlantic City lawyer who would later become mayor. CRAC embarked on slick public-relations, advertising, and lobbying campaigns emphasizing the supposed economic benefits that would flow from the establishment of casinos.

UPI

Bruno: *Long time in Jersey.*

Resorts International and other prospective casino operators were major financial contributors to CRAC. Resorts president Davis carefully added to its "local" team two lawyers who were related to key New Jersey legislators from the Atlantic City area: Patrick McGahn, the brother of Democratic State Senator Joseph McGahn, and Marvin Perskie, the uncle of Democratic Assemblyman Steven Perskie. (Patrick McGahn and Marvin Perskie, who also handled the purchase of the once elegant Claridge Hotel, quickly became the major "land rush" lawyers in Atlantic City.) Others were more brazen. A group of investors, hoping to build a casino along the Atlantic City Expressway, hired Republican Assemblyman Howard Kupperman to represent their interests. All three legislators—Kupperman, McGahn, and Perskie—sponsored legislation to permit casinos in Atlantic City.

The local team apparently came through. In a new statewide referendum in November 1976, voters approved establishment of casinos in Atlantic City.

Before the voters had an opportunity to approve the Atlantic City referendum, the real-estate speculation had begun. In September of 1976, Resorts International paid $2.5 million for the Chalfonte-Haddon Hall Hotel—a 1,000-room establishment that was once one of the most fashionable on the Boardwalk. Resorts has said it will spend another $15 million to refurbish the hotel and add a casino. The company has also negotiated the $5.6-million purchase of 56 acres of undeveloped property nearby, fronting on the Boardwalk, from the Atlantic City Housing Authority. And

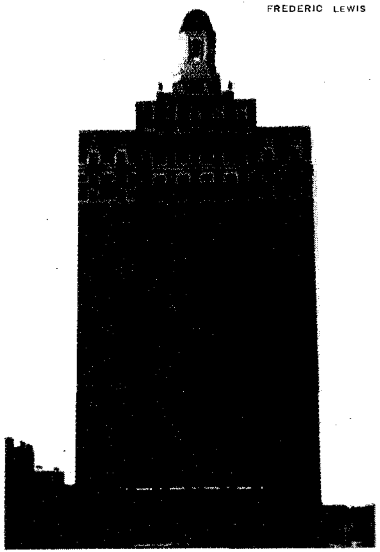
UPI

Emmanuel "Matty" Gambino: *A pizza-parlor tycoon.*

the company did not stop there. It has announced plans to build a second hotel-casino complex on the site but has not said where it will get the estimated $50 million needed to do the work.

Other, more prominent investors have also announced plans for prospective casinos in Atlantic City. Playboy Enterprises, Inc., is putting up a $50-million casino hotel on a site near Convention Hall. And First Artists Production Company—headed by Barbra Streisand, Dustin Hoffman, Paul Newman, Sidney Poitier, and Steve McQueen—is negotiating to take over the local Holiday Inn and convert it into a casino hotel.

FREDERIC LEWIS

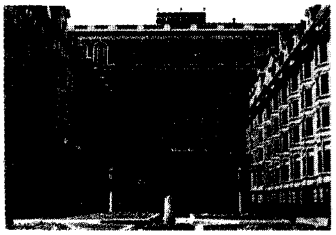


Claridge Hotel: *New owners.*

But while these legitimate operations have stolen the headlines, testimony last August before the New Jersey State Commission of Investigation (SCI) showed darker forces have been at work. Ralph Salerno, former anti-mob expert for the New York City Police Department and now a consultant on organized crime, reported that Atlantic City is now a declared "open city" for the underworld, and at least three Mafia families have begun moving in. Infiltration, testified Salerno, is under way by the Philadelphia mob family headed by Angelo Bruno and the families formerly headed by the late Carlo Gambino in New York and the late Vito Genovese in New York and northern New Jersey. Salerno claims that Bruno's Philadelphia family is in the strongest position, hoping to provide ancillary casino services such as cigarette-vending machines, garbage hauling, and supply of linens, silverware, and the like—all at a handsome premium.

Actually, Bruno is no newcomer to southern New Jersey. He is but the most recent leader of a Philadelphia crime family that has influenced Atlantic City affairs since the early 1940s. Bruno reportedly has a home in Margate City, just south of Atlantic City, where he spends most of his time in the summer months. Organized crime has usually been a seasonal business (Bruno's summer activity centers on prostitution). But that Margate City home, which becomes the Philadelphia family's base of operations for June through August, will probably become Bruno's year-round headquarters with the advent of casino gambling later this year.

FREDERIC LEWIS



Dennis Hotel: *Bally bought.*

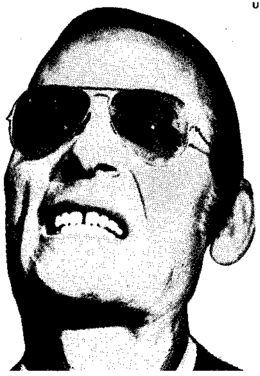
Brooklyn's Carlo Gambino, another notorious mobster, who died in 1976, had purchased waterfront property in Wildwood Crest, New Jersey, about 35 miles south of Atlantic City. The entire New Jersey Shore area, investigators claim, has been left as "open" territory by Philadelphia mobsters, and the Gambino family has been allowed to develop as long as it doesn't attempt to take over an established illegal activity already covered by Bruno. Since 1972, the Gambino family has concentrated on pizzerias in south Jersey. Staffed largely by new arrivals from Sicily, these operations are part of a major expansion by the Gambinos over the past five years that has now spread into Maryland, Delaware, Virginia, and even into the Bruno-family home base of Philadelphia.

Most of the south Jersey expansion by the Gambinos is located in Burlington County in the general vicinity of Willingboro and Delran. These small communities are growing rapidly, are unlikely to look critically on new "family-owned" businesses, and are close-by the New Jersey Turnpike and U.S. Route 130. Wrote one investigator, a member of the Newark Strike Force: "A more desirable strategic location would be difficult to find, considering the accessibility of this area to New York City [75 miles] and Atlantic City [50 miles] by expressway."

The mob influence in Atlantic City is not always so obvious. A reputable Philadelphia advertising executive, Mel Richman, said an attempt was made to use him as a front man for a distant relative of Carlo Gambino's who tried to buy the Shelburne Hotel in Atlantic City last spring. Richman told the SCI he backed out of the deal with Emmanuel "Matty" Gambino "when I discovered what the Gambino name meant." He said he was first approached about the prospective Shelburne Hotel purchase by Robert Skalsky, a contractor described by New Jersey investigators as a participant in "questionable" business deals with members of the Bruno crime family. "He [Skalsky] said his partner was Matty Gambino." Matty, who owns several pizza parlors in New Jersey and a bar in Dover, Delaware, denies any organized-crime connections and says he is "definitely" still interested in buying an Atlantic City hotel.

Chunky, soft-spoken Angelo Bruno claims to be of another mind. "If they wanted to give me a casino or a hotel for nothing, I wouldn't want to take it," Bruno said in the fall. "That's the way I feel." New Jersey investigators, however, produced evidence that a Philadelphia firm ostensibly employing Bruno as a salesman now controls 40 percent of the cigarette-vending machines in Atlantic City and has tripled its business in the city since the casino referendum was passed. There was SCI testimony that Bruno receives 2 cents for every carton of cigarettes sold by the firm. He was said to have received $51,000 in 1976 from such sales—more than the president or vice-president of the company.

UPI



Adamita: *Disco owner.*

Other shadowy figures are involved. Dominick Adamita, identified by police as an associate of the Gambino mob family, bought an Atlantic City discotheque called the Casanova four months after passage of the casino referendum. Adamita says he raised some of the money for the purchase from a friend whose name he just can't seem to recall.

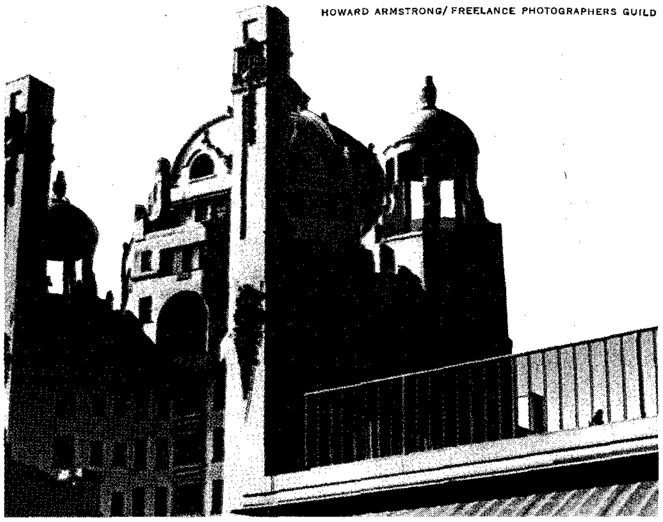
Adamita and Matty Gambino are small potatoes, how-

"...'All we care about is seeing these casinos open up and improve the economy,' says Lazarow. 'Not who runs them'..."

ever, compared with the multinational gambling concerns that are moving in on Atlantic City. Bally Manufacturing Corporation of Chicago, the world's largest manufacturer of slot machines, has taken a long-term lease on Atlantic City's Marlborough-Blenheim Hotel and has bought the adjoining Dennis Hotel. It has announced plans to build a luxury casino-hotel complex on the property.

Bally's early Mafia connections are well documented. Gerardo "Jerry" Catena was a New Jersey Mafia boss and was one of Bally's chief financiers when it was founded in the early 1960s. Bally officials claim they cut off all connections with Catena long ago, but Nevada authorities have charged otherwise. Officials of the Nevada Gaming Control Board threatened in 1976 to lift Bally's license to operate in the state after the company's vice-president and treasurer, Sam W. Klein, was photographed playing golf with Catena in Florida. Klein was forced out of his job. The Nevada investigation also led to the ouster of a company director, Irving Kaye, and the head of Bally's Belgian subsidiary, Alex Wilms. Kaye was also reported to be friendly with Catena, and Wilms had used Lansky aide Dino Cellini as a commission salesman for the Belgian subsidiary.

HOWARD ARMSTRONG/FREELANCE PHOTOGRAPHERS GUILD



Marlborough-Blenheim Hotel: *Long-term lease by Bally.*

Nevada officials have also issued warnings to officers of another firm planning an Atlantic City casino, Caesars World, Inc., which owns Caesars Palace in Las Vegas. Caesars World, Inc., has announced plans to build a hotel and casino in Atlantic City on the site of the old Traymore Hotel, demolished six years ago. In March 1976, Peter Echeverria, then chairman of the Nevada Gaming Commission, warned officers of Caesars World to stay away from future business dealings with Florida lawyer Alvin I. Malnik. Echeverria said Nevada investigators had discovered Malnik "is closer to Meyer Lansky than we first were led to believe."

A company owned by Malnik and the two sons of Samuel Cohen, former president of the Flamingo Hotel in Las Vegas, bought two hotels in the Poconos two years ago from Caesars World. The hotels were immediately leased back to Caesars World. Samuel Cohen pleaded guilty in 1973 to taking part in a conspiracy with Lansky and others to skim $36 million from the Flamingo. Malnik, Cohen, and his sons also own a firm that sold Caesars World about 400 acres in Florida and that leases a golf and country club to Caesars World. Moreover, Caesars World president Clifford Perlman has been a partner with Malnik and Cohen's sons in a Miami Beach condominium. The Nevada Gaming Control Board told the State Gaming Commission that Malnik was "an undesirable person" to be associated with licensed gamblers in the state.

UPI

Catena: *Former Jersey boss.*

UPI

Lordi: *Commission head.*

The fevered rush to turn Atlantic City into an American Monte Carlo is on, but not a single license for gambling has yet been issued. Nevertheless, all prospective casino operators say they expect to obtain them without difficulty. Under the law, the burden of proof will be on the applicant company to show it is free of underworld taint. Then why are the gambling czars so cocky and self-assured? Joseph P. Lordi may know the answer to that.

Joe Lordi is chairman of the five-member Casino Control Commission, appointed last July. He was routinely approved by the State Senate. In October, however, it was disclosed that Byrne appointed Lordi in spite of receiving a state police report that raised serious questions about his past associations and actions.

The police report said that Lordi's law firm represented a Newark restaurant and a food-brokerage business controlled by mobster Jerry Catena and his two brothers; that Lordi, while serving as director of the State Alcoholic Beverage Commission in 1964, hired as a commission investigator a bartender who worked at the Catena restaurant, and that Lordi, while Essex County prosecutor, gave a character reference for a gun permit for a friend—a man with a police record and an associate of mobsters.

Incredibly, Lordi admits he "rubbed elbows" with reputed organized-crime figures in his youth, but said he has done nothing to merit being disqualified from the chairmanship of the Casino Control Commission. He said he was unaware that his law firm, where he was a full partner, represented the Catena family, because most of the firm's work is done by his brother James.

An amazing admission of neglect by a man who will be supervising organized gambling for all of Atlantic City, matched only by the remarkable naïveté of a governor who claims he will not stand for the involvement of organized crime in his already mob-ridden state. Only the vision of outsiders like Ralph Salerno seems clear: "I see the beginning of silken webs spun by various spiders around Atlantic City," Salerno says.

Would that Atlantic City Mayor Joseph Lazarow were so concerned. "All we care about is seeing these casinos open up and improve our economy," says Lazarow. "We're not concerned about who runs them."

With such an open invitation, the vistas unfolding before the mob in Atlantic City seem limitless. ▬

Low-tar Parliament

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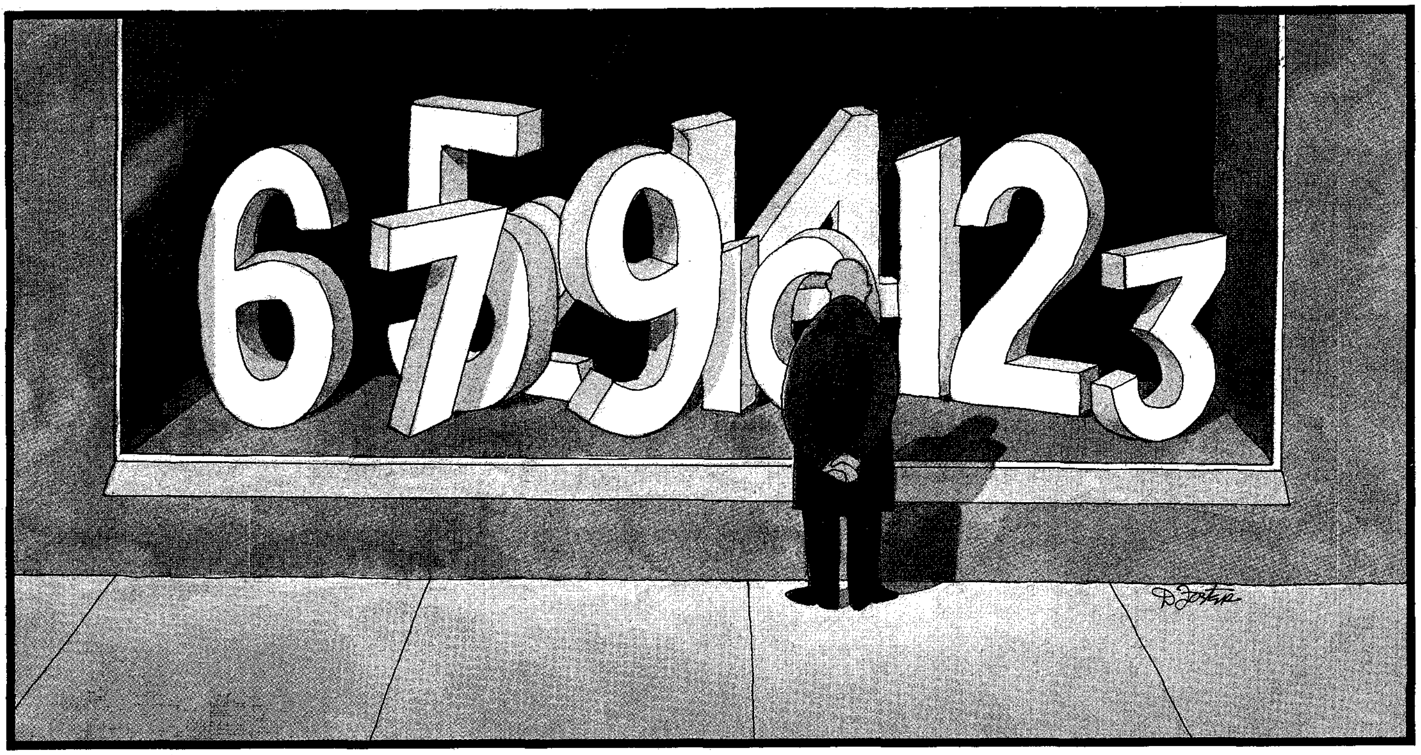

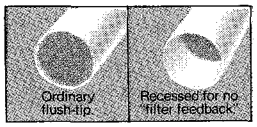
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Kings: 10 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine—
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Murder in the Kitchen

By Gael Greene

"...The greatest chef in London has been roasted in his own oven. The greatest chef in France has been squashed in his duck press..."

There is nothing quite like the exaggerated unreality of a Hollywood movie set on foreign location. It is a behavorial zap zone, breeding bizarre liaisons, perverse hungers . . . fast, heady, doomed affairs. In my journalistic wanderings I have visited isolated movie sets. Everyone talked endlessly of deals, of sex and money. But this film was different. Never have I encountered so many people so utterly obsessed by food.

I suppose an epidemic of galloping gourmandism should not have been unexpected. After all, the location was Paris. The film: *Someone Is Killing the Great Chefs of Europe.* The sets: Maxim's, the mellowed salon of the Lucas-Carton restaurant, the grungy subterranean kitchen of Laperouse, the spacious modern canteen that feeds the Lido of Paris. George Segal plays a fast-food mogul. Jacqueline Bisset is Natasha O'Brien, food writer, pastry chef, television personality . . . a woman with a weakness for amorous chefs. Robert Morley waddles about as the publisher of *Epicurus* magazine, firing a receptionist for sneaking peanut butter, sending day-old quiches to the poor at Christmas.

"How long will you be with the film?" someone asked Joss Ackland, the English actor playing the majordomo of Queen Elizabeth's royal kitchen.

"Three more meals," he replied.

The film crew had gathered in the Lido kitchen at 4 A.M. The Lido's chefs had been hired to play the royal cooks. Between takes, actors fluted mushrooms and nibbled radishes smeared with butter. Technicians haunted a service pantry concocting French Dagwoods—sausage-and-pork terrine with hard-boiled eggs and mayo on thick slabs of country bread. Everyone complained about the food. The producer had lost twelve pounds. The assistant producer had gained twenty. There was endless gastronomic nostalgia. George Segal recalled his first meal at Maxim's, in 1959: "I remember it began with bisque homard, ham in champagne sauce, and very old wines." He smiled, dimpling in rapturous recall. Lynn Guthrie, associate producer in charge of everything edible, fussed over a flock of pastry-wrapped pigeons. Guthrie, just back from a $500 weekend pilgrimage to Lyon, clutched a recipe for lobster ragout. It was Guthrie who decided there was only one possible consultant for this film—"My idol, Paul Bocuse." And signed him up. Guthrie is a young man with a bulging belly. "My endocrinologist back in Los Angeles is going to be furious," he brooded.

So it's not farfetched that a restaurant critic should be summoned to this scene of gastronomic crime. I'd read the book by Nan and Ivan Lyons, with its Lucullan reducing diet—four ounces of whole-grain fresh Beluga caviar, 296 calories; four ounces of Bollinger Extra Sec '59, 109 calories; four ounces of roast pheasant, 184 calories. And I'd read the delicious film script by Peter Stone. In the script the greatest chef in London is roasted in his own oven. The greatest Italian chef is drowned in his lobster tank. The greatest French chef is squashed in his duck press. And Bisset as Natasha O'Brien is surely next. I know little of mayhem. But I do know my mayonnaise. If someone were needed to coach Natasha . . . my way with a whisk was not to be sneered at.

Alas, Jacqueline Bisset assured me she needed no coaching. "I'm a cook myself," she confided. "A potato freak." She dipped a finger into a prop bowl of melted chocolate and licked it.

There was a brief recess. "We had to send out for champagne," director Ted Kotcheff explained. Kotcheff, who once worked as a short-order cook in his family's Toronto restaurant, had decided the queen's majordomo should get quietly sloshed as the scene progressed. The great chefs were cooking for a queen. Four bottles of costly Roederer Cristal arrived. "You see what happens when we ask for ordinary champagne," Kotcheff complained.

He popped a fat raspberry into his mouth. A second into Bisset's. A third into mine. The berries were thawing, ready to grace the bombe. "We couldn't get into the queen's actual kitchen," he explained. "Not even to snap a Polaroid. But someone who knew someone who knew a footman told us it was modern." So here we were. "Is the chocolate standing by?" Kotcheff called out.

Bisset rolled up her sleeves. A make-up man sprayed her arms with glistening perspiration. Out of the freezer came her half-done bombe. "If there's one thing I can't stand when I'm cooking, it's people in the kitchen watching me. It makes me hysterical." She slathered the bombe with whipped cream.

"A little more authority," Kotcheff coached.

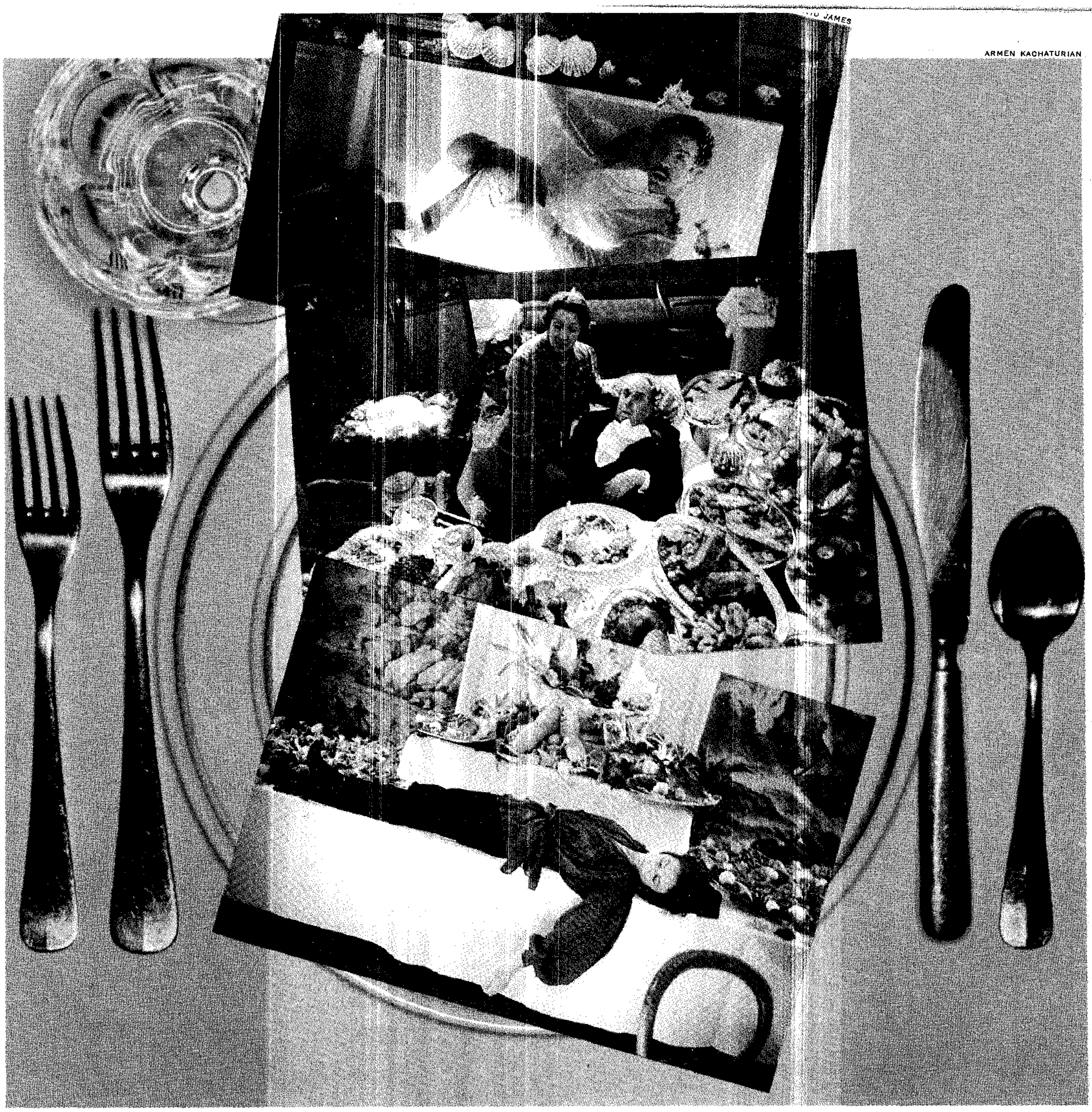
A professional pastry chef wiped the bombe clean of cream. With each rehearsal the bombe got smaller.

Kotcheff took Bisset aside. "I'd like your delivery a bit more tart."

"Piss and vinegar," she said.

"That's tart."

Across town, Yanou Collart, publicity counselor to France's gastronomic superstars, was getting nervous. "They are asking Paul Bocuse to prepare a bombe for the press on Friday and this morning they are switching it from raspberry to chocolate." She was annoyed. "Paul is not a coat hanger you take down whenever you please. If they'd done the meal as it was written in the script, it would have been a Mel Brooks movie. Imagine. They were serving woodcock with orange and ginger. Poached oysters béchamel—do you be-


ARMEN KACHATURIAN

The plot thickens: *Jacqueline Bisset (bottom) keels over on discovering very dead lobster chef Stefano Satta Flores (top) in the new movie* Someone Is Killing the Great Chefs of Europe. *And Robert Morley (middle,right), told to diet or die, dines imprudently.*

lieve it? Béchamel!" Mlle. Collart was on the phone. "Well, is it raspberry or chocolate?"

I could not wait for the dénouement. I had to run across town to pick up some chocolate truffles. I filled my canvas sack with nut breads from the bakery of Poilane, made a fast detour for cheese, lest I starve on the return trip. Brooding. Who would want to kill great chefs? Preposterous. If anything, it is the great chefs who might like to kill . . . a food writer, perhaps. And a likely killer is the restaurateur insulted by a critic's bite. I collected a few plots for gastronomic murder.

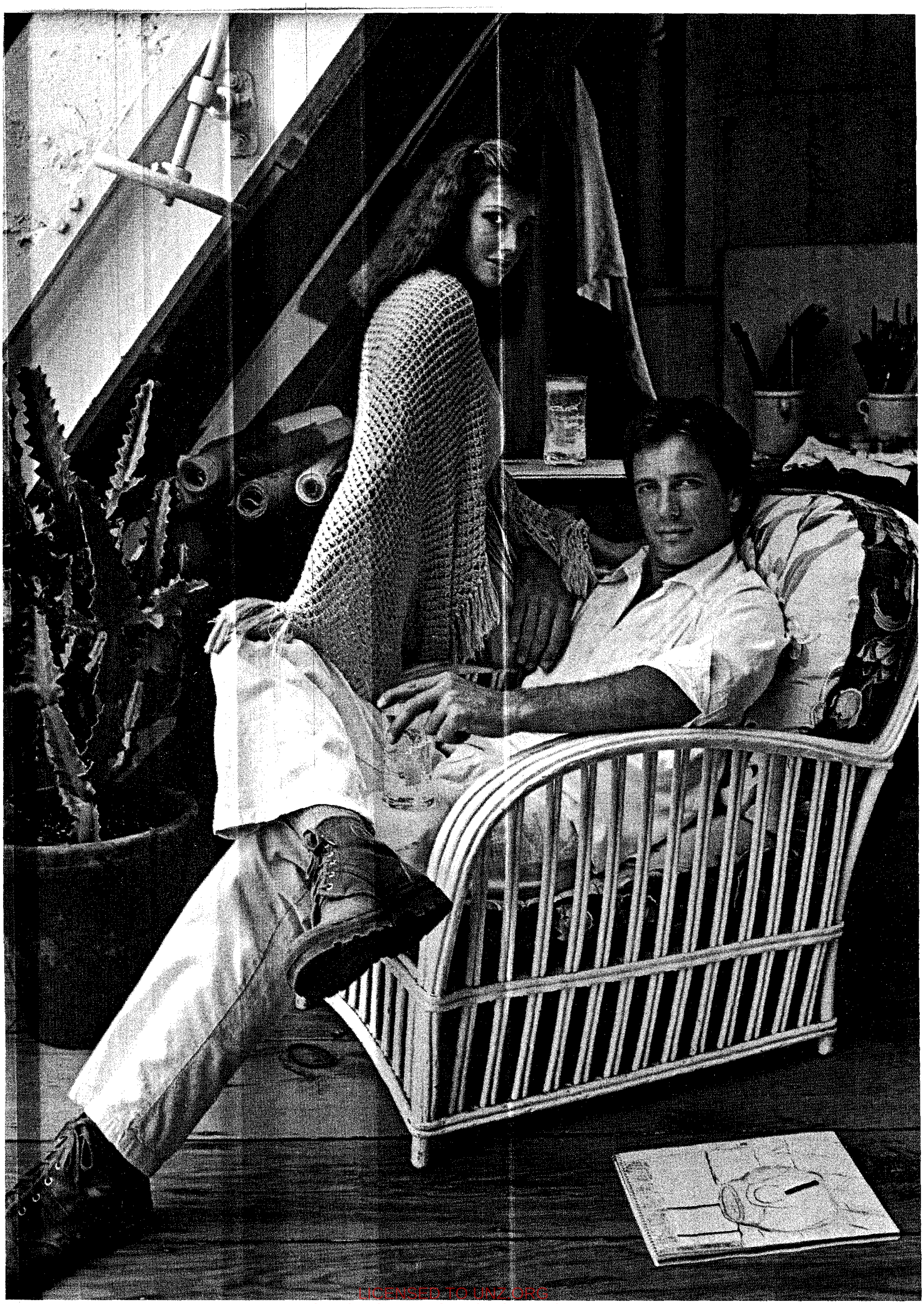
Frank Valenza, proprietor of the Palace, responded with a gust of enthusiasm. "If I wanted to kill, I would invite her for dinner, poison her, let the fat collect in a pan, and make a Yorkshire pudding . . . or stuff her till she explodes." (When murder is mentioned, restaurateurs seem to envision a female victim, for some reason.)

"I would use hallucinogenic mushrooms," James Beard mused. "It would be very gentle. If I had to kill, it would be benign. I can't see a quick stab or using the Cuisinart. Poisoning with mushrooms at least would let people die happily. Though I wouldn't be so nice with Karen Hess. I would freeze-dry her."

"I would have beautiful mushrooms I'd gathered myself. Then when she died I'd say, 'Oh, my, I made a boo-boo.' It wouldn't be murder; it would be negligence." That from Paul Steindler, proprietor of Paul's Restaurant.

And from Edmond Bory, *patron* of Fauchon, Paris's supernal "delicatessen": "You take the whisker of a tiger and mince it fine, mix it with mushroom duxelles, and bake it in a tart. Serve with béarnaise. The slow death that results will be undetectable."

From George Lang, restaurant consultant and ultimate epicurean scholar: "I just happen to have written a short story about a gastronomic murder. Lang's method: poached fugu fish—the tiger fugu, deadliest variety—with the traditional daikon radish, of course, dried red pepper, a touch of wasabi, and finely grated ginger mixed into rice and vinegar."



"Liza introduced us to white rum and soda at an Andy Warhol party."

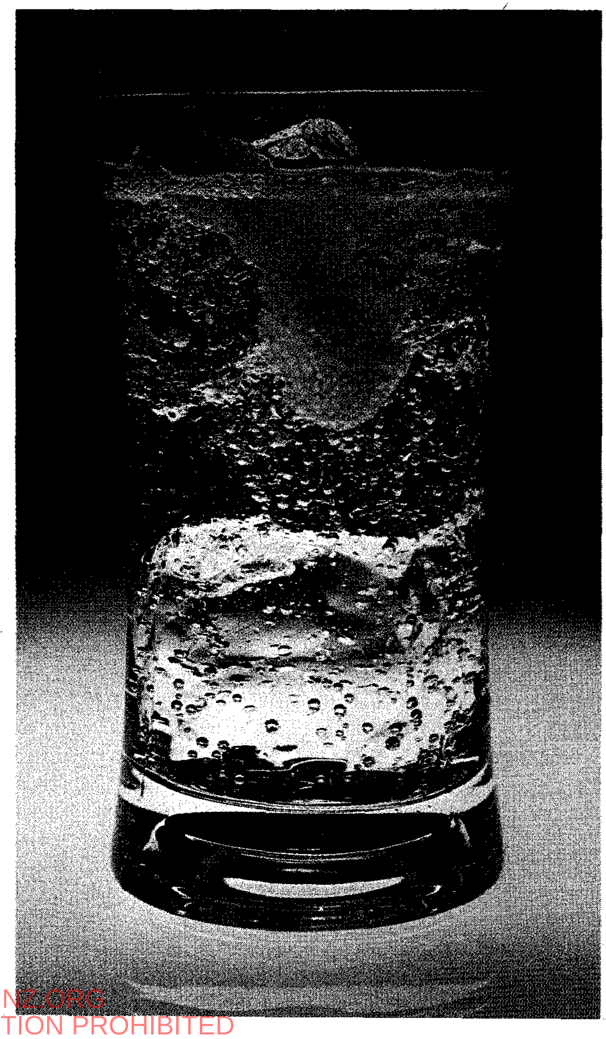
We first met Liza Minnelli at a party Andy Warhol gave for his magazine "Interview." What amazed us about her was that the personality she projects on stage is not an act at all. It's simply Liza. She radiates such warmth and enthusiasm that after an hour of conversation we both felt as if we'd known her all our lives.

During the evening I asked Liza if I could get her a drink and she ordered something I'd never tasted before: white rum and soda. It sounded interesting (Liza has a way of making everything sound interesting) so I tried one. Then my wife tried one. From that moment, white rum and soda has been one of our favorite drinks.

White rum also mixes marvelously with tonic, is fantastic with orange juice and makes a better martini than gin or vodka.

A Warhol party, the start of a friendship with Liza Minnelli and an introduction to white rum.

Not bad for one evening.



Convert yourself.

Instead of automatically ordering a vodka and soda, try white rum and soda next time. You'll find it makes a smoother drink than vodka (or gin) for a very good reason. Unlike gin and vodka, white rum is aged for at least a full year before it's bottled. And when it comes to smoothness, aging is the name of the game.

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TONY KORODY/SYGMA

Robert Stigwood Has the Stomach

By Anthony Haden-Guest

"...Robert Stigwood plays hunches. He is the czar of crossover, the Darryl F. Zanuck for a generation raised on rock and TV..."

"Great!" Robert Stigwood said. "Terrific! We just rewrote another scene in *Sergeant Pepper*. And the cost of the set went up to $500,000."

He leaned back, all sardonic calm. Stigwood movie productions are housed in a small tower on the Paramount lot, and Stigwood was with a huddle of executives. He had arrived from Bermuda, his tax-sweet home, the day before. He hadn't slept, he had the flu, and he had jet lag, but he was in high humor. He was wearing a trim navy jacket, neatly pressed gray flannels, and blue-suede shoes, upon which nobody would dare tread. His Australian accent was flat, unequivocal, like a truck hammering along a slab road.

It was already apparent, a few weeks before release, that *Saturday Night Fever* was going to be huge. Critic-proof. Things were looking good all over the 43-year-old entrepreneur's $100-million empire. Today, he had already paid visits to the *Pepper* sets and to the building on Sunset Strip which was being enlarged to house the Stigwood music business. Also, Cherokee, the sound studio where George Martin, who produced the Beatles, was rehearsing a girl with bramble-bush hair through the part of Lucy. Yes. As in the sky with diamonds.

"Let's set a deadline on Mick Jagger," Stigwood instructed. Another project. Also, a lunch with Lily Tomlin, and a meeting with Olivia Newton-John, who was just finishing another Stigwood movie, *Grease*. Uri Geller either had, or had not, just arrived. Beryl Vertue, who runs Stigwood's television department, was talking projects with NBC. Tim Rice and Andrew Lloyd-Webber, authors of *Jesus Christ Superstar*, were expected in New York to work on a new musical. He reached for the telephone, halted. A youth, thin, with a straggle of hair, had just walked in.

"Well!" Stigwood said. "Hello, stranger!" They embraced. The young man was Robin Gibb, one of the three brothers who are the Bee Gees. They have been making hits with Stigwood for more than a decade. It is the Bee Gees who dominate the sound-track album for *Saturday Night*, which bids fair to make as much money as the movie. The Bee Gees will, themselves, be in *Sergeant Pepper*. Stars.

"I can't believe this epic is finally getting under way," said Stigwood to Robin Gibb. "We still don't have a girl to play Strawberry Fields."

"Linda Ronstadt and all those people fell through?" said Gibb.

"We're testing," Stigwood said, "and testing . . . and testing. . . ."

Later, we watched some of the tests. Michael Schultz, the director, was there. Also George Martin and scriptwriter Henry Edwards. Stigwood sat, his manner, as always, at once torpid and alert. He looked like a gambler, at the tables, prepared for reverses but in the middle of a lengthy winning streak.

Robert Stigwood plays hunches. There was nothing formulaic about *Jesus Christ Superstar, Oh! Calcutta!*, or *Tommy*. Casting movies with rock 'n' rollers and TV stars, he has become the czar of crossover, the Darryl F. Zanuck for a generation raised not on movies but on TV and rock 'n' roll. He sat and watched as the faces of would-be Strawberrys and aspirant backup groups whisked on and off the screen, like cards falling from a baccarat shoe.

He stirred. What was the name of that last group? he asked. He was told.

"Please!" he said, derisively, settling back. "They've been dropped from our record label. There are no new girls in England, are there, George?"

"If there are, I don't know them," Martin said. Adding, cheerily, "There's a group called the Slits."

"The *what?*"

"Oh, everything's punk rock in England nowadays. . . ."

Stigwood returned to his own office. He wanted to discuss the wrap, which is to say the closing, party for *Grease*, with his producers Kevin McCormick and Roger Rothstein. "No paper cups," he said, firmly. "I hate that."

What about the wrap presents? "Gold ingots for the dancers perhaps?" They pondered. And for Olivia? Some sort of gizmo for John Travolta's recently acquired airplane? The ideas drifted, and died. What about video equipment?

"That might be nice for John T.," Stigwood agreed. Another thought struck. Andy Gibb. The nineteen-year-old brother to the Bee Gees whose own album had just gone gold. Andy, Stigwood knew, wanted a launch. A launch, he ascertained, would cost $8,500. He directed that when Andy returned to his Miami houseboat, he should find one tied up there, waiting.

There were also a few less pleasant matters to handle—"dust-ups" in Robert Stigwood's phrase. A dust-up with a publicist was under way in another office. There was a decision to be made concerning Andy Gibb's band. Should they be replaced? But, mostly, there was the dust-up concerning *Hair*.

Hair the movie, that is. *Hair* the musical had been his first venture into the theater, having been shipped over to London *virgo intacta*. "Robert has always loved *Hair*," explains Freddie Gershon, president of the Robert Stigwood Organization (hereinafter RSO). "He has always made a lot of money from *Hair*. He decided to make a movie."

It wasn't easy. "The longer things lie around, the more difficult they become," notes Peter Brown, a former Stigwood executive, "because more people have a piece of it. The *Hair* deal was a rotten mess where so many people had a finger in the pie that it looked as though it would never be done. But Robert went in and restructured the whole deal."

"And then, Robert met with Lester Persky. . . ."

Lester Persky is, I should say, Mr. Loophole—the man who became a force in movies by turning them into a tax-break device for the small investor. Stigwood and Persky met in Cannes, where (says Stigwood) they agreed on a 50-50 deal. Stigwood claims this agreement has not been honored. He is suing.

"Lester double-crossed Robert," says Peter Brown. "He ran away with it."

Persky is not of this mind. "They announced *Hair* as a forthcoming production," he tells me, "but they never had the rights. The fact that we are doing it, with a major studio, shows the validity of our claims."

He stops. What sort of piece am I writing? he asks. I say not a hatchet job. "I couldn't think of a more well-deserved one," he says, and adds, "I'm joking."

The only thing Michael Butler, *Hair*'s original producer, had to say was, "Anything I have to say about Robert Stigwood is unprintable." (Butler then went ahead and reopened *Hair* on Broadway, where it forthwith expired.)

The film and the case proceed. "Robert is a shark," Gershon tells me, "but about something like this he has this Victorian sense of honor. He won't give up."

"Robert Stigwood," says Barry Diller, "is somebody unlike 95 percent of the people in this business." Diller is the chairman of Paramount. His manner is careful, his look polished. He has chalk-stripe trousers, tassels on his shoes. Clubman style. "Some of them have the ability," he says, "but they don't have the . . . *stomach.*

"If Robert believes in something, he will quietly go out and pay whatever it costs. He will then come to you and say: I have done the following.

"You say, 'I think that's a great idea!' He says, 'Well, I agree with you. But whether you think it's a nice idea or not, I'm not asking you for money. I've already spent the money. I'm saying do you want to be in with me?'

"He will *see* something. He will see . . . John Travolta. We all have eyes. We could all see John Travolta. But Robert Stigwood sees him and makes a deal with him to do three movies."

Who else is operating like this? A handful, Diller says. He gropes for examples. "Dino . . . Lew Grade, who does it badly . . . Berry Gordy.

"Robert is a showman. But he's got good instincts, and good taste. And he's very tough. He *likes* being a tough businessman. If Robert wants a point and you want a point, sometimes you'll win, sometimes you'll lose. But you'll know you've been in a fight."

He did not give this instance. "Barry and Robert," says Freddie Gershon, "almost came to blows on the issue of the final cut of *Saturday Night.*

"And Robert refused to cash any checks from Paramount. Our weekly payroll was $200,000. We spent $1.8-million of our own money, and then Barry Diller said, Okay, you've got final cut. . . ."

Barry Diller was briefly in attendance at the wrap party, which took place on one of the *Grease* sound stages, prettified for the occasion with bunting and balloons. Olivia Newton-John was there, as were two thirds of the Bee Gees, John Travolta, and Peter Frampton, the star of *Pepper.* There was dancing and a lavish quantity of food, and the wines, which were not drunk from paper cups but from glassware. And the wrap presents were distributed by Allan Carr.

Robert Stigwood stood back and watched, his pale, prominent eyes fixed on Carr, his expression difficult to read. Bashes of this sort are, of course, Carr's forte, but Stigwood's even more so. This was just one party in a sequence which included the one for Bella Abzug at Tavern on the Green; a New York opening for *Saturday Night;* a $250,000 Hollywood party for the same; and a $500,000 splurge for *Sergeant Pepper.*

I had first, as a matter of fact, come across Stigwood at a party he gave in London for the opening of *Oh! Calcutta!* It was in his impressive Tudor manse, all penumbral artworks, glossy wood, and stuffed heads of defunct wildlife, and even then it was apparent that this was more than another gaudy package of media exposure. It was a celebration of arrival. No paper cups.

And nobody tonight could have been unaware that this was Stigwood's party, these were his people: a Caesar at the revels. Nor were his people backward with their tribute.

"One day," says Henry Edwards, "I was behind a desk at the New York *Times.* And now…" he waves. "Robert gives people opportunities they never had before," says Kevin McCormick. "He is an alchemist." "I never met Louis Mayer, Harry Cohn," says Allan Carr, "but I have met Robert Stigwood. . . ."

Some were more pointed. "Robert can be very despotic," notes one (former) employee, "very whimsical." "Robert," says Peter Brown, "is a very easygoing man. he's an autocrat. A benign autocrat. Nobody else makes any real decisions. There's no doubt that he's in total control."

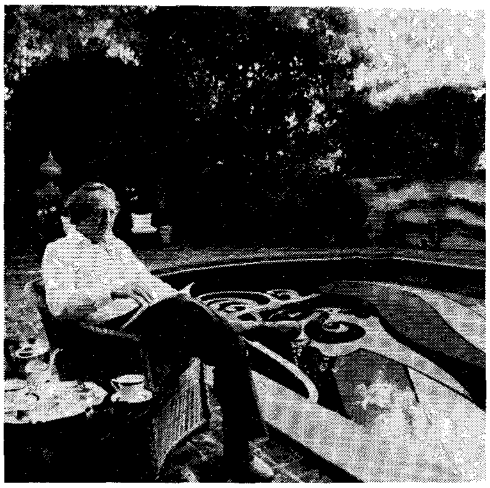
"Time will tell with Robert," another sometime associate says. "He gets attention because he's so . . . legendary. So excessive. He wants the world to perceive him as all-knowing, all-kind. But he has a dark side. How many friends does he have? I went to one of his parties, and I was the only person there that wasn't employed by the company, and I thought . . . uhh!"

Tommy Baer, a lawyer with, but not of, RSO, observes: "Most of the people he spends time with are employed by the company. He's very shy, and he likes to know where he stands with people. He's very disturbed by unresolved emotional relationships.

"But there's a lot happening to Robert. He feels less like the pariah—the poor boy who got rich. Robert has changed." Baer searches for the nuance. "He is confronting . . . power."

And confronting it, finally, at the source. For years, Robert Stigwood's affair with America had been a matter of kiss-and-run. He operated from hotel suites—the Waldorf, the Beverly Hills.

TONY KORODY/SYGMA



Robert rules: *Stigwood relaxes in Beverly Hills. He also has Manhattan and Bermuda homes.*

Travoltage: *Stigwood was first to see the potential of* Saturday Night Fever's *John Travolta.*

"...'Stigwood's unlike 95 percent of the people in this business,' says Barry Diller. 'Some have the ability but not the *stomach*'..."

"I was deeply distressed to leave my house in England," he told me.

He now inhabits undulant acres in Bermuda, the triplex on Central Park West, and the former Freddie Fields home in Beverly Hills, where we were sitting beside the pool. The flu had departed. Stigwood was wearing a tapered stripy shirt, suede shoes. Coffee was poured. Stigwood lit a Rothman and discussed the way it began.

Stigwood grew up in Adelaide, the trim capital of South Australia. "I was active in the amateur theater," Stigwood said. "That's when I realized I was a lousy actor." He went into advertising but left for England, determined never again to "think up wonderful things to say about refrigerators."

Stigwood speaks carefully, dredging for facts. He is not, I think, a man much given to introspection, seemingly unencumbered by a rearview mirror. In part, also, he seems shy, with a near nineteenth-century shrinking from self-disclosure. "Robert is unusual in Hollywood in one way," a reasonably close associate remarks. "In all the time I've known him I've never seen him take drugs. And I've never seen him in any sexual activity. He's a private man."

PHOTO TRENDS

The beginning: *John Leyton's thwarted mini-hit was Stigwood's first foray into pop.*

STEVE SHAPIRO/SYGMA

Pepper upper: *The Bee Gees cavort through Stigwood's soon-to-be-released* Sergeant Pepper.

Stigwood arrived in England in the late fifties, worked as a theater manager in the provinces, then started an agency in London. "Commercial television had just started in London," he said. "The big agents were ignoring it. In the space of a few years, I suppose I was handling half the casting for all English commercials. Then I found I was handling some good legitimate talent. My first break was with John Leyton. . . ."

Leyton, a lank, blond youth, might prove, Stigwood decided, his entrée into the tempting world of pop. Already, crossover. The problem was this. Distribution was then dominated by the big three: EMI, Decca, and Pye. All three turned down Leyton with relish. Stigwood went ahead anyway. Leyton recorded a version of the lachrymose U.S. hit "Tell Laura I Love Her." The single was released by a maverick outfit called Top Rank. And, against the odds, it began to sell.

Which was when Top Rank was bought up by EMI. EMI owned the original "Laura." Leyton's was quashed.

EMI is formidable. "But," says Steven Komlosy, Stigwood's then partner, "when Robert's aroused, he can be quite . . . aggressive. He went there and said he would only talk to the chairman. In those days, that was *impossible*."

Except it happened. Pure Frank Capra. The chairman, the avuncular Sir Joseph Lockwood, made EMI facilities available, and Stigwood produced another Leyton single—"Johnny Remember Me." EMI listened but still refused to distribute. Which was when Stigwood made his move.

First he had Leyton cast as a pop idol on a television series. He then persuaded the producer that Leyton should establish the character by doing a song. Namely, "Johnny Remember Me."

Exposure. EMI hastily agreed to distribute. The song went straight to number one and lingered around to sell a million. Lockwood signed a deal. Robert Stigwood had become Britain's first independent record producer.

More hits followed. "Suddenly, I had five records in the Top Fifty," Stigwood said, "completely from left field." It was not to last. "My company was very small. I was promoting a lot of pop shows. P.J. Proby had commitments with me, and he didn't show. And Chuck Berry bombed out. I had to put that company into liquidation."

This was March 1965, and the debt was £39,000. The Rolling Stones were owed £16,500. Keith Richard and Robert Stigwood had what Stigwood would call a dust-up in the Scotch, a long-gone London discotheque. Another debtor was EMI. Roland Rennie, one of its key men in New York, had advanced some cash. Lockwood was (and remains) filled with ire.

Stigwood was shortly back in business. Times were still hard, which didn't entirely wreck his style. (It was an unlucky evening in a private casino that dissolved his partnership with Steven Komlosy. "It was only pennies," Komlosy tells me. "Four hundred quid. But at that point we split.")

It was now that Stigwood signed the Bee Gees, fresh from Australia. And guitarist Eric Clapton involved him with the embryonic supergroup Cream. He went to Roland Rennie. Rennie had left EMI for Polygram, record arm of the German-Dutch conglom Siemens-Philips, one of *Fortune*'s global top twenty. Away from the black hole toward supernova. But first a starry sideshow.

Stigwood had met Brian Epstein, the Beatles' manager, at a party in the fall of '66. Early in '67, he joined NEMS, Epstein's company, as joint managing director. And heir apparent. Stigwood poured some more coffee. A breeze fish-scaled the pool. "Brian wanted to retire to Spain. He gave me the option to acquire control for . . . I think it was half a million."

Polygram came up with the necessary moneys, and the deal was under way when Brian Epstein died. "The option was still valid. But he hadn't told the Beatles about it. I *think*," he added, dryly, "that they were quite surprised."

There were problems. The Beatles had invented a marvelous way of losing masses of money. Apple. "And John had discovered Magic Alex, his computer friend," Robert Stigwood said. "I would just have to sit behind a desk and press buttons and the whole thing would function. John told me my job would be *wonderful!*" RSO departed NEMS that October. Now Stigwood had, himself, to depart. The day-to-day life of a tax exile. "Give him the whole house tour," Stigwood said with bonhomie to an aide who looked like a preppy Rex Reed. "Show him the bedroom. I think he'll find it rather amusing." The bedroom has green pool-table-cloth walls, a mirrored four-poster, a furry bedspread. Beverly Hills Baroque. Yes, amusing.

Bermuda luggage stickers are vivid blue. As the Stigwood entourage piled into the limo, they seemed to be assailed by swarms of blue butterflies.

Stigwood moved on, taking *Hair* to England, *All in the Family* and *Sanford and Son* to America. Crossover. Nonetheless, when he took the company public in 1970, 75 percent of the offering was left with the underwriters. It was the flop of the year. However. Later that year, he listened to a pre-distribution acetate. It was *Jesus Christ Superstar*.

Stigwood telephoned from America, aglimmer. The album belonged to MCA, which had neglected to tie up performing rights. RSO procured these by simply buying control of the author's management company.

"Robert," says Peter Brown, "had more foresight than the entire battery of MCA executives and lawyers. He walked into the black tower and turned things around. He got a very favorable deal, where this enormous organization had to match everything we did." He then spent two years and $598,000 crisscrossing the United States and suing small theater groups to protect his performing rights: a precedent, and he won. In concert tours alone, *Superstar* scooped $2 million in the first eight weeks. P. J. Proby and Chuck Berry had evidently been an educational experience.

Other Stigwood moves in America were both good and bad. A good move was an alliance with Ahmet Ertegun at Atlantic Records (Polygram was notoriously sloppy in the United States). A bad one was the hiring of Rick Gunnell, a hefty London lad given to dark glasses and lustrous suits.

Gunnell was, briefly, a power at RSO in New York, then Los Angeles, where he gave excellent parties and whence he disappeared, Stigwood says, plus some 200 thou. There was talk in Los Angeles of gambling, and the surmise that he had been "planted." It seems the errant lad had lit out to run a condo in Spain. A recent blithe postcard to a musician pal announced that he is now in Austria, running a beer hall.

There was also a rare professional reverse. The Broadway musical *Rachel Lily Rosenbloom*. This was replete with in jokes "about the Polo Lounge, and drugs, and ambisexual activities," Gershon explains. "The last night of previews. The audience stood and cheered. Robert just watched and said, 'This is like a private party. The show will close in three weeks.' "

He closed down his only venture into high camp before it opened. "And he had no obligation to return the investors' money," Gershon adds. "But he paid every penny back. Six hundred and fifty thousand dollars. He swallowed and went on." Later, I asked Stigwood if there was some sort of exorcism here. Those early problems. He looked at me as though I were mad.

Then there was *Tommy*. There had been previous Stigwood movies. A slew of British comedies and *Jesus Christ Superstar*. But *Tommy*, metamorphosed from a record album, was the first real Stigwood Production. *Tommy* had been turned down by every major studio. Stigwood went ahead and got the financing privately. It made a fortune. It was *Tommy* which established Stigwood's credibility in Hollywood.

Upon which, there was a curious lull.

These were the years when Robert Stigwood became notorious for the unanswered telephone call. One former associate says, succinctly, "We had a phantom employer." Diane Barclay, who was active in an abortive RSO television company, says, "Robert seemed kind of laid-back. It seems he was lying in wait for the next burst of activity. Which is now."

Last month, RSO opened its new Manhattan office—the original General Motors directors' suite. The elevator opens onto a world of tapestry and mahogany, candelabra and one of the duke of Wellington's authenticated desks. The boardroom floors are white marble, with bluish veins, like an unsunned breast, and a clock made by Samuel Pepys's brother looks down on a table where the Cartier crystal ashtrays have, barely discernibly, the RSO emblem—an enigmatic cow.

Freddie Gershon says that the turnover from Stigwood-generated enterprises will, this year, triple to $300-million. Al Coury, president of the music business, says *his* turnover will use from $12 million to $45 million. No wonder that, in 1976, Siemens-Philips finally twitched the cord. RSO has now been brought into its imperium. Stigwood became much richer and a director of Polygram. And RSO remains firmly under his control.

Roland Rennie observes that Stigwood functions adequately enough in meetings with the phlegmatic Nords. "You know Robert's favorite sentence in meetings," he says. " 'How dare you?' The accountants query something and he shouts, *'How dare you?'* "

RSO, Gershon said, was now invulnerable. But suppose *Pepper* didn't make it; there might now be another . . . lull. "Robert has all the money he needs," he says. "And he's really fallen in love with Bermuda. It is *home*."

"Roll the clock back fifteen years, and I'm a kid experimenting. You've got to be ready to burn your fingers," Stigwood told me on our final meeting. " I don't take those risks anymore. Remember, I'm talking from the point of view of an extremely wealthy company. I don't think I've lost my judgment. But if I did, it wouldn't hurt us."

He had his customary air of alert torpor. Half sponge and half computer. He was wearing a cardigan, the color of fog, from which dangled a cardboard tag denoting one of Britain's crustier sporting enclaves. "The last time I was in England I went with Eric Clapton to see Ginger play polo."

Ginger is Ginger Baker, the demonic drummer from Cream. "He's in that whole set. It was Lord so-and-so . . . Count so-and-so . . . and here comes Ginger Baker!" Stigwood laughed, savoring it hugely. The empire of rock.

Tomorrow he was off to Acapulco, I believe. Or, possibly, Vancouver. Upon his luggage blue butterflies danced. ■

MOVIE STAR NEWS

Opera magna: Tommy, *starring Roger Daltrey, established RSO's Hollywood reputation.*

MOVIE STAR NEWS

Superstarstruck: *MCA had produced the* Jesus Christ Superstar *record. Stigwood put it onstage.*

BEST BETS

Recommendations of events, places, and phenomena of particular interest this week

By Ellen Stern

Innocence Abroad

Never has Sissy Spacek been so vulnerable, nor Howard Da Silva so poignant. She plays Verna, a stagestruck USO girl with not a whit of talent; he's the corny comedian who keeps the show on the road. This is a sad and lovely film, adapted by Albert Innaurato from a Paul Gallico story.

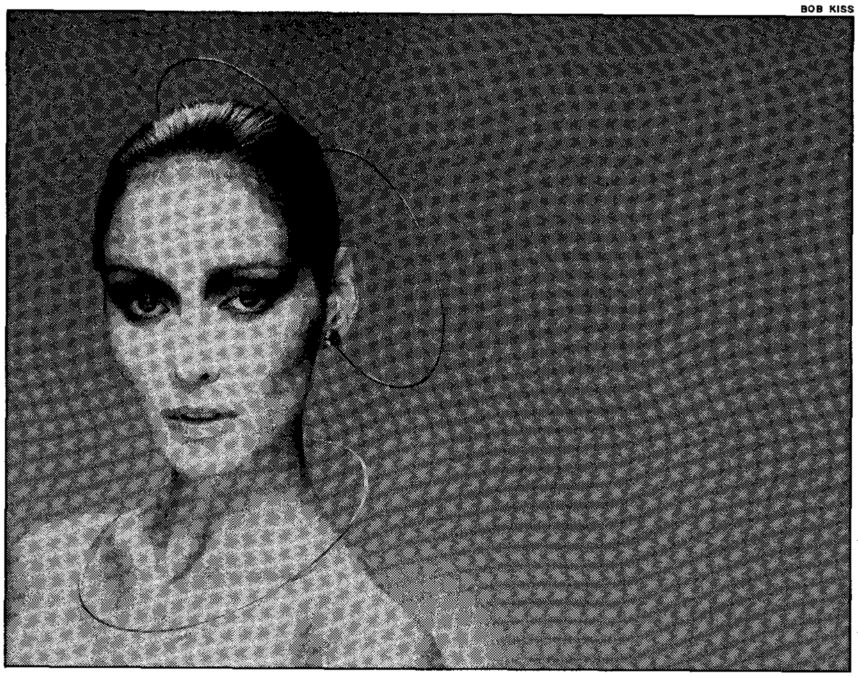
VERNA: USO GIRL/*January 25 at 9 p.m. Channel 13*

Here Comes the Grooms

Now *Ruckus Manhattan* is a flick—from Red Grooms's first sketches to the hum and buzz of the Ruckus Construction Company at work. Co-featured is Red's *Fat Feet,* another urban number.

RUCKUS MANHATTAN and FAT FEET *January 26–29, February 2–5/Film Forum/15 Vandam Street/989-2994*

BOB KISS



Be an Angel

Head trips are very big in fashion accessories at the moment. Richard Erker has the most celestial bent: fourteen-karat-gold halos molded with fourteen-karat-gold hairpins, in four sizes ($65, $85, $140, $180). **—Priscilla Tucker**

LE GASPI/*743 Madison Avenue, near 65th Street/Second floor/744-6865*

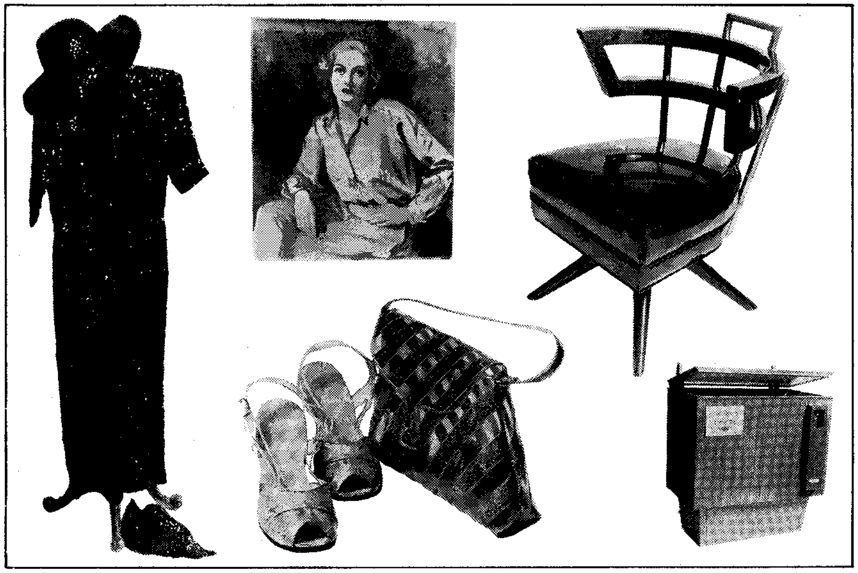
Dye, Dye, My Darling

Yet another victim of the Radio City Music Hall fall is Oliver Watt Jr. (below), who dyed the Rockettes' shoes. But that's only the latest bad news. It seems that New York ladies—whoever they are, wherever they step—just don't seem to dye as often as they used to. Watt, a gentle man who joined the art world as a house painter and has been in other people's shoes for the last 25 years, remembers when he "used to get 40 pairs of shoes a day sent over from Bonwit Teller, I. Miller, for the Roxy girls" . . . when he'd mix three gallons of dye at once for the Music Hall's sets as well as the Rockettes' pumps. He has enhanced the tiny feet of Jane Powell and the larger ones of Bill Blass's and Calvin Klein's models, dyed gallantly for Claudette Colbert and Chita Rivera, helped dress the mannequins in Altman's, Franklin Simon's, and Lord & Taylor's windows. And for Miss Vicki's wedding to Tiny Tim, he dyed her satin shoes and bridesmaids' lace. Watt charges $4.75 and up for fabric shoes, $10.50 and up for leather. He also does boots and bags.

ARTISTIC SHOE DYERS/*19 West 34th Street/Room 1125/WI 7-9341*

BARBARA WALZ

TREVOR BROWN



Star Wares

Oh, the glamour! Not only will there be photos, autographs, books, tapes, letters, scripts, dresses, bags, gloves, shoes, turbans, fur hats, stationery, napkins, scrapbooks, chairs, two steamer trunks with her name on them, linens with her name on them, and portraits of Joan Crawford in this auction of her worldly goods, but there will also be a bagful of her eyelashes (old favorites?) and a Pepsi machine that she kept at home. Hooray for Hollywood!

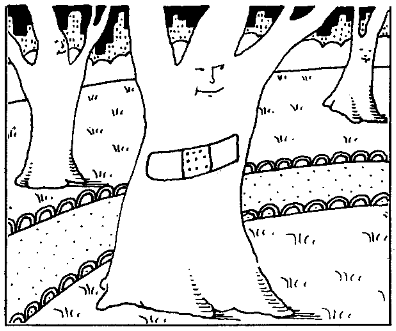
ESTATE OF JOAN CRAWFORD/*February 16 at noon/Plaza Art Galleries, Inc. 406 East 79th Street/472-1000*

The Glorious Evolution

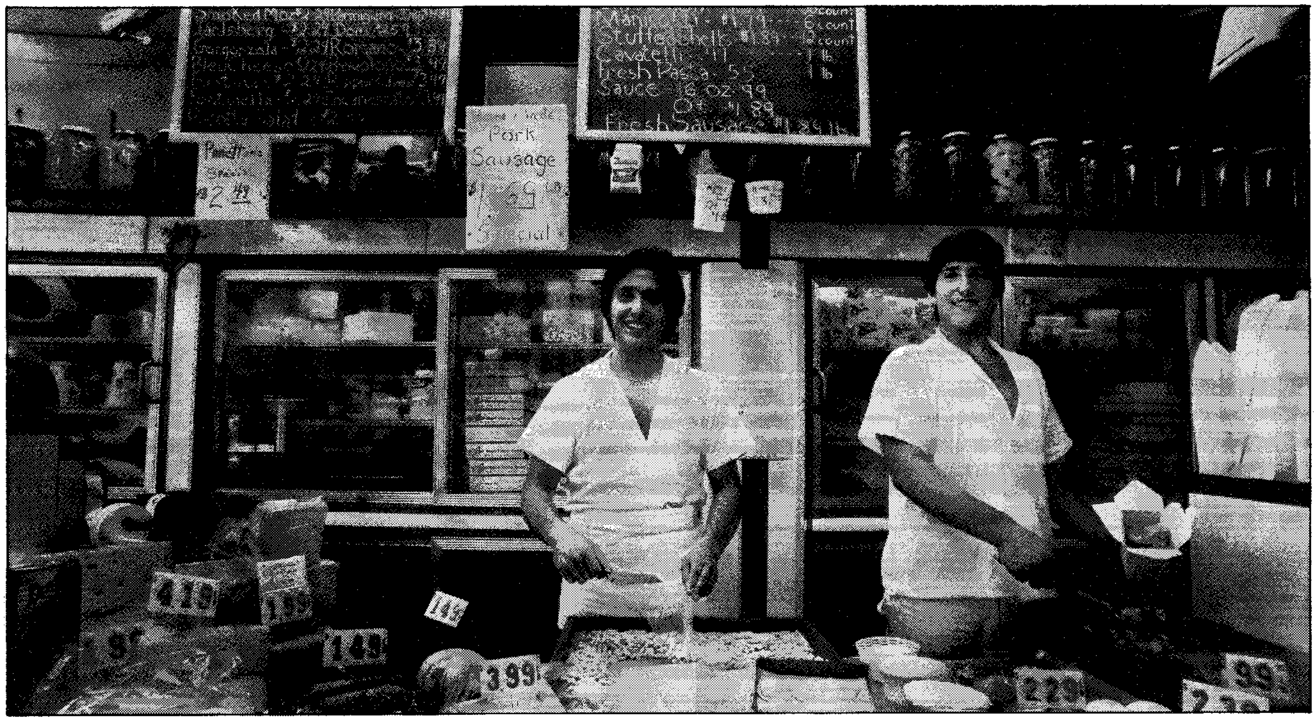
"Telling time with rocks may sound like a strange process," says Dr. Kenneth B. Bork, professor of geology at Denison University. But it is precisely what he will illustrate in a slide lecture about Central Park, or, as he puts it, "a rapid tour from the nether reaches of earth time to the present." The program also includes a film called *Out on a Limb*, which, the Friends of Central Park claim, is the first film made on the subject of tree care in our parks. Who will differ?

CENTRAL PARK WINTER SHOW/*January 30 at 7:30 p.m./Chemical Bank Auditorium/55 Water Street*

STEVE HENRY



JAY GOOD



Noodlecraft

Every morning at 7:30, Jerry and Robert Durso (above) rush into the back room of their Brooklyn store, there to start making their own pastas: fettuccine, round ravioli, square ravioli, manicotti, cavatelli, and stuffed shells. And mozzarella, regular or smoked, or with prosciutto. And pork sausage. And meat sauce. By 10:30, they're finished with the first batch. That's when to get there.

PASTOSA/*2077 West 13th Street, at 86th Street/Bensonhurst/372-8055*

Music / Alan Rich

TENTH ANNUAL MOZART BIRTHDAY ARTICLE

"...In the opening scene of *Don Giovanni*, Mozart has presented us with an entirely new way of joining words to music..."

The opening scene of *Don Giovanni* runs, in a properly paced performance, something like five and a half minutes, during which Mozart allows neither his music nor his audience time to draw a single breath. The scene sweeps through action of extraordinary contrast: Leporello's sarcastic opening song, interrupted as Giovanni and Anna burst in with their ambiguous squabble (who is fleeing whom?), interrupted as the Commandant arrives, offers battle, and is killed. Here, in a passage running not quite 200 bars, Mozart has presented the world with a totally new way of joining words to music. You cannot, for that matter, count many later examples in which composers were as successful as Mozart was here, in making short intervals of time virtually explode with the force of their content: the Act II Quartet from Beethoven's *Fidelio*, perhaps, or the opening of Verdi's *Otello* through the "Esultate."

What prompted Mozart to assume this new freedom in *Don Giovanni?* That is the kind of tantalizing question that nobody can properly answer; Mozart's letters tell us a fascinating amount about his life, but not once a single word about why any of his music took the turn it did. We can merely guess that his respect for the Prague audience, more sophisticated than those at Salzburg or Vienna, prompted the daring that infuses every measure of *Don Giovanni.* Some further clues may lie in the nature of the plot, and of da Ponte's masterful libretto, but these aren't likely to prove helpful. It doesn't require much stretching of the imagination to reckon how Mozart could have set this opening scene in the "normal" manner of the time: a series of fully formed arias and ensembles, each coming to its full cadence and separated by recitative.

Instead, Mozart created the incredible scene that we now have, in which the "normal" practices of eighteenth-century opera were dissolved in favor of a kind of writing unprecedented in its time. You need little more than this one scene to recognize its composer as a master of musical and dramatic time.

Yet, what is important about this scene is the realization that Mozart did not "break" the formal rules of his time, so much as he subjected them to a drastic reappraisal. (Bear always in mind, of course, that this must have been, for him, a totally subconscious process. No composer, despite what your old music-appreciation prof might have told you, worked with a paper tacked to his wall on which the rules of "normal" eighteenth-century practice were spelled out.) In *Figaro*, eighteen months before, Mozart had already achieved—to his satisfaction, if not to that of the Viennese audiences—a new and original way of creating continuous musical action, indivisible into separate units, over long periods of time. The Act II finale of *Figaro* is remarkable, not only because it is musically continuous while the stage action gradually intensifies, but because this 25-or-so-minute section is also organized quite strictly along lines of classical practice. The finale has the key organization of any large eighteenth-century structure: beginning and ending in the same tonality, and with a meticulously controlled rate of change to other tonalities along the way—modulation to related key here, played off against modulation to a distant key there, passages with relatively slow change of key vs. others with a more rapid rate.

Now, in 1787, he was apparently prepared to stretch the rules yet a little further. Like the *Figaro* finale, this short scene in *Don Giovanni* is symphonic in its structure, only now extraordinarily compressed. Leporello's song is in F, and this passes to the subdominant key, B flat, for the entrance of Giovanni and Anna. The Commandant's entrance is in G minor, the relative of B flat; his duel with Giovanni is a tense, chromatic passage moving rapidly through a descending sequence of keys and, thus, comparable to the harmonic cataclysm in the development of a symphonic movement. At the end of this passage, a pedal on a low C prepares for the return of the tonic key of F; only this time it is not F major, but F minor. This last section is not fully rounded off; another descending chromatic passage takes us afield again, to C, in which key the recitative dialogue between Giovanni and Leporello ensues without a break. Thus, even when the scene has run its course, we must still delay taking that badly needed breath.

What is truly remarkable about the scene, however, is not so much the way it has been shaped along the concepts of eighteenth-century harmonic practice, as how freely Mozart can operate within these concepts. The role of Leporello, although he is outside the central action, becomes crucial as a matter of both drama and musical texture. His opening song, an incomplete aria, simple in form, does little more than set the scene, but it does so with exceptional skill. Its very placidity, its musical self-containment, heightens the catastrophe of the ensuing action. In the song there is the phrase "e non voglio più servir"; later, when he hears people coming, there is another, "non mi voglio far sentir." Both are set to the same music; in Leporello's mundane mind, the ambition to shake off servanthood and the need to remain undiscovered carry equal weight.

Throughout the ensuing struggles, Leporello remains onstage. He has not, indeed, been discovered, because he has become camouflaged as a part of Mozart's orchestra: a verbalized bassoon, clucking away with fear and disbelief at what he is forced to observe.

Illustrated by Tim Lewis

It was da Ponte's idea to have him there, but it is Mozart's genius that contrived for him a place in the ensemble that is pure, wild invention. And at the scene's end, as the Commandant lies bleeding to death, both Leporello *and* his master now become shocked observers, external to the central, dying figure. They both become orchestral instruments; their interlocking lines, set against the mourning triplets in the first violins, the throbbing in cellos and basses, and the hushed, sustained, wind tones create a dramatic polyphony of astounding complexity.

I find this scene overwhelming, for reasons I have tried to sketch above, and also because its position as the first music in the opera implies that Mozart has dared to set himself to the enormous task of maintaining that level in the rest of his work. Like the dissonant C sharp in the seventh measure of Beethoven's *Eroica*, a disturbance which it took the composer an entire movement of unheard-of length to resolve, the torrential drama of Mozart's opening scene demanded gargantuan efforts to maintain this momentum. The resultant opera, as we well know, lived up to this challenge. This freedom in the blending of drama and music illuminates the whole of *Don Giovanni*. The violent contrasts that we find in this first scene become the key to the entire work.

Everyone has his favorite moment from *Don Giovanni*. One, which I think I've written about in previous birthday articles, is that astounding harmonic wrench that occurs when the disguised Leporello reveals himself to his pursuers in the Act II Sextet. I cannot hear that moment, or even think about it, without getting goose bumps, and there is another moment like that. It comes when the three masked figures (Anna, Elvira, and Ottavio) present themselves before Giovanni's castle as festivities are about to begin. They are greeted by Leporello, as the orchestra inside the castle strikes up the famous minuet. But then Leporello leaves them. In a single bar of unharmonized descending melody, the orchestra guides the three masks downstage; they unmask and, in tones of piercing harmonic richness, invoke divine protection upon their mission of revenge, accompanied by nothing but the orchestral winds in the kind of sublime sonority that only a Mozart could contrive for these instruments. As suddenly as this prayer begins, so it ends. Another bare line of melody, and the full orchestral blaze summons us into the castle. Again, our breath has been stopped; Mozart gives us scant opportunity to recover it.

WORLD PREMIERE
SUNDAY, JANUARY 29

Giancarlo Giannini Candice Bergen
in
Lina Wertmuller's
the end of the world in our usual bed in a
Night Full of Rain

GIANCARLO GIANNINI CANDICE BERGEN in LINA WERTMULLER'S
THE END OF THE WORLD IN OUR USUAL BED IN A NIGHT FULL OF RAIN
Written and Directed by LINA WERTMULLER Produced by GIL SHIVA
Executive Producer HARRY COLOMBO TECHNICOLOR®
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Movies / Molly Haskell

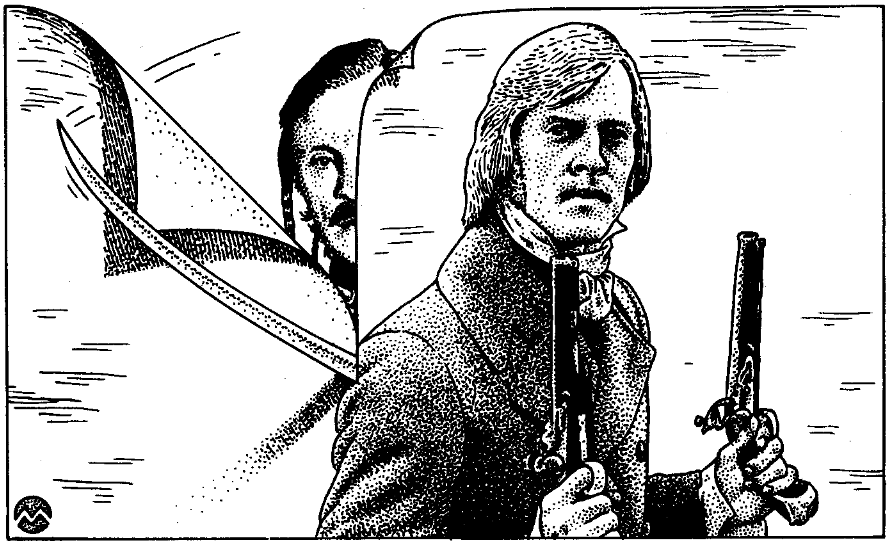
DUEL IMPERSONALITY

"... The laborious attention to period authenticity in *The Duellists* only calls attention to its flaws and inconsistencies ..."

The basis for **The Duellists,** a film by British director Ridley Scott, is a little known Joseph Conrad story, itself inspired by an account in a French newspaper. Set against the Napoleonic wars, it is the tale of two officers locked in an unending series of duels through what we today might call a loophole in the code of honor. The provoker, Feraud, a mean, choleric man, played implausibly by Harvey Keitel, takes umbrage at what he chooses to consider an insult by D'Hubert, the offender. This reticent, elegantly nonbelligerent cavalier, played none too credibly by Keith Carradine, is drawn unwillingly into a duel and all the subsequent duels that, stemming from the first, need no further justification. By the same code of honor that has given a lunatic command over his fate and freedom of movement, D'Hubert can neither refuse to satisfy his challenger's every whim nor reveal the circumstances of the original duel in order to clear himself. Only at the end, in an exquisite paradox that crowns the culminating duel, does he gain satisfaction by denying honorable satisfaction to his opponent.

This is the skeleton of the tale, and a splendid skeleton it is, a spare, morbid frame for Conrad's irony. So strong are the contours of the man-to-man conflict, embracing many levels of good and evil, that we keep seeing its outline through this well-meaning but fatuous adaptation. The duels—four or five of them—take up little time (though increasingly large amounts of flesh), but they contain the drama of moral dilemma, thus reducing the expanses of surrounding life to mere intervals.

In a movie, these intervals must be fleshed out, preferably—if the duels are to suggest the ravaging of life by ritual—by enhancing the possibilities life holds for D'Hubert. Instead, director Scott, working from a screenplay by Gerald Vaughan-Hughes, has chosen to create what amounts to an impersonal catalog of late-eighteenth- and early-nineteenth-century French painting. Almost every critical classification is represented, from historical (battle scenes and smoke-filled officers' mess) to genre (landscapes and still lifes with *beau métier* polish of the period) paintings. In fact, lighting seems to be his particular specialty and the interest in the duels lies as much in that sharply angled light of dawn as in the elaborate swordplay. Every character, regardless of dramatic function or importance, is treated to one or more portraitlike close-up. So perfectly posed are some in period dress and lighting that it is only with the final credits that we realize we have seen such eminences of the English screen and theater as Jenny Runacre, Robert Stephens, Albert Finney, and John McEnery. Some may call that the art of self-disguise; I call it a waste.



The tableaux are often ravishing, but to what purpose? Scott is like a director of television commercials—which he is—who has been given his first movie to direct—which he has. He O.D.'s on the cinematic luxuries of landscapes and period details, but—as so often happens in such cases—the effect is precisely the reverse of what is intended: The laborious attention to period authenticity, instead of completing the illusion, only calls our attention to the film's flaws and inconsistencies, the major faux pas being the casting of Carradine and Keitel in the leading roles.

Carradine, with his indolent "I'm Easy" charm, and Keitel, all ragged, urban nerves, are two of the more interesting American movie actors. In some ideal way their sensibilities may match those of D'Hubert and Feraud; but when they are placed in a highly ritualized European milieu, and surrounded by British accents whose inflections can suggest precise compass points on the social spectrum and their attendant values, these two are like somnambulists who have walked into somebody else's dream.

In **The Best Way,** a French film by Claude Miller, we are dealing with another set of duelists, whose deadly antagonism contains sexual meanings that, for all I know, may not be foreign to Conrad's combatants. There is, however, nothing subtextual in the homosexual theme here, which involves a touch of tranvestism at a boys' summer camp.

Late one night in the privacy of his room, the reed-slender, doe-eyed young drama instructor, Philippe (Patrick Bouchitey), is caught disporting in a *Jezebel*-red gown by Marc (Patrick Dewaere), one of the regular-guy sports counselors. Philippe is, as they say in the new psychobabble, "conflicted." He has a girl friend, Chantal, but they've never "done anything." Now Marc, an attractive young man who plays power games of his own, has something on Philippe. In the interest of self-preser-

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vation the latter approaches him one night with a bid for friendship and a proposal for integrating their respective groups of campers, the actors and the athletes.

Here Miller's strategy becomes clear. He is using the camp as a microcosm of society in a fifties-style thesis film which, in the interest of advancing some fine and admirable idea of human tolerance, divides human nature into intolerable opposites. A great deal is made of the camp's segregation of jock and artistic activities: "The Best Way of Marching" is the song the athletes sing ("Put one foot in front of the other," etc.) and is a symbolic anthem for the tyrannical marching orders by which society indoctrinates its youth and disciplines its deviants. Now I do not know about French camps, but in my own experience camps are tyrannical in quite the opposite way—as endearing monuments to the idea that we can all be turned into well-rounded creatures if we are forced with equal pressure through the sieves of archery, handicrafts, swimming, square dancing, and the dramatic and literary arts.

The tip-off to Miller's tendentiousness is that he sets the film in 1960, thus enabling him to pose the problem in a more extreme form and draw sides more broadly. The only intermediate figure between the blow-hard counselors who see women exclusively as the butt of dirty jokes and the "sissies" who watch Bergman on TV is Marc. As played by the talented Patrick Dewaere (who, with Gérard Depardieu, gave undeserved charm to that excrescence *Going Places*), he makes a fascinating "swing" vote.

There is an outlandish climax. Philippe, who heretofore has been too timid to say *"zut!"* appears at the camp's masked ball "unmasked"—in his Bette Davis gown and in front of his father, girl friend, and the entire camp (who, surprisingly, seem to take it rather in stride)—and makes an overt play for Marc. It is all designed to demonstrate that Marc too is not immune to what is, after all, a universal adolescent itch.

With this reassuring message the moment's titillating—and threatening—possibilities are neutralized and the ball is outrageous only by the standards of psychological realism of the rest of the film. Miller hasn't it in him to be truly audacious. He is a closet bourgeois humanist, reducing the issue of homosexuality to a rite of passage without traumatic consequences. Like the view of incest that Malle gave us in *Murmur of the Heart*, it is seen as a harmless prelude to heterosexual respectability. ■

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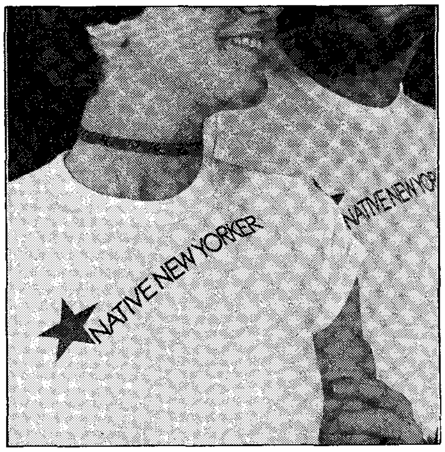

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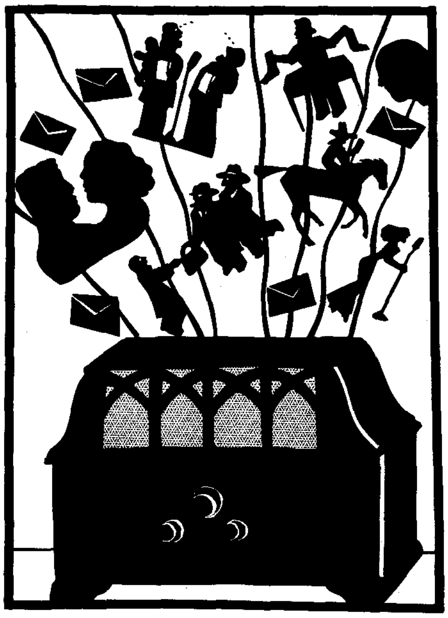
DIRTY POOL

> "... The entire cast performs adroitly, but *The Water Engine* is clearly a radio play, and a rather insignificant one at that ..."

Nothing succeeds like success. If you are David Mamet, the current critics' darling among young American playwrights, you can even dig any old radio play out of your trunk: Someone will be sure to produce it for you, and any number of critics will be equally sure to lap it up. I particularly loved those reviews that pondered the ontological or metaphysical reasons for casting **The Water Engine** in the mold of a radio play, when the reason is clearly that it *is* a radio play, and a rather insignificant one at that.

Chicago, 1934; the Century of Progress Exposition is in progress, but we are in a radio studio (situated, for the benefit of Joseph Papp's production, in New York, though the studio, too, ought to be in Chicago), where a typical radio thriller is being performed. It is the story of an inventor who has evolved an engine that runs on water. Two evil lawyers, representing the wicked world, try to wrest his secret from him only to destroy it; he fights them as well as an unworldly, idealistic inventor can; but the powers of darkness kill both him and his gallant sister. However, our inventor has managed to send off the blueprints to the bright son of a friendly candy-store owner. The kid may grow up to realize the dead inventor's plans. Of course, 44 years have gone by, and he hasn't yet; but if *The Water Engine* can be put onstage and get rave reviews, anything is possible.

To give the simplistic story (deliberately so, Mamet would, doubtless, say) greater resonance, we also have a bit of byplay in the studio; above all, we get various other minor sounds from Chicago in the thirties—such as the spiel of a barker, the voices of soapbox orators, the patter of a World's Fair guide, and, most mysterious of all, a sinister chain letter, whose alternately wheedling and ominous message several actors take turns reading out. What is all this doing in a play about a water engine? Call it the Chatter of the Age, or Existential Fallout, of the pretentiousness of the author. (Actually, the chain letter is the best part of the event, with the possible exception of the radio sound-effects man performing his methodical yet manic ritual in full view.)



To get us in the period mood, there is another bit of introductory simulation: Annie Hat, a Chicago singer of meager looks and even skimpier talent, croons an enormous number of good thirties' songs, but the only atmosphere she creates is that of a junior prom. She is not even particularly in period, but then neither is David Mamet, who has a 1934 character bid farewell with the banal phrase, "Have a good day!" which came in years later. The entire cast acts adroitly; the production values, under Steven Schachter's direction, are fine, but whatever may be true of tomorrow's combustion engine, you cannot run a stage play on the thin, watery inspiration that may just barely sustain a piece of radio drama.

Two very competent Off Broadway productions by able young playwrights have a good deal in common. I refer to **A Prayer for My Daughter,** by Thomas Babe, at the Public Theater; and **One Crack Out,** by the Canadian, David French, produced by the Phoenix Theater. Both plays have an excellent ear and feeling for the way low-life characters speak and live; both are able to squeeze a certain interest out of us ("So that's what goes on in a police station between crummy criminals and no less crummy cops!"—"So that's how things are in a seedy Toronto pool hall!"); both move along at a good clip and are constructed with considerable know-how, Babe's even rising to a certain "poetry of the illiterate" (to which the Yeatsian title is, presumably, a clue). Yet about both I must finally ask: Was there a compelling reason for writing this? And I wonder also why illiterate punks are so infinitely fascinating to our better new playwrights; why can't they advert to the lives of more literate, culturally developed specimens? Why should the smell of the gutter be the only authentic odor of reality?

In *A Prayer for My Daughter,* the better play of the two, a pair of sordid policemen question and torture a couple of homosexuals guilty of a pitifully sleazy murder. Meanwhile, the elder cop's daughter is off on a suicidal rampage, but her father won't himself go to her rescue in Vermont; at play's end, she is dead. The smarter homosexual, who is also the real killer, will once again get off easily, while his naïve punk lover will be the fall guy, with the full connivance of the cops.

Despite a curious bit of decency cropping up illogically here and there, the world's an evil place: Say things are nine tenths villainy and injustice, and one tenth prayerfulness. Babe is clearly fascinated by the way goodness and badness, in unusual proportions, interpenetrate and cohabit in the same psyche, but the problem is that his characters are a little too unappetizing, as well as too insignificant, to be suitably cast as exemplars of the existential ambiguities the play examines. There is aplomb here, and a remarkable awareness (as far as I can judge) of how such characters function, although the grander moments may be (again, as I see it) a mite too grand.

As the cleverer and more complicated homosexual, Laurence Luckinbill gives a performance that is somewhat overcalculated, a trifle actorish. But Jeffrey De Munn, as the younger cop, and Alan Rosenberg, as the child-

Illustrated by Jacqueline Chwast

like hustler—both of them hooked on dope—are frighteningly and pitiably convincing. In the key role of Kelly, the boozy, beastly, but also vulnerable sergeant, George Dzundza is supremely right to the least detail of shading, and also in the way he refuses to play for audience sympathy. Robert Allan Ackerman has directed appropriately amid suitably shabby surroundings, which the remnants of a July 4 office party make even more disconsolate.

David French's *One Crack Out* is about the murderous enmity between Charlie Evans, a declining pool shark, and Bulldog, a vicious pool-debt collector who smashes hands with lead pipes. There is also Charlie's recent impotence, which briefly drives his woman, Helen, a struggling stripper, into Bulldog's arms, though, of course, she loves Charlie. The pool hall contains assorted colorful characters, and there is the usual intermingling of meanness and harsh comedy. Call it the reverse side of *The Time of Your Life*, or the stuff of minor *film noir*, deftly done, except for a cliff-hanger ending. There is also a great deal of pool shooting, which some of the actors have mastered better than acting. And it is impressive to see a precisely handled billiard cue suddenly become a lethal weapon. But what is all the fuss really about and for? The principal antagonists seem to have only the cue, but not the motive, for passion.

The performances are adequate, and in the case of Kenneth Welsh as Charlie, and especially the much underrated James Greene as his sidekick, much better than that. The only poor work comes from Teri Garr, the movie actress, who, as Helen, wears sumptuous clothes that could easily be pawned for the money on which Charlie's life depends. More important, she gives a far too cool and elegant performance where some raw despair could do wonders.

Cuba has the bomb! Or, at least, the Cuban playwright Maria Irene Fornes has a bomb in **Fefu and Her Friends,** now being detonated at the American Place Theater. This is the usual Fornes piffle, straining after eccentricity and absurdism in the most labored and earthbound ways. You can tell that this nonsense play is Art, because no speech connects with what precedes or follows —every gnomic utterance is manifestly aimed at the empyrean—and because it was funded by four separate foundations and arts endowments. Gordana Rashovich is a very interesting actress who deserves better; Dorothy Lyman and Connie LoCurto also have nice qualities wasted here; the others seem all too depressingly at home.

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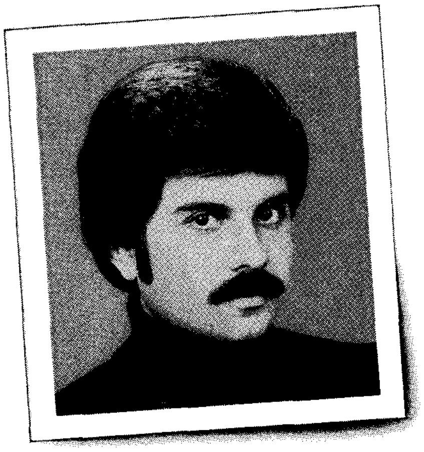

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The Urban Strategist / Evelyn Cappell Rubin and Ron Rubin

THE ABC'S OF LEARNING DISABILITIES

"...Learning disabilities mar the school careers of thousands of city students; boys with L.D. outnumber girls four to one..."

Eight-year-old Paul is a puzzle to his parents. Although the sandy-haired third-grader is an accomplished swimmer, bike rider, and skater, he has problems in school which have lately reached a crisis.

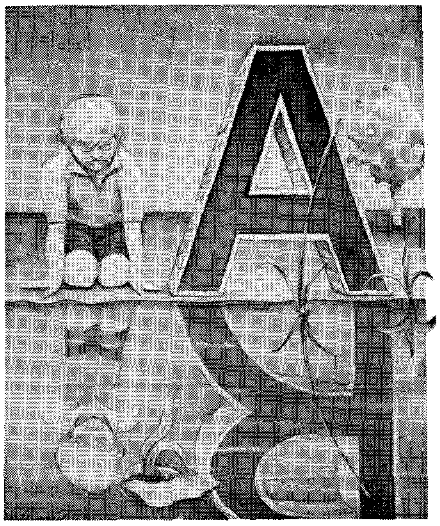
At a meeting set up by the school psychologist, Paul's parents were told that he is reading like a beginning first-grader, his spelling is erratic, and his attention drifts in class. Previously popular, Paul is now having daily scraps with his classmates.

Paul's mother, a career woman, has difficulty understanding the causes of her son's growing problems in school: "Paul," she says, "was an unusually alert and curious child. True, he was always hyperactive—darting from the TV set to his baseball cards and back again—but we figured he would outgrow this behavior."

Paul's father, a successful businessman, has his own theories: "Paul's been indulged too much and he refuses to work at school. He has the ability —he's just plain lazy."

What Paul's parents have yet to discover is that Paul is a learning-disabled child. He is one of a group that comprises anywhere from 2 to 15 percent of the healthy school-age population. Depending on which estimate you accept, this means that L.D. (learning disability) mars the school careers of between 30,000 and 225,000 New York City students, including four times as many boys as girls.

Many educational theorists see L.D. as the main reason why Johnny can't read, write, speak clearly, spell, add, or subtract. In 1975, the United States Congress, driven by the anguish of constituent parents, passed the Education for All Handicapped Children Act, which defined the L.D. child as follows: a student of at least average intelligence who performs 50 percent below expectation in the school staples of reading, spelling, speaking, and math. Congress's definition specifically differentiates L.D. from other educational disorders, such as mental retardation, emotional disturbance, cultural disadvantage, and school problems based on poor hearing and vision, because these require treatment different from that given the L.D. child.



The causes of L.D. are subject to wide debate and essentially remain a mystery to neurologists, psychologists, audiologists, pediatricians, speech pathologists, teachers, and therapists alike. Possible causes are birth trauma, injury to the head, family history of L.D., and the mother's illness during pregnancy. There is, however, general agreement among specialists that these disabilities, whatever their cause, have to do with the way the brain processes information.

A major psychological clue in detecting L.D. is the presence of uneven developmental signs—in Paul's case, he showed excellent motor control in bike riding but scribbled his class lessons with the awkwardness of a four-year-old. Another instance of L.D. might express itself in a child's difficulty in mastering such environmental trappings as the order of the days of the week, telling time, or the layout of neighborhood streets.

But parents should not needlessly alarm themselves by imagining that their child has L.D. simply because he exhibits a standard L.D. symptom. Every child's rate of development is unique—one buttons his shirt before age three, and another not until four and a half. Neither does slowness in spelling or reading automatically indicate L.D. This uneven growth and learning rate is part of the normal process of development. "We look for a cluster of symptoms," says Dr. Ruth Gottesman, chief of psychoeducational services at Albert Einstein College of Medicine in the Bronx. "One sign alone doesn't confirm L.D."

"The first step for a parent who suspects that an otherwise normal child has a learning disability is a visit to the family pediatrician," advises Dr. Nola Marx, a fellow in developmental pediatrics at the University of Rochester. An office exam will rule out physical problems such as a hearing loss, impaired vision, and poor food and sleep habits. If the diagnosis turns up subtle neurological disorders, the outward manifestations of which might be awkward gait, articulation difficulties, or poor eye-hand coordination involving writing or cutting, for instance, suspicions of L.D. are heightened. The next step on the L.D. checklist might be a referral to a neurologist.

Real confirmation of L.D. rests on weak performance in specific academic areas where a discrepancy is found between a child's ability and achievement. The chief area of difficulty encountered by L.D. children is reading. Paul, for example, could not remember the sounds corresponding to certain letters of the alphabet. Vowel sounds in particular seemed to perplex him. "Men," his teacher reported, might just as likely be read by Paul as "mun" or "man."

This reading problem is called dyslexia, other symptoms of which include letter and word reversals. A dyslexic child will often substitute a *b* for a *d*, or confuse "was" with "saw." Some of these children are stumped by the seemingly natural process of combining letter sounds when they occur together in a word—"glad" emerges as "guhlad" or "gad."

"In the early grades, problems with such reading-deciphering skills might be camouflaged by a child with a sharp memory for the configurational picture that words present, skirting the prob-

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Evelyn Cappell Rubin is a private therapist and a fellow at Teachers College Institute of Learning Disabilities. Ron Rubin is a professor of social science at CUNY.

Illustrated by Tudor Banus

lem of sounding out the word," says Professor N. Dale Bryant, director of the Research Institute for the Study of Learning Disabilities at Columbia's Teachers College. But the child's basic reading deficiency will become evident by the third or fourth grade, when he will be expected to make out unfamiliar words. A dyslexic child's oral reading, according to Columbia-Presbyterian's Dr. Jeannette Jansky, is marked by a slow, disfluent, word-by-word approach. In addition to the roadblocks presented by reading individual words, the dyslexic child often finds comprehending written or spoken language a chore, and has difficulty in spelling even the simplest of words.

Henry, a Bronx elementary-school student, has another type of learning disability: dyscalculia, difficulty in managing mathematical symbols and computations. In the stamp album he received for his tenth birthday, Henry placed his large commemoratives in spaces outlined for smaller ones. This difficulty in grasping size relationships underlies his trouble in mastering numerical concepts.

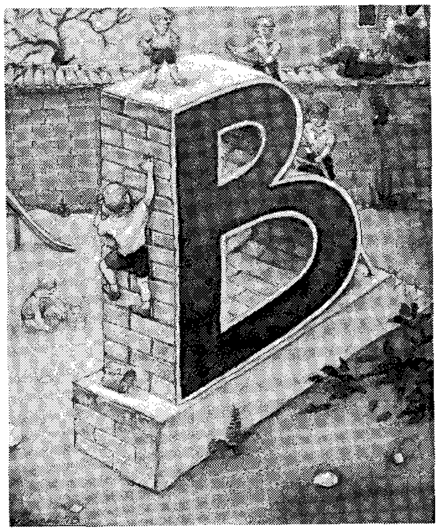
Another sign of dyscalculia is difficulty with spatial relationships, such as the inability to learn the concepts of up and down, right and left. When Henry's gym teacher calls out, "Right turn," Henry furtively glances over his shoulder and follows the lead of his neighbor. On his math work sheet, Henry's problem translates into adding two columns diagonally instead of vertically. But most socially embarrassing for Henry are trips to the store with his friends, when he fumblingly hands over a dollar bill to the cashier rather than the appropriate small change, thereby avoiding the money calculations which baffle him.

Perhaps most bewildering to a parent is something called dysgraphia—the inability to print even one's own name clearly on a lined piece of paper.

Dr. Laura Ann Wilber, president of the New York State Speech and Hearing Association, emphasizes that the origins of L.D. go beyond their specific manifestations in reading and writing skills and lie in a deficiency in mastering language. According to Dr. Wilber, words as a means for clearly expressing thought patterns elude these children.

Speech disorders, which can be detected in children aged three to five, are a potential red flag that L.D. may be in the offing. Dr. Marx stresses that the learning problems later on can sometimes be circumvented through early intervention. "If I see a four-year-old whose speech is decipherable to no adult other than the parent, I consider that child to have communication difficulties," she says. There are other early warning signs: if the names of familiar objects, such as parts of the body, escape his memory; if following the simple directions of his nursery-school teacher is beyond him; if a short attention span and impatience distinguish him in group activities.

If unattended, such language problems will intensify with age. The second-grader with this handicap will be unable to sequence a story coherently. Questions in school on the whys, whens, or wheres of study topics will confuse him. But with therapy, remarkable success has been achieved in raising the level of academic achievement in these children.



While each L.D. child has an individual cluster of problems to which the therapy should be tailored, the following rules of remediation are always applicable, according to Columbia's Professor Bryant, former president of the Orton Society, the professional group specializing in L.D. problems:

☐ *Break the problem down to its simplest level.* Teach only one element at a time. For example, don't teach the whole area of reading, but emphasize the "short *a*" sound (the *a* in apple).

☐ *Simplify the presentation.* Be clear. Many L.D. children can't differentiate between essential and unessential detail, so use explicit instructions and educational material.

☐ *Focus on the text.* Children with learning disabilities are easily distracted. The therapy session should take place in a quiet area where nothing else competes for the child's attention.

☐ *Be patient and repetitive.* These children are slow to absorb new skills, so don't expect quick success. Frequent reviews and drills ensure that whatever knowledge is gained will be maintained, so sessions with a therapist should be held two to four times weekly. Summers can't be considered time off.

☐ *Teach a specific application.* Since L.D. children find it hard to apply a skill to a novel context, specific skills must be taught in different contexts.

In the school years, parents should minimize the emotional scars wrought by L.D. and remind the child that he is bright. Since areas of weakness tend to be stressed, areas of strength should be pointed out and praised.

What does the future hold for the L.D. child? In the classroom, progress can be expected provided that the child receives proper remediation. Not unusual is the case of Fred, now eleven, a sixth-grader who at nine years of age lagged two years behind his classmates in reading. With the benefit of weekly remediation sessions, he is no longer in the lowest reading group.

Because L.D. is most glaring in a school setting, it takes on less significance in adulthood. Naturally, youths handicapped by L.D. will automatically select careers which avoid their disability, but they will still function as normal adults—as does Nelson Rockefeller, who has dyslexia.

Where to Get Help

Both parents and school officials often confuse the indications of L.D. with a lack of motivation on the child's part. And because L.D.'s outward manifestations are not as severe as those of, say, mental retardation or emotional disturbance, schools are less likely to focus their limited resources on helping children with this handicap.

For these reasons, discovering the proper course of remediation amounts to a "sleuthing process," as Mark Usdane of Long Island College Hospital puts it. "Parents have to push to get an L.D. child accurately diagnosed and treated." Parents who suspect that their child may have L.D. should check out their suspicions with school authorities.

Private schools: Most New York City private schools are equipped to diagnose signs of L.D., although remediation may require help from the outside. Parents should get in touch with the school's principal, who will probably set up an appointment with the school psychologist and the child's teacher. The school psychologist may be trained to spot L.D., or may refer the parents to the learning-disabilities teacher, a position increasingly common among private-school faculties.

Public schools: While the New York City Board of Education provides a host of services for students with severe handicaps, such as brain damage, mental retardation, deafness, and blindness, there is no one bureau that deals specifically with the L.D. child. Parents

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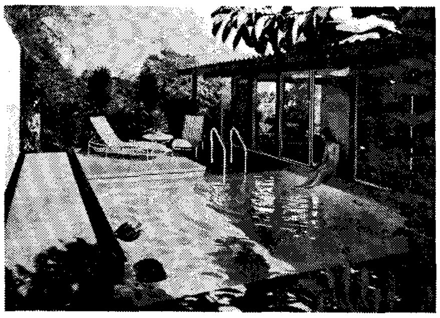

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> "... An L.D. child is intelligent and up to par in areas other than his disability..."

with initiative, however, can get their child professionally evaluated by the board's Evaluation Unit (852-7952), although it has a long waiting list. The board also operates a Readiness Program (876-0260)—for five- and six-year-olds with "severe" learning disabilities—in 30 diagnostic-therapeutic classrooms in all boroughs.

Hospitals: Because of the medical, psychiatric, and neurological aspects of L.D., hospitals are becoming increasingly involved in this area, and the number of hospital-operated clinics for L.D. children is growing. Pediatric training programs in the last ten years have given steadily increasing attention to L.D. and other educational disorders, and pediatricians report that children with learning problems make up a significant percentage of their patients.

While the guide to hospital facilities below aims at being comprehensive, it should be noted that the picture is fluid. Depending on government funding, private resources, personnel, and community needs, an L.D. program may live or die.

Universities: University-sponsored L.D. facilities (see guide, page 66) serve the dual role of training professionals in these areas and treating actual patients. At a university clinic, a child is often examined by a graduate student whose performance in turn is supervised by a faculty member. Treatment fees are generally lower than those at hospitals.

Private sources: While there are many private agencies and individual therapists in practice in the city, the quality and training vary widely. For guidance, parents should consult school officials, medical personnel, and the parent grapevine.

Parents considering private sources should be wary of therapists promising miracles—treating the L.D. child is a slow process and the competent specialist focuses on specific problems—and find one who is willing to hold periodic conferences with them. Because the L.D. child is intelligent and up to par in areas other than his particular disability, he's generally mature enough to sense whether or not his tutoring is helpful.

Guide to Hospital Facilities

Albert Einstein College of Medicine

Audiology Clinic (1600 Tenbroeck Avenue, Bronx, 430-2959).

The Rose F. Kennedy Center for Research Into Mental Retardation and Human Development (1410 Pelham Parkway South, Bronx, 430-2527)—L.D. section stresses an interdisciplinary approach.

Bellevue Hospital Center

Hearing and Speech Center (First Avenue at 27th Street, 561-3566).

Beth Israel Medical Center

Department of Rehabilitation Medicine, Communicative Disorders (10 N.D. Perlman Place, 420-2000).

Brookdale Hospital

Bruner Developmental Disabilities Center (9620 Church Avenue, Brooklyn, 495-1010).

Brooklyn-Cumberland Medical Center

Department of Psychiatry (39 Auburn Place, Brooklyn, 625-1880, ext. 636).

Catholic Medical Center of Brooklyn and Queens

Hearing Clinic (88-25 53rd Street, Queens, 291-3300, ext. 2154).

City Hospital Center at Elmhurst

Speech and Hearing Clinic (79-01 Broadway, Queens, 830-1015).

Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center

Robinson Reading Clinic (622 West 168th Street, 694-3093)—deals in dyslexia as it affects children in P.S. 173.

Speech and Hearing Clinic (622 West 168th Street, 694-2961).

Coney Island Hospital

Communication Disorders Division (2601 Ocean Parkway, Brooklyn, 743-4100, ext. 250)—speech.

Learning Disabilities and Reading Clinic (2601 Ocean Parkway, Brooklyn, 934-9720).

Downstate Medical Center/Kings County Hospital

Learning Center, Division of Child and Adolescent Psychiatry (450 Clarkson Avenue, Brooklyn, 270-2960).

Speech Pathology Division (450 Clarkson Avenue, Brooklyn, 270-2049).

Gouverneur Hospital, Department of Rehabilitation Medicine

Occupational Therapy Section (227 Madison Street, 374-7881).

Speech and Hearing Section (227 Madison Street, 374-7882).

Lenox Hill Hospital

Center for Communication Disorders (100 East 77th Street, 794-4821).

Lincoln Hospital

Department of Psychiatry, Children's Outpatient Services (234 East 149th Street, Bronx, 579-5045).

Long Island College Hospital

Division of Audiology (340 Henry Street, Brooklyn, 780-1756).

Stanley S. Lamm Institute for Developmental Disabilities (340 Henry Street, Brooklyn, 780-1549).

Long Island Jewish-Hillside Medical Center

Child Development Clinic (271-11 Union Turnpike, Queens, 470-4547).

Learning Diagnostic Center (410 Lakeville Road, New Hyde Park, 470-2741).

Manhattan Eye, Ear and Throat Hospital

Hearing and Speech Clinic (210 East 64th Street, 838-9200, ext. 251).

Methodist Hospital of Brooklyn

Department of Speech and Audiology (506 6th Street, Brooklyn, 780-3393).

Metropolitan Hospital Center

Pediatrics Department (1901 First Avenue, near 97th Street, 360-6060).

Montefiore Hospital

Speech and Hearing Center (111 East 210th Street, Bronx, 920-5445).

Mount Sinai Hospital

Communication Disorders Center (100th Street and Fifth Avenue, 650-6153).

New York Hospital

Speech and Hearing Center (525 East 68th Street, 472-6050).

New York Medical College

Department of Clinical Communicology (105 East 106th Street, 860-7800)—speech and hearing.

Department of Psychology (105 East 106th Street, 860-7814)—reading.

Queens Hospital Center

Child and Adolescent Clinic (82-68 164th Street, Jamaica, 990-2803).

Children's Rehabilitation Service (82-68 164th Street, Jamaica, 990-2047).

Roosevelt Hospital

Communicative Disorders Section (428 West 59th Street, 554-7047).

Developmental Disabilities Center (428 West 59th Street, 554-6565).

St. Luke's Hospital

Language and Learning Disabilities Unit (Amsterdam Avenue and 114th Street, 870-6359).

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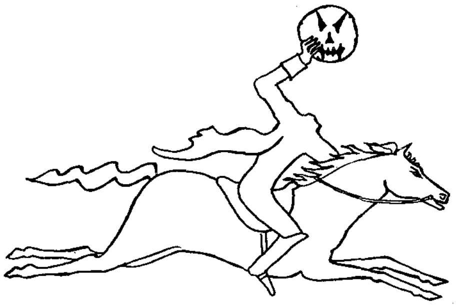

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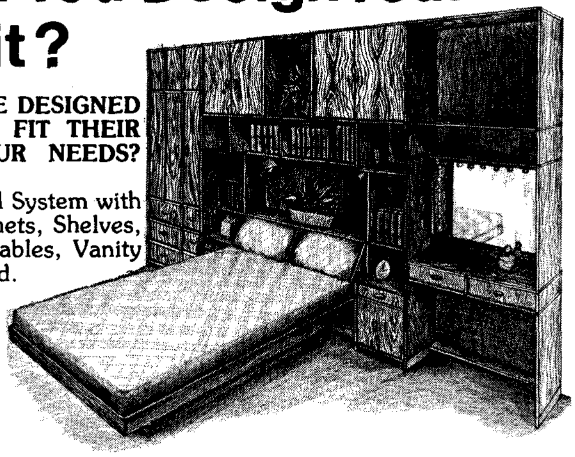

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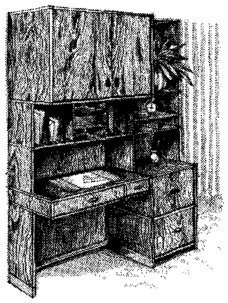

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St. Vincent's Hospital
Pediatric Rehabilitation Clinic (153 West 11th Street, 790-8672).

St. Vincent's Medical Center of Richmond
Speech and Hearing Center (355 Bard Avenue, Staten Island, 390-1481).

Staten Island Hospital
Speech and Hearing Center (101 Castleton Avenue, 447-6000, ext. 440).

Veterans Administration Outpatient Clinic
Speech Pathology and Audiology Service (252 Seventh Avenue, near 24th Street, 620-6306)—veterans only.

Guide to University Facilities

Brooklyn College
Speech and Hearing Center (Bedford Avenue and Avenue H, 780-5186).

City College
Speech and Hearing Center (140th Street and Convent Avenue, 690-5377).

Columbia University, Teachers College
Child Study Center (525 West 120th Street, 678-3880)—general learning disabilities.
Reading Center (525 West 120th Street, 678-3826).
Speech and Hearing Center (525 West 120th Street, 678-3409).

Hunter College
Center for Communication Disorders (105 East 106th Street, 860-1401).

Kingsborough Community College
Learning Opportunities Center (Oriental Boulevard, Brooklyn, 934-5270)—Kingsborough students only.

Lehman College
Speech and Hearing Center (2641 Grand Concourse at Kingsbridge Road, Bronx, 960-8138).

Manhattan College
Institute for Cognitive Development (Manhattan College Parkway and West 242nd Street, 548-1400, ext. 226)—emphasizes reading problems.

Marymount Manhattan College
Communication and Learning Center (221 East 71st Street, 472-3800, ext. 576).

New York University
Children's Consultation Service (50 West 4th Street, 598-3477).
Reading Institute (725 Broadway, at Waverly Place, 598-3061)—clientele is "from 7 to 70."

Queens College
Speech and Hearing Center (65-30 Kissena Boulevard, Flushing, 520-7358).

Queensborough Community College
Learning Clinics (56th Avenue and Springfield Boulevard, 631-6468).

St. John's University
Speech and Hearing Center (Grand Central and Utopia parkways, Jamaica, Queens, 969-8000, ext. 480). ∎

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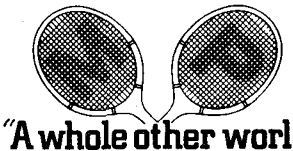

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SALES & BARGAINS

BY LEONORE FLEISCHER

NOTES ON MARKDOWNS, MONEY-SAVERS, AND RIPOFFS

Erin go buy—The Irish Pavilion is having a one-day sale, its first large sale in ten years. Free Irish coffee will be given to any adult who makes a purchase. Reduced are: linen-blend short-sleeved safari jackets for women, sizes 10–14, were $140, now $85; linen-blend long-sleeved blazers, were $160, now $115; white handwoven wool wrap jackets, were $135, now $95; women's white patch-pocket blazers, were $150, now $120; men's wool-and-tweed sweater jackets, were $75, now $50; men's hacking jackets, were $135, now $80; women's toppers in camel or gray, were $125, now $90; unisex all-wool turtleneck sweaters, plain or striped, were $40, now $20; men's wool sweater vests, were $27.50, now $15; rainbow tweed jackets for women, were $150, now $110; heavy knitted ribbed-wool women's jackets, were $65, now $30; hand-crocheted wool cap-and-muffler sets, were $40, now $25; hand-crocheted shawls, were $45–$55, now $25–$30; woven shawls, were $30, now $20. Also 10 percent discounts on rush baskets and sisal stools. All major credit cards and checks accepted; all sales final. *The Irish Pavilion, 130 East 57th St. (759-9040); Sun., 1/29, only; noon–5 p.m.*

Three for the money—Two young clothing designers and one young weaver are holding a one-day clearance sale of their end-of-season stock and some showroom samples at or below their wholesale prices. Inia is selling about 25 pieces—all-silk dresses and separates, sizes 4–12. Examples: a top with fagoting, $96 retail, $48 here; blouson trimmed in handmade lace, $100 retail, $50 here; lace-trimmed peasant blouse, $50 here, and silk skirt to match, $68 here. Christine has about 100 pieces of her weaving, almost all of it wool and mohair, some silk and linen. Mufflers are now $15; triangles for shawls, now $25–$35; stoles, $30; silk-and-linen triangles, $45 wholesale, now $30; a large stole, 48 in. by 96 in., $80 here; everything is meltingly soft and comes in beautiful colors. Sydney's dresses are mostly one of a kind, but she has over 100 pieces, sizes 4–14. Examples: a wool-jersey skimmer, $130 retail, $65 here; crepe-de-Chine flounced dress, $50 here; long-sleeved wool wrap coatdress, $50 here; matching top and skirt, $15 each. Cash-and-carry only; all sales final. *Sydney Carvin Milliken, Ltd., 1182 Broadway, between 28th and 29th sts., Room 1403 (889-0109); Sat., 1/28, only; 9 a.m.– 4 p.m.*

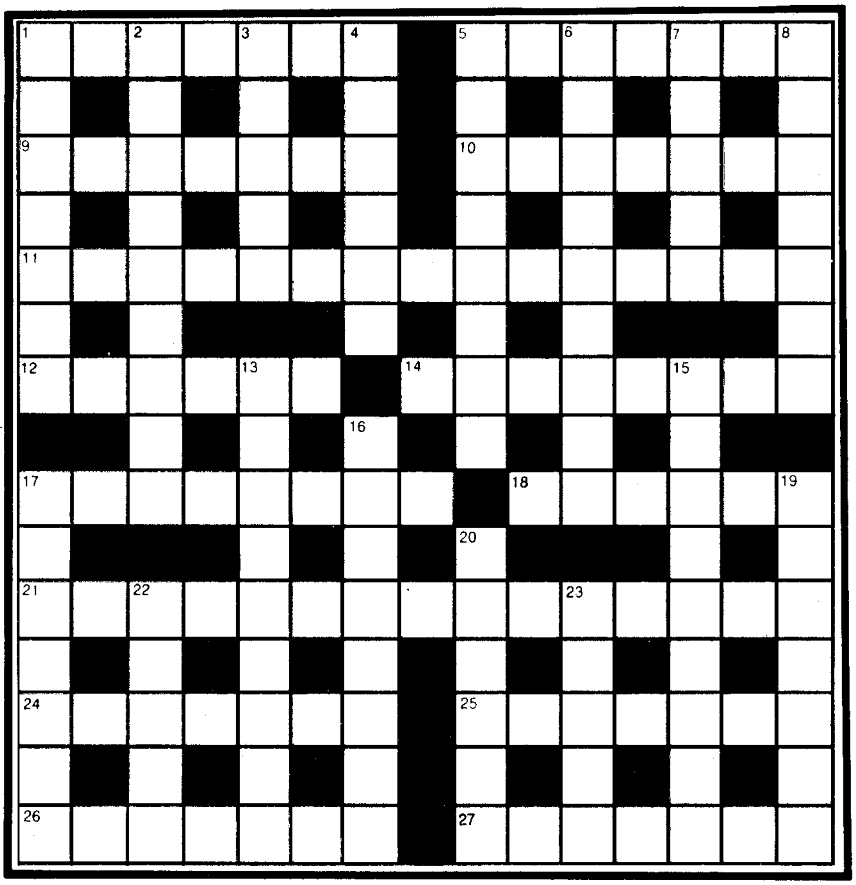
Crewel and unusual—Erica Wilson's name is synonymous with needlework, and her Madison Ave. shop is having a sale of selected merchandise, all reduced 20–50 percent and all red-tagged for easy identification. Examples: Wilson-design kits for crewelwork pillows, approximately 14 in. sq., including needle, yarns, fabric, design, instructions, were $10, now $6; *Sesame Street*–characters quickpoint kits for children, were $10, now $6; needlepoint kits for Christmas ornaments of all sizes and shapes, now $1 and up; some books on needlework, now 30 percent off; acrylic medium worsted in 4-oz. pull skeins, were $2.10, now $1.65; wool-and-acrylic baby yarn, was 85 cents an oz., now 65 cents. Many other items, some few of a kind. Master Charge and Visa accepted on purchases over $15; checks accepted; all sales final. *Erica Wilson Needleworks, 717 Madison Ave., between 63rd and 64th sts. (832-7290); Mon.–Fri. 9:30 a.m.–5:30 p.m., Sat. 10 a.m.–5 p.m.; through 1/31.*

A girl's best friend—Edna and Goldie are celebrating their thirtieth anniversary in business and their second on Madison Ave. with a jewelry sale. Their usual prices are already discounted, so these reductions represent terrific values. Most pieces are one or few of a kind, but here are some typical items: "S"-chain gold bracelets, usually sold here for $18–$20, now $12; an 18K-gold-and-pavé-diamond ring, usually $750 here, now $650; 30-in. necklaces of genuine stones, with 14K-gold clasps, in tigereye, lapis, pearl, etc.—the lapis was $150, now $120; an ivory bangle bracelet wound with 14K-gold wire, was $45, now $36; 17-jewel watches for men and women, some set with diamonds, now 50 percent off the list prices. Also earrings, cuff links, necklaces, and other pieces. Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted; exchanges and refunds possible. *Edna Nelkin and Goldie Blum, 790 Madison Ave., at 67th St., second floor (249-0681); Tues.–Fri. 10 a.m.–5 p.m., Sat. till 4 p.m., closed Mon.; through 1/28.* ■

Send suggestions for Sales & Bargains to Leonore Fleischer, New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017, a month before the sale. Do not phone.*

WORLD'S MOST CHALLENGING CROSSWORD

FROM THE SUNDAY TIMES OF LONDON



Clues

ACROSS

1 Small cavitys made by animals round a river. (7)

5 Have meat and drink to give encouragement. (7)

9 Cause loss of confidence helping to make the runner very jittery. (7)

10 An animal about to steal is an agile one. (7)

11 Two gamblers are showing an improvement. (6, 3, 6)

12 A society girl had food for discussion. (6)

14 Spoke of religion on the page we had got to. (8)

17 There is a measure in motion for expansion. (8)

18 Place which gives the industrious one the edge. (6)

21 Part of Africa in a fruitless condition. (6, 4, 5)

24 The place to shake everyone. (7)

25 Record about undergraduate rowdyism which is easily broken into. (7)

26 Scored and would still be famous if the honour were missing. (7)

27 Mark time with lid irregularly. (7)

DOWN

1 Gave the lead domestically. (7)

2 Studies a piece of furniture as an artist. (9)

3 Strange characteristic of beer I enjoy drinking. (5)

4 Observe a tool go up and down. (6)

5 Defames the British, for example, when they have lost their head. (8)

6 China in place or out of order. (9)

7 Gold piece in circulation. (5)

8 Taught what is possibly true to a large number. (7)

13 Means of communication which is potentially a great help. (9)

15 Plant collection is the woman's element. (9)

16 Pinched although ran away after the enthusiasts returned. (8)

17 Ornamental pouch. (7)

19 Star who put the sheep amid the pig food. (3, 4)

20 Busy one provided with a meal, but complained. (6)

22 Race meeting where lucky thing loses a thousand. (5)

23 Seat with high back. (5)

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Solution to last issue's puzzle:

■	A	P	P	A	L	L	I	N	G	R	U	S	H	■
C	■	R	■	R	■	A	■	U	■	E	■	Y	■	I
O	V	E	R	D	O	S	E	D	■	M	O	R	O	N
M	■	S	■	E	■	T	■	I	■	I	■	I	■	T
M	A	C	O	N	■	P	O	T	E	N	T	A	T	E
O	■	I	■	■	■	I	■	Y	■	I	■	■	■	R
N	I	N	E	P	I	N	S	■	E	S	T	E	E	M
M	■	D	■	E	■	T	■	B	■	C	■	X	■	A
E	S	S	E	N	E	■	M	A	N	E	A	T	E	R
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U	■	O	■	E	■	E	■	P	■	H	■	S	■	A
R	O	D	I	N	■	R	E	A	S	O	N	I	N	G
E	■	E	■	T	■	U	■	T	■	C	■	O	■	E
■	H	O	U	S	E	B	R	E	A	K	I	N	G	■

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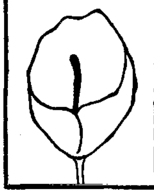

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April 28, 29, 30

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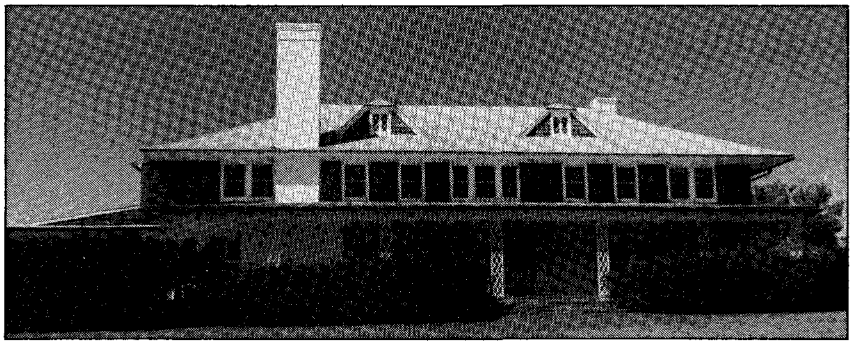
This is a Weekly Real Estate Section limited to Display Ads only. Display Ads are sold by the inch. The Rates for this section are as follows: 1 time ad—$147 per inch; 2 consecutive ads—$129 per inch each; 3 consecutive ads—$120 per inch each; 4 consecutive ads or 13 during one year—$110 per inch each. Long term rates also available. Larger sizes available in increments of ¼ inch. Extra $5 for NYM Box Number. Complete rates available upon request. Payment & closing dates are the same as regular New York Magazine Classified.



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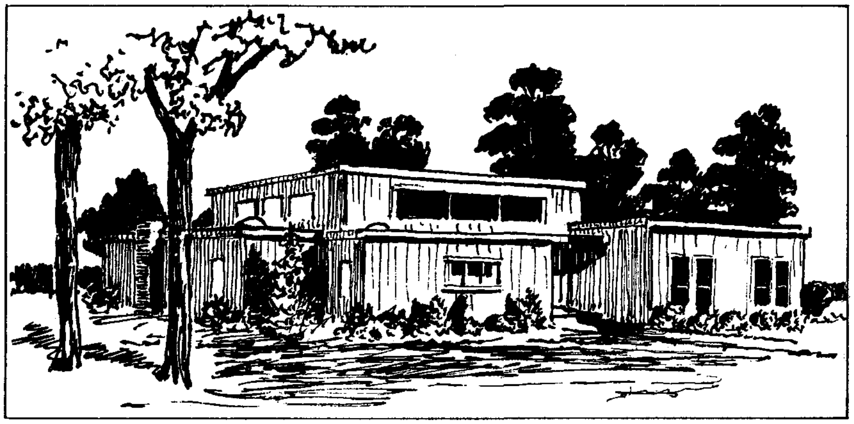

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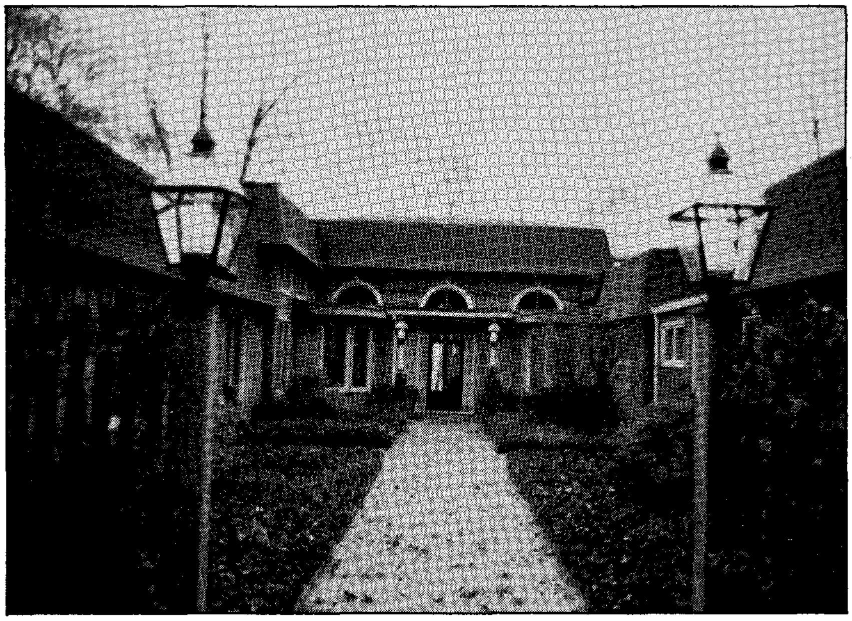

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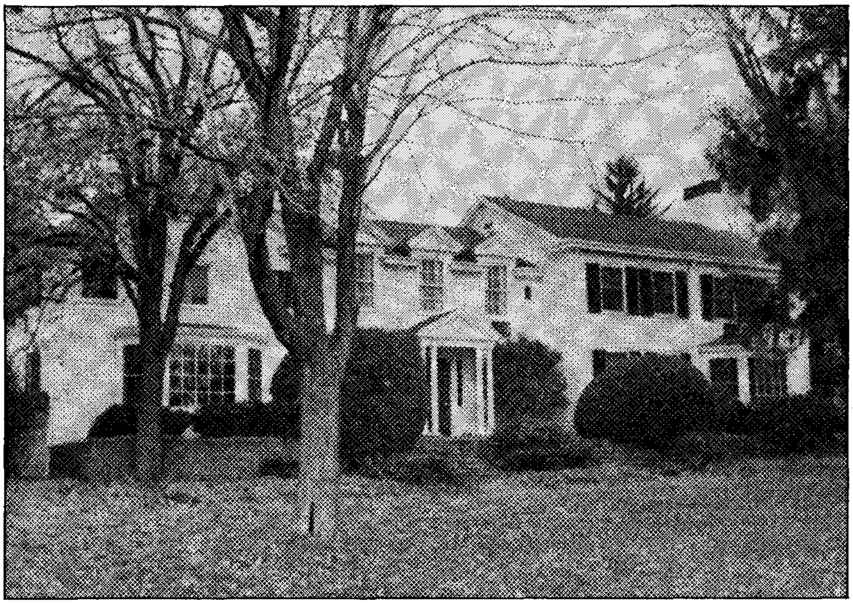

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NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

COMPETITION NUMBER 308

MARY ANN MADDEN

PRYCE KNOWLTON (Paul Tel-Amadhavi, Second Reporter, a Townsperson) was last seen as the younger son, Styx, in David Mamet's *Foreclosure and Penal Code Jokes,* and as Fetlock in the Actors' Theatre production of *Amato.* Mr. Knowlton played the uncle, Vanya, in Anton Chekhov's play of the same name, which he directed here in 1972.

EVANGELINE COMET (Maria Tel-Amadhavi) delighted audiences in Sayville this summer with her one-woman show, *Poetry to Music.* She appeared as Fanny in Molnar's *The Turbot* and is known to millions of TV viewers as Morgan Lamont, the matron-you-love-to-hate on the CBS daytime serial *City of Fear.* Ms. Comet is the daughter of the late Jane Feasible and makes her home with her husband, John Smith, and their cairn terriers in Rydell, New York.

HARRY FLAN (The Mummer) is a newcomer to the legitimate stage, but filmgoers will remember him in the title role of Luis Buñuel's masterful *Enfant Terrible.*

Above, what's what with who's who in the cast. Competitors are invited to provide biographical data for program notes. Limit 150 words.

Results of Competition 305, in which you were asked for actual clippings plus a brief comment.

Report: Wuxtry, wuxtry, read all about it. Two repeat items: the "six-foot yacht" in the New York *Times* and the "soupcan of incongruity" in *Stagebill.* Entries (below) lacking source arrived that way, but all are bona fide. No one sent the item about the invisible man in the waiting room. Seems the nurse said: "Good news, sir. The doctor can see you now." Actually, I made this up, and couldn't think of a competition to go with it. Not a moment too soon, either.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to "New York" to:

(*Jewish Daily Forward*) JERRY RUBIN, 29, REALLY GROWS UP, ENGAGED TO WED, NO LONGER ANGRY.

Golly, isn't that swell!!

Marcia Cohen, Bayside, N.Y.

(Sarasota *Herald-Tribune*) Mill Valley, Calif.—Like other performers with well-known relatives, Stephanie Zimbalist had a decision to make. But she says she never seriously considered changing her famous name. "I like my name. I like the rhythm," she said. "I like the iambic pentameter."

Perhaps it is because she hears a different drummer.

Martha H. Freedman, Sarasota, Fla.

EARMUFF INVENTOR TO GET HIS DAY IN (MAINE) SUN. Farmington, Me.—Residents here have begun gearing up for what could be their largest celebration of the year, Chester Greenwood Day.

Hear ye, hear ye . . . I said, "Hear ye, hear ye!"

Mark A. Malcolm, Teaneck, N.J.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to "New York" to:

(New York *Times*) TIPTON RETIRING AT ARMY. West Point, N.Y.—Eric Tipton, Army's baseball coach since 1957, will retire Friday when the Cadets close their season at home against Navy. He is 662 years old, a 1939 graduate of Duke, where he starred in football and baseball.

God bless him!

Miles Klein, East Brunswick, N.J.

(New York *Times*) COUNT YOUR MNUDANE BLESSINGS.

O.K. 1, 3, 2, 4, 5, 6, 7. Ho hum.

Stephen G. Doig, Highland Beach, Fla.

OLD AGE. Durban, South Africa—A woman defendant insisted she was only 53 years old until the judge pointed out that would mean she had been convicted of theft at age one and of soliciting for prostitution when she was five.

Well, excuuuuuse me!

Michael S. Lesker, Springfield, Mass.

And Honorable Mention to:

(Boston *Sunday Globe*) PARAKEET WHO OVEREATS. Dear Dr. Fox: My parakeet, about two years old, overeats, without shelling his seeds, and then he hangs on to his bell and throws up. What can I do for him?—J. U.

Have you considered getting him an agent?

Karen S. Lyon, Boston, Mass.

(New York *Times*) BIRD HALTS 747 FLIGHT. Boston—The pilot of a Trans World Airlines Boeing 747 was forced to return to Logan International Airport 20 minutes after takeoff when a bird was sucked into an engine . . . . The airline said later that the jumbo jet was repaired last night and took off for Londonagainshortlyaftermid night.

And making up for lost time.

Michael Deskey, Wauwatosa, Wis.

(Boston *Herald American*) ACCEPTING DEATH IS AN ART IN ITSELF.

How true! And worse, there are so few noteworthy practitioners of the art.

Dora Ullian, Newton, Mass.

(*Punch* magazine) A spokesman for Cal-Mac at Largs Pier said that the weekly cruise was very popular and the record this year was 700 passengers from Largs.

"It's been going well," he said, "apart from people diving overboard."

Edward Barclay, Muskegon, Mich.

(New York *Post*) CHRYSLER ASKED TO RECALL CARS.

Well, there was the Stutz Bearcat, Maxwell, Chandler, Willy's Knight, Stanley Steamer, Chalmers, and . . .

Ted Berkelmann, Bronx

(*Show Business*) BUGS BUNNY REPLACEMENT WANTED. Roger Hess producer of the U.S. tour of the Bugs Bunny Follies is looking for a replacement for the role of Bugs Bunny. Equity and non-Equity female dancers with good strong technique.

Bugs is a girl? If only Doc would have told us what was up!

Don Wigal, NYC

(Detroit *News*) LOONY JUSTICE. Accustomed to handling federal firearms and bank robbery cases, Assistant U.S. Attorney Gordon S. Gold reports that a duty stint in Flint brought some surprises. "Our biggest case was possession of a loon," he said. "The defendant had brought a stuffed loon from outside the country and was charged with—and pleaded guilty to—violating the migratory bird statute."

A second charge, possession of a hoot owl, was dropped.

Connon Barclay, Muskegon, Mich.

(*Woman's Day*) We asked Good Housekeeping to witness the opening of these leading canned hams. Now we ask you to guess which is the Polish Ham. The right answer enters you in our Sweepstakes for a chance to win the Grand Prize trip for 2 to Poland, or an electric carving knife. To guess right, pick the leaner, meatier looking ham. That's tasty ham. That's Polish Ham!

It's the one on the far left, and I'll take the knife.

Jeff Baron, Boston, Mass.

(University of Tennessee *Daily Beacon*) The commission was dumbstruck. One member slowly dropped his pencil. Another blanched visible. And the head of William W. Scranton, the chairman, dropped into his hands.

Excerpted from Washington (Behind Closed Doors) Irving's classic, *The Legend of Foggy Bottom.*

Lee and Ron Magid, Knoxville, Tenn.

FOOLING THE PIGEONS. Cleveland—Instead of planting flowers, the city hopes to outwit the pigeons next spring by putting colored rocks in part of the city square honoring Cleveland's founder, Moses Cleaveland. Flowers will be planted in the other three quadrants, as in past years, but not in the one in front of the Terminal Tower, where the statue of Moses Cleaveland stands.

With a plan like that, my money is on the pigeons.

Robert M. Hunt, Cambridge, Mass.

(*New York* Magazine) Furs—Furs—Furs—Natural Silver Raccoon, Blackglama Mink, Fox, Coyote, Muskrat, Nutria, etc. etc. HARRY KIRSHNER, 307 7th Avenue, NYC.

Ask for Harry. He's the one with the yarmulke, saffron robe, and shaved head.

Judith Klein, East Brunswick, N.J.

(Chatham, N.Y., *Courier*) OLD CHATHAM BARBER SHOP WILL REOPEN OCTOBER 14 DUE TO ILLNESS.

Sic.

Ron Frankel, NYC

(San Francisco *Chronicle*) Assateague Island, Md.—The president [Nixon], who arrived in midafternoon after an hour's flight from Washington, stretched out on the gray, overcast skies after his brief swim.

It's that understated flamboyance that Carter can't seem to project.

Russell McGrath, Berkeley, Calif.

(New York *Times*) 3 CONCERNS ACCUSED OF ILLEGAL TRAFFIC IN ALLIGATOR SKINS.

Maybe just ski masks and stocking caps would have attracted less attention.

Rose Abrams, Brooklyn

(Mount Washington *News*) Robin Meloy, a junior at Chatham College and a Mt. Washington resident, will play the part of Patricia in the Edith St. Mary McCoy of Shaler St. and Nora Glaser of Plymouth St.

It's not just a *tour de force;* you have to remember zip codes.

Raymond S. Kauders, Pittsburgh, Pa.

A Ukrainian craftsman has sewn together strands of a spider's web to make a 12-page book of poetry which can be passed through the eye of a needle.

Hardcover or paperback?

Marvin Goodman, NYC

(Lexington *Minute-Man*) Wild elephants travel and feed at night.

It's a good thing Paul Revere didn't know that.

Chuck Fee, Cambridge, Mass.

(New York *Times*) MAN AND WIFE ORDAINED PRIESTS. As they knelt to receive the priestly vows . . . the congregation broke into pontaneous applause. hss spontaneous applause.

There were a few dissenters.

Kathie Coblentz, NYC

(Los Angeles *Times*) A letter written by Fidel Castro to Franklin D. Roosevelt in November, 1940, asking for a $10 bill and saying he knew of rich iron deposits in Cuba has just been uncovered.

FDR: "I just have a feeling on it. Well, it sounds like a lot of money, $10. Let me say that I think we could get that."

Ronald L. Holter, Bismarck, N.D.

(New York *Times*) Five Army recruiters . . . have been suspended for signing up phantom recruits, the Army said yesterday. . . . The scheme was uncovered when a sixth recruiter in the office made an anonymouse complaint last March . . . .

Must be what they mean by ratting on your friends.

Don Hauptman, NYC

(New York *Times*) Despite the changes in cast, the changes of accent, the evening remains Stephen Sondheim's. His scope as a composer and lyricist, which makes it all but impossible to identify "a Sondheim son," also provides the variety and depth for a consistently sparkling program.

It's a wise child that knows his own father.

Joel F. Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y.

(*New York* Magazine) Many too many cookbooks are published without a raison d'être. I'm looking for original voices, writers with a strong, original flare, who have something to say about food.

Dragons need not apply.

Karl Levett, NYC

Contest Rules: One entry only should be sent to Competition Number 308, *New York* Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. It must be received by February 3. Editor's decisions are final and all entries become the property of *New York*. First-prize winners will receive a two-year subscription to *New York*, and runners-up will receive a one-year subscription. Results and winners' names will appear in the issue of February 27. Out-of-town postmarks are given three days' grace. **Postcards, please.**

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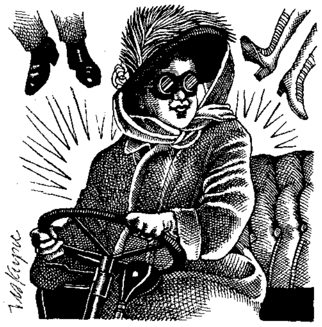
Page of Lists/Joseph Nathan Kane

IT HAPPENED HERE FIRST

"... The first parachute wedding was held here in 1940. All the participants were suspended in parachutes during the service..."

How many people now remember that the *first* of these Pages of Lists appeared on November 7, 1977? Well, it did. This truth is not to be found in Joseph Nathan Kane's *Famous First Facts,* but all that follows is.



1. **The first woman driver** was Genevra Delphine Mudge, who drove a Waverly Electric in New York in 1898. Later, driving a Locomobile in an auto race, she skidded in the snow and knocked down five spectators.

2. **The first U.S. chess tournament** of importance was held on October 6, 1857, at 764 Broadway, under the sponsorship of the New York Chess Club. The winner was Paul Morphy. His prize was a silver service of a pitcher, four goblets, and a salver.

3. **The first soft-felt hats for women** were introduced in New York in 1851 in honor of the Hungarian patriot Louis Kossuth, who visited the city that year. He inspired the designer J. N. Genin to take a low-crowned soft hat, pin one side of the brim to the crown, and ornament it with a black feather, starting a new craze. Previously, women had worn only bonnets.

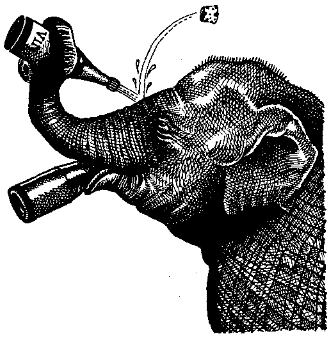
4. **The first U.S. nudist organization** was the American League for Physical Culture, organized by three men in New York City in 1929.

5. **The first crossword puzzle** was put together by Arthur Wynne and published in the supplement of the New York (Sunday) *World* on December 21, 1913.

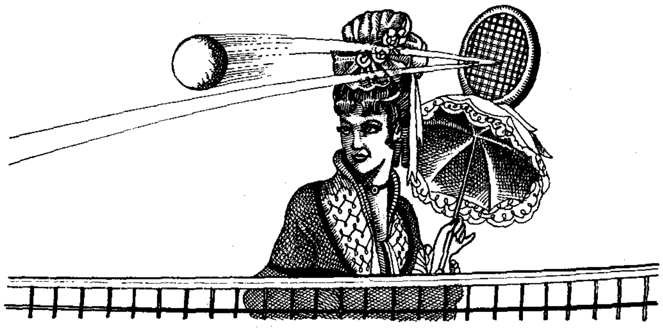
6. **The first book-review editor** was the transcendentalist Margaret Fuller, who was hired in 1844 by Horace Greeley for his New York *Tribune.* Her contract stated that she had the right to live with Greeley's family.

7. **The first flea circus** was an "Extraordinary Exhibition of the Industrious Fleas" at 187 Broadway, costing 50 cents a performance. It opened in January 1835 but had to close because of a cold spell that forced the proprietor "to fill up the vacancies that grim death had made."

8. **The first Turkish bath** in this country, the Hamman, opened October 6, 1863, at 81 Columbia Heights, Brooklyn. It charged $1 admission and had only one customer the first day.



9. **The first elephant in America** arrived in New York in 1796 from Bengal and was exhibited on the corner of Beaver Street and Broadway. It ate 30 pounds of rice a day, in addition to hay, straw, and every kind of vegetable; it drank wine and liquor and could draw a cork from a bottle with its trunk.



10. **The first game of lawn tennis** was introduced to America in Staten Island in 1874 by Mary Outerbridge, who brought the equipment back from Bermuda. A court was laid out at the Staten Island Cricket and Baseball Club, and the first players all belonged to the Outerbridge family. Mary's brother Eugenius organized the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association in 1881.

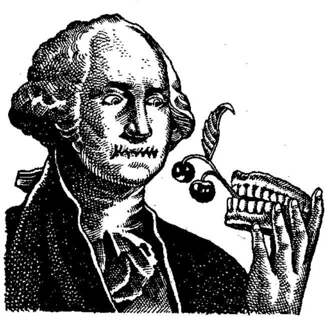
11. **The first dance marathon** took place in the Audubon Ballroom in 1923. The winner was Alma Cummings, who danced her way to victory with the fox-trot, the one-step, and the waltz for 24 continuous hours, tiring out six partners along the way.

12. **The first skywriting was** scrawled in the New York City skies in 1922 by Captain Cyril Turner of the Royal Air Force. He wrote, "Hello, USA."

13. **The first toilet paper** was manufactured in New York City in 1857 by Joseph C. Gayetty, whose name was watermarked on each sheet. It was advertised as "Gayetty's Medicated Paper—a perfectly pure article for the toilet and for the prevention of piles."

14. **The first comic books** were published here in 1904 and cost 75 cents apiece. They had such titles as *Alphonse and Gaston and Their Friend Leon, The Naughty Adventures of Vicious Mr. Jack,* and their contents had appeared previously in newspapers.

15. **The first U.S. tattoo parlor** opened in New York in 1846 on Oak Street between Oliver and James streets.



16. **The first porcelain teeth** were introduced by Dr. John Greenwood of New York City around 1785. He advertised "artificial teeth set in so firm ... as to eat with them, and so exact as not to be distinguished from natural ones." George Washington, who had worn wooden dentures, was one of his patients.

17. **The first (and perhaps the last) parachute wedding** took place in August 1940, over the New York World's Fair. The bride and groom, the best man, the maid of honor, four musicians, and the minister, Reverend Homer Tomlinson, were all suspended in parachutes during the nuptial service. ▬

Illustrated by Gary Viskupic

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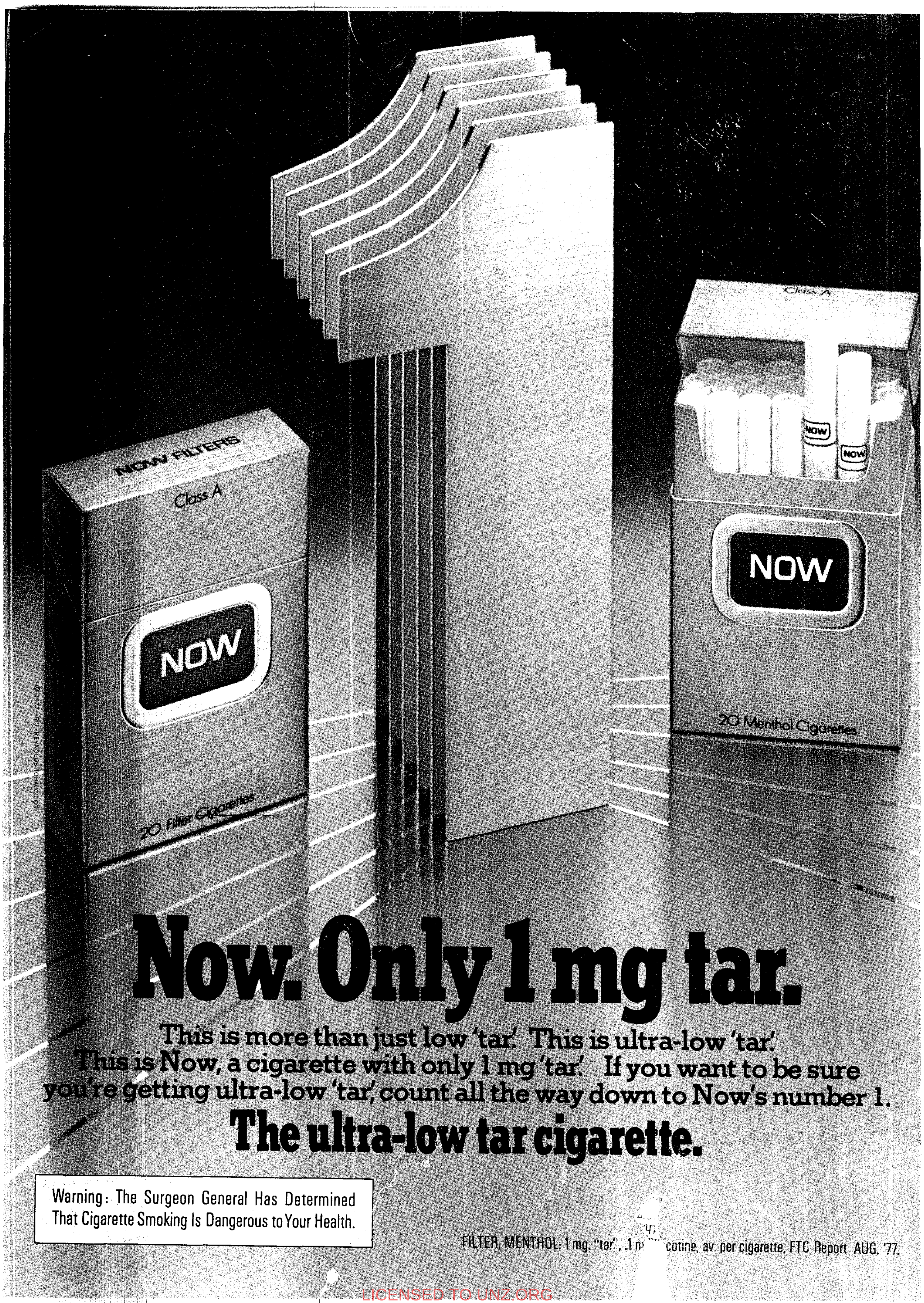
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